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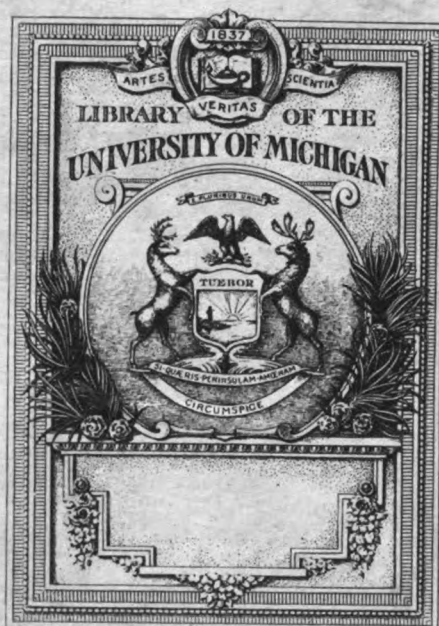


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SKETCHES
OF
WAR HISTORY

1861-1865

PAPERS READ BEFORE

THE

OHIO COMMANDERY OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF
THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

1886-1888



PUBLISHED BY THE COMMANDERY

VOLUME II

CINCINNATI
ROBERT CLARKE & CO.
1888

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NOTICE.

The chief aim of the Ohio Commandery in printing this series of Sketches of War History, is to preserve the personal accounts, written by its members, of their experiences and observations in the battles and campaigns of the late civil war, in which they were participants. The maps and drawings which illustrate the volumes have been made with special care, both as to accuracy and mechanical execution.

The two volumes now ready have been issued under the editorial supervision of the Registrar, and Recorder-elect, Robert Hunter, late Captain U. S. V., who has compiled an index to each volume. Other volumes of the series will be issued as fast as approved material is collected.

CINCINNATI, *July*, 1888.

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SKETCHES OF WAR HISTORY.

FROM GRAFTON TO McDOWELL THROUGH TY- GART'S VALLEY.

BY E. R. MONFORT,
Late Captain Seventy-fifth O. V. I.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, possession of the border states was regarded as of the highest importance by the National Government, and to provide for their early occupancy three military departments were at once created, to be known as the Departments of Kentucky, Ohio, and Missouri. General Geo. B. McClellan was assigned to the Department of Ohio. West Virginia had repudiated secession by electing a majority of Union delegates to the Richmond Convention. West of the mountains the Union sentiment was very strong, and when Governor Letcher issued his proclamation of April 25th, announcing that that convention had adopted the provisional constitution of the Confederate States, and had placed the entire military power of Virginia under the control of Jefferson Davis, there was great excitement among the people of West Virginia, and a decided protest against the ordinance of secession, forced upon them by the convention. The Richmond authorities were incensed at the disregard of their authority, and sent armed forces to occupy the region west of

the mountains. This further aroused the people, and Union mass-meetings were held all along the border, indicating formidable opposition to secession.

On May 13th, a convention at Wheeling, composed of delegates of thirty-five counties, pronounced in favor of separation from Old Virginia. This convention issued a call for a provisional convention, to be held June 11th, composed of delegates to be chosen at a general election on May 26th. The provisional convention was held, and a unanimous vote given on June 17th for separation from Old Virginia. In the meantime, on May 23d, the ordinance of secession had been submitted to the people, and West Virginia had, by an overwhelming vote, repudiated it.*

Three days later, on May 26th, General McClellan issued a stirring address to the people of West Virginia, in which he said in substance that the general government had abstained from occupying West Virginia until after the election of May 23d, so that it could not be charged that any efforts from the North had been made to influence the free expression of opinion, although agencies from Richmond were actively at work among them. Now that they had, under the most adverse circumstances, proved their loyalty, he would come at once to their relief, and do all in his power to protect loyal citizens and property. Wheeling being threatened, he moved Colonel Kelley the next day from Camp Carlyle, across the

* Francis H. Pierpont was chosen governor, and a legislature elected that met in Wheeling, and was recognized by the President and Congress as the loyal government of Virginia. Subsequently, West Virginia was admitted as a state.

Ohio River, to that city, and directed an advance on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Grafton, where a large body of rebels was concentrating. The command of Colonel Kelley, strongly re-inforced by General Morris, swept down upon Grafton, from which the rebels hastily retreated, after destroying the railroad bridges and other property.

A further advance being ordered, Colonel Kelley, with four regiments and two pieces of artillery, on the night of June 2d, advanced twenty-four miles, and at daylight attacked and routed a rebel force of 1,200 men, under Colonel Porterfield, at the village of Philippi, in the Tygart's Valley, capturing the town. The Tygart's is indeed a beautiful valley, nestling under the shelter of the Alleghenies, and hemmed in by crested mountains covered with rich forests of oak, chestnut, pine, beech, and a score of other varieties, fringing its borders and softening the harsh aspect of the rugged mountains. It is eighty miles in length, and varying in width according to the caprice of the hidden forces that lifted the crags and cliffs to mark its natural boundary. On the very summit of the highest of the Cheat Mountain range bubbles forth the fountain spring, which, gathering strength and volume from the multitude of sparkling brooks along its tortuous course, forms the Tygart's Valley River, one of the feeders of the Monongahela. Almost from its source to the point where it pours forth its refreshing waters to gladden the valley, it has a fall of four hundred feet to the mile. The rapid descent, through piles of broken rock and under cliffs, gives it the aspect of a continuous cataract, clouded with forest shade, and almost bridged with mosses, ferns, and lichen, luxurious in their growth, because of the continuous spray. From the

mountain the river takes its sinuous course through beautiful farms, and for nearly one hundred miles is clear and cold.

By the spirited attack and capture of Philippi, which cost the victors their brave leader, Colonel Kelley, who was dangerously wounded, the valley was opened to Beverly, a point thirty miles distant from Philippi, where the rebels made their first stand, although, after receiving heavy re-inforcements, they returned under General Garnet and intrenched at Laurel Hill, thirteen miles from Philippi.

When General McClellan had perfected his plans for the recovery of West Virginia, and gathered a sufficient force to take the offensive, he made a masterly disposition of his troops, and took command in person to conduct the campaign in the Tygart's Valley. The Confederates were practically in possession of the whole state. General Garnet was intrenched at Laurel Hill; General Pegram occupied Rich Mountain; General Wise was committing depredations in the Kanawha Valley, and portions of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad were in the hands of the Confederates. The brigade of General J. D. Cox was sent to the Kanawha to look after General Wise. General Hill, with another brigade, was left to guard the railroad, keep open communication with the East, and protect the line of communication with the army. General Morris was ordered to menace Laurel Hill from the north, and make the pretense of the main attack, while, with the brigades of Rosecrans and Schleich, the general in command, on July 6th, pressed forward from Buchanan through the Rich Mountain Pass toward Beverly. To strike Garnet in the rear, it was necessary to destroy the forces of Pegram at Rich Mountain. The country through which General McClellan must pass was

wild, mountainous, and covered with an almost impenetrable forest, through which it was hazardous in the extreme, if not impossible, to move a large body of men, except on the main road.

The movement was but slightly obstructed by the enemy until Roaring Fork was reached, at the foot of the mountain, where formidable works were discovered, defended by a strong force. A strong reconnoissance* within two hundred yards of the intrenchment failed of its object because of the density of the forest and the tangled condition of the undergrowth. It was manifest, however, that the works were guarded by a formidable force. General Rosecrans suggested a plan for a flank movement, which he was ordered to carry out. With a strong detachment,† he made a circuitous march through a trackless mountain wilderness, under the guidance of a loyal citizen named Hart. The Beverly road, on the top of Rich Mountain, in the rear of the enemy, was reached at 3 o'clock A. M. of July 11th. Advancing cautiously, under cover of a strong skirmish line, with flanks well guarded, the Confederates were driven into their intrenchments; and after a bloody fight, lasting several hours, in which several desperate charges were made on both sides, the works were carried, and the whole force destroyed. Colonel Pegram, with a remnant of six hundred men that fled to the brush, surrendered on the 12th, to save themselves from starvation, escape being impossible. The Federals lost in this battle twelve killed and fifty-

* Fourth and Ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry and Loomis' battery.

† Of the Nineteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Eighth, Tenth, and Thirteenth Indiana, and Burdsall's cavalry.

nine wounded. One hundred and thirty-five Confederate dead were buried on the field, and about twelve hundred wounded and prisoners fell into the hands of the victors, together with eight cannon, a large number of small arms, all the Confederate camp equipage, wagon trains, and a large number of horses and mules.

The next day General McClellan pressed on, and occupied Beverly, where he was south of, and on the opposite side of, Laurel Hill from General Morris, with General Garnet between them.

The Confederate commander, after three days' skirmishing with the forces under General Morris, believing that he would be unable to resist a general attack, abandoned his camp, and retreated toward Beverly, only to find General McClellan obstructing his way. Turning back, he succeeded in reaching the Leadsville Road, the only way of escape from the valley, before the forces of General Morris came up. Having marched all night, and for thirty consecutive hours, he camped, July 12th, for the night, at Scaler's Ford of Cheat River. General Morris soon discovered that Laurel Hill was abandoned, and began a rapid pursuit, resting at Leadsville for the night. At 3 o'clock A. M. the pursuit was continued, and the rebels overtaken at Scaler's Ford, where a bloody fight occurred, in which the Federals were successful. Another stand was made the same day at Carrick's Ford, which proved even more disastrous to the Confederates. Their commander, General Garnet, was killed while trying to rally his men. The rout was complete. The pursuit was continued to St. George, and the remnant dodged General

Hill, sent to intercept them, and escaped over the mountains to Old Virginia.

The history of the war will perhaps not furnish a more rapid, although difficult, pursuit than this. The Ohio and Indiana volunteers, fresh from Northern homes, not yet hardened to endure the severities of their new life, followed a retreating enemy of equal numbers for thirty hours through an almost impassable mountain region, the rain pouring down in torrents; five times fording the ice-cold waters of the Cheat River more than waist deep; following the clayey roads almost knee deep in the mud, and obstructed by trees cut across it every few hundred yards, rendering the way impassable to all but infantry; the advance exchanging shots with the rear-guard of the enemy all the way; then fighting two battles almost without stopping to breathe; destroying an army; killing its commander; killing, wounding, and capturing a large number of his men; taking all his camp equipage, cannon, and fifty-two wagons of his train, loaded with clothing, provisions, and ammunition, with a loss to the Federal forces of two killed and six wounded.

This campaign, brilliant both in its conception and execution, was chiefly important because of the annihilation of two rebel armies—the commander of one being killed and the other taken a prisoner—and the expulsion of all armed forces from that portion of West Virginia.

The army of the North, although greatly exhausted by the hard service and exposure, was flushed with victory and anxious for further conquests, but was not permitted to enjoy the full fruits of its victories. The open road across the mountains for seventy-five miles could not be occupied with-

out more troops to protect the lengthening line of communication through a country swarming with hidden foes. An advance was made, however, beyond Beverly to Huttonsville, and soon after twelve miles further, one wing occupying Cheat Mountain and the other Elkwater, both points being about seventy miles south of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The political sentiment of the valley was about equally divided. The hardy yeomanry and mountaineers, long accustomed to freedom of life and speech, were greatly embittered under the restraints imposed upon them by the alternate occupation of Federals and Confederates. This developed internal domestic strife. Every man's hand was raised against his neighbor, until a spirit of armed resistance to all law largely prevailed. Bands of irresponsible guerrillas roamed at will through the mountains, picking off unwary pickets, teamsters, and citizens. Disbanded companies, with orders from Richmond "to load and fire at will," disguised as citizens, visited the towns and villages, inflaming the passions, arousing the prejudices, and exciting the discontent of the people. As the army advanced, the valley was subjected to sudden raids from friends and foes, coming like a thunderstorm over one mountain, and as quickly passing away over another. The frequent repetition of this desolated the valley; the fertile fields became barren, and the herds of cattle, horses, and sheep were taken by one side or the other to supply the sinews of war. The constant peril to life and property drove nearly all the able-bodied men into the armies of the combatants, or into roving bands to prey upon their enemies,

while the women and children were left to struggle with the shifting sands, over which rolled the billows of war. For over one hundred miles through the valley, and over the Allegheny, every jutting rock, large tree, crest of a hill, thicket, or turn in the road, was at one time or another the scene of a conflict between raiders, scouts, or pickets. It was a favorite pastime with the boys to slip out of camp and run into the enemy's pickets; just to hear the long-roll beat in their camp.

This condition of affairs continued through the fall and winter. The strain upon the soldiers was little less than on the citizens. Many of them succumbed to the rigors of the climate and other casualties of war. It was hard to see them fall thus early in the strife, their bodies being laid away in a strange land before they were permitted to hear the first notes of victory. As we scraped away the snow and hollowed out graves for three of our comrades on the hillside above the river at Huttonsville, and there laid away our dead, strong men wept, and proud hearts melted into tenderness.

The camps at Cheat Mountain and Elkwater were the advanced posts held during the fall of 1861 and the winter of 1862. From these points many reconnoissances were made up the valley, against the rebel camps on the Alleghenies, Camp Barton, Valley Mountain, Hunterstown, up the Elkwater, etc. These I must pass over, for want of time and space to do them justice.

THE ADVANCE.

General R. H. Milroy, designated by the army as the "War

Eagle," was in command * of the troops in the valley during the winter and spring of 1862.

He was a man of great courage and energy. The quiet of winter quarters in a region like this, cut off from the activity of the North by the climate, and land-locked with ice and snow, was ill-suited to his fiery spirit. He was constantly calling for re-inforcements and transportation, and begging to be permitted to advance. But the severe winter weather prevailing until late in the season, kept the rivers closed, buried the roads with snow, and blocked all the mountain passes. This condition of the only highway, together with the scarcity of subsistence and horse feed, made an early advance hazardous in the extreme.

It will be remembered that during the early fall of 1861 the weather and the wretched roads, resulting in the failure of one of his officers, prevented General R. E. Lee from carrying out a well-laid plan for destroying the army at Elk-water and Cheat Mountain; and yet, when winter held mountain and valley in its icy clasp, the difficulties in the way of a successful campaign were much greater.

At last the order came to move forward, and on April 6, 1862, Milroy left his winter quarters, pressed in all the teams he could find, and began the ascent of Cheat Mountain. From the start the changeable weather and the awful roads caused much suffering among the men, who were only stimulated by their anxiety to meet the enemy—a source of stimulus they lost before many months. Camping on the summit,

* Appointed December 20, 1861, to succeed General Reynolds.

all felt that the worst of the journey was past—another delusion which was soon dissipated.

The descent to Cheat River was cheerfully and rapidly made, the second summit was crossed, the Greenbriar River and valley reached by nightfall, when the wild mountains were illuminated as never before by five hundred camp-fires on the meadow lands of the contracted valley of the Greenbriar. At daylight the march was resumed, and the ascent of the Alleghenies begun. For fifteen miles the road hugged the mountain-sides, winding around gorges and chasms with overhanging crags and cliffs, up, up, until the tired limbs of the men almost gave out. Added to the weariness were the discomforts of a terrific wind, snow, hail, and sleet storms, enveloping the struggling men with a coat of icy mail. Those who wore heavy beards suffered most from the weight of ice which hung from their faces.

Fortunately, at night, we reached the comfortable winter-quarters of General Johnson's command, on the top of the Alleghenies, which had been hastily abandoned upon our approach. But for the shelter they gave us, no doubt many would have perished in the storm that prevailed all night. The following day of our march was greatly impeded by the ruin wrought by the storm. The forests were bending under the weight of ice. The sound of the breaking and falling trees was like the roar of a hurricane. The scene, however, was inexpressibly grand, causing us to forget the danger. The brightness of the morning sun was multiplied by the reflections from millions of icy crystals. Mountain and forest presented the aspect of a silver sea, whose myriads of waves seemed to catch the rays of light, hold them trembling for

a moment, and then hurl them back to the immeasurable space from which they came.

At the foot of the mountain our forces were divided, one division passing up the valley to Crab Bottom, the other in the direction of Monterey, thereby covering the two passes in the next range, and providing against a flank movement. At Monterey the advance met the enemy, and, although there were few casualties, the telegraph carried the news of a Union victory to our Northern homes.

THE BATTLE OF M'DOWELL.

Continuing to advance, the village of McDowell was occupied April 5, 1862, ten miles from Monterey, and sixty miles from Huttonsville. General Edward Johnson's command, reduced to less than three thousand men, was unable to obstruct Milroy's progress.

Leaving McDowell, on April 5th, the advance, composed of the Thirty-second and Seventy-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry Regiments, the Third West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, Hyman's battery, and a detachment of cavalry, passed over the Bull Pasture Mountain, the Shenandoah Range, and along the Staunton and Parkersburgh Turnpike to a point within eighteen miles of Staunton.

Milroy was now within easy communication of General Banks at Harrisonburgh, in the Shenandoah Valley. Staunton was almost within his grasp, and the Virginia Central Railroad imperiled.

Stonewall Jackson, lying in the Elk River Valley, was apprised of the danger. Leaving General Ewell to obstruct the progress of Banks' army, by one of those quick, well-con-

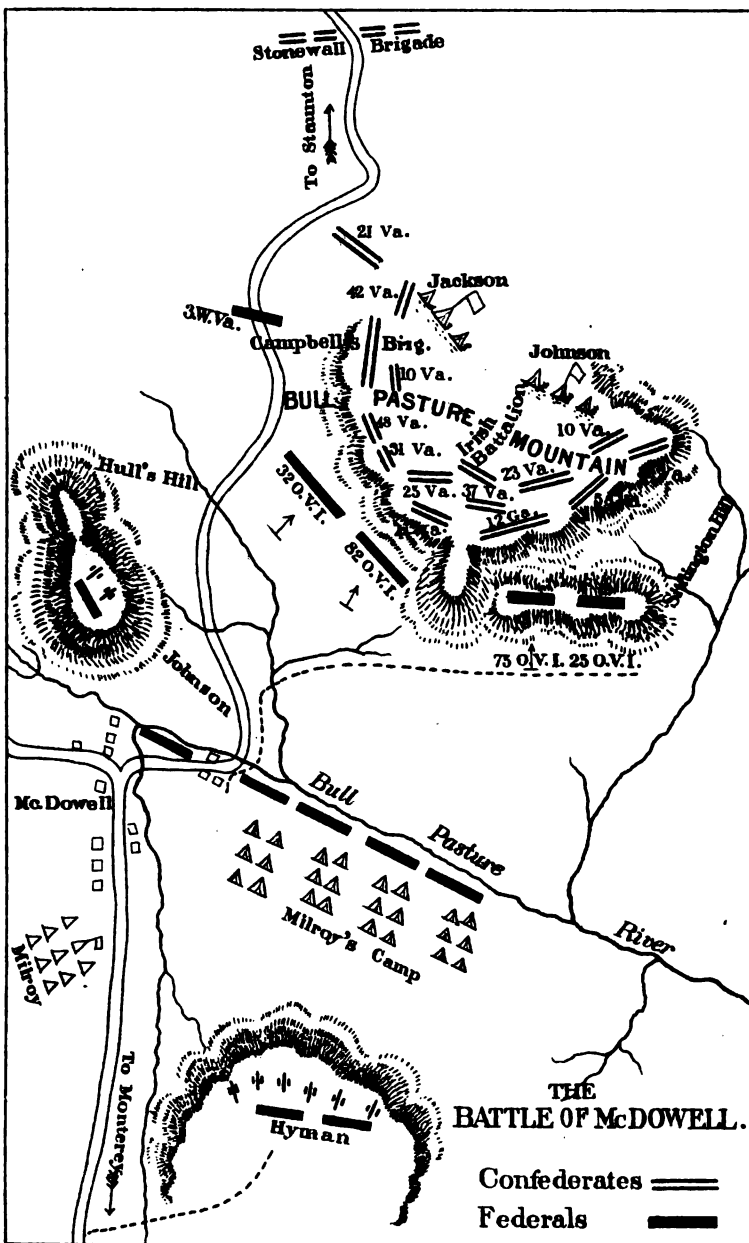
cealed, and brilliant movements which characterized his subsequent career, he effected a junction with Johnson and advanced to meet Milroy, intercepting him at a point where the turnpike crosses the Big Calf Pasture River, driving in the advanced guard which had been sent forward to protect foraging and reconnoitering parties. Hearing of the junction of the two forces, Milroy ordered the concentration of his command at McDowell, where General Schenck was then marching to join him. There was much discontent among those who expected to go right forward to Richmond, because of this retrograde movement, more especially because two mountain passes were given up that could have been held against almost any force. There was, however, danger from flank movements, well understood by the commander.

The Confederates advanced with great impetuosity, charging constantly upon our rear-guard, making it necessary to send them strong supports. Because of his knowledge of the country, General Jackson placed Johnson's brigade, of six regiments, in the advance, followed by the brigades of General Taliaferro, of three regiments, Colonel Campbell, with four regiments, and General Winder, with five regiments—in all, about eight thousand men. At Shaw's Ridge the Confederates' advance was retarded by the well-directed fire of Hyman's battery, which caused them to retire beyond the Shenandoah Mountain; but a flank movement being observed, Milroy fell back to McDowell, and went into camp on the north bank of the Bull Pasture River, which runs close under the shadows of Bull Pasture Mountain. On the morning of May 8th, the Confederate head of column halted on the top

of the mountain, which, unlike any other in the range, had an extended summit, broken and hilly.

General Johnson, with a strong body-guard, climbed Sitlington's Hill, an isolated spur, to a point from which our camp could be seen, driving the Federal pickets before him. They were observed as they stood on the bald crown of the mountain. Hyman's battery, located on an elevated plateau in the valley, one and one-half miles distant, began shelling them; but the elevation was so great, little damage was done. During the morning, several parties of skirmishers were sent out, and rendered good service in ascertaining the location and strength of the enemy. Major Long, of the Seventy-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and Captain Latham, of the Second West Virginia, were especially efficient. General Robert C. Schenck arrived at ten o'clock with re-inforcements, but preferred not to assume command until he had time to familiarize himself with the situation. A strong force of skirmishers was sent to dislodge the party of observation, but was itself repulsed by the Fifty-second Virginia, the first Confederate regiment on the ground. General Jackson placed his forces, as they arrived, as follows: The Twelfth Georgia on the crest of the hill forming the center; next, on his left, the Fifty-eighth Virginia, to support the Fifty-second; and on his right, the Forty-fourth Virginia. Other regiments were assigned to the right as they arrived.

The brigades of Taliaferro and Campbell were within supporting distance, and the Stonewall brigade some distance in the rear. The strength of the Confederate force afterward engaged was six thousand men. The Stonewall brigade came up, but was not engaged.





To confront these forces, Milroy had the Twenty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, 469 men; Seventy-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, 444; Thirty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, 416; Third West Virginia, 439—total, in his brigade, 1,768; and the Eighty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, of Schenck's brigade, 500—in all, 2,268. His little army was in a position of great peril, for, should the Confederates succeed in planting a battery on Sitlington's Hill, they could, with a plunging fire, clear the valley very soon. Milroy saw that he must at once take the aggressive or abandon the field. His restless nature and love of conflict prevailing, he sent out a reconnoitering party, composed of the Seventy-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, under Major Reily, and the Twenty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, under Colonel Richardson—both under the command of Colonel N. C. McLean, of the Seventy-fifth. This little force, eager for the battle, crossed the river, and, with elastic step, followed the road a few hundred yards, thence up a long ravine to the right, until they reached a point directly in front of the enemy, whose line was almost a half circle with the convexity to the left of their center and toward the attacking force. They were well posted behind natural fortifications on the very summit.

McLean formed his men quickly for the charge, which was made up the precipitous mountain-side. Suddenly the whole mountain seemed ablaze with the flashes of rebel guns that thundered and vomited forth showers of leaden hail. The rocks, and crags, and trees seemed clothed in the wild sublimity of the glory of a natural storm, as when mountain-tops salute each other with heaven's artillery.

But the mute heroism of those brave hearts, advancing

against their country's foes, and rising superior to present danger, was more sublime than nature's creations and convulsions, and more worthy of commendation than the shattered majesty of ancient warriors. As they charged in the face of the firing foe, they adorned the grace of patriotism with a purer and nobler beauty. The enemy was driven by these two regiments from the crest of the mountain, their position taken and held for four hours and a half, during the first hour and a half* of which time, notwithstanding the struggle was fierce and sanguinary, they were unsupported. The failure to bring up re-inforcements was because it was not thought possible for them to hold out until such should arrive. Seeing that the enemy was constantly being re-inforced, and that McLean was holding his ground, Milroy sent the Eighty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, the Thirty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and the Third West Virginia to turn the Confederate right. These regiments gallantly sprang forward to obey the order, the first two charging up a long ravine against a force largely outnumbering them, and succeeded in reaching a position from which they poured a galling fire into the Confederates, at one time causing them to waver, when the Confederate regiments, Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Virginia, were moved to an elevated woodland to support the

* General Milroy said: "From the top of a high peak I had a full view of the splendid fight of the Twenty-fifth and Seventy-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry with the rebels across on the other side of the pass, and I was perfectly delighted to see the steady, gallant, and beautiful style with which these two regiments maintained the battle against a superior force during the hour and one-half I watched them.

Forty-fourth Virginia, which was sorely pressed on their right and rear, which commanded the position of our men. Jackson sent the Twenty-first Virginia to resist the Third West Virginia, which was advancing by the road to attack the extreme right. The brigade of Colonel Campbell, with the Tenth Virginia, were sent to strengthen the Confederate right. During this charge, by direction of General Milroy, a section of Johnson's battery, under command of Lieutenant Powers, was with great difficulty placed in position on Hull's Hill, another spur to the left of the road, and one mile distant from the enemy, which did good service. The battle now became general all along the line, and the firing was well sustained on both sides until 8:30 P. M. For some time before this, the men, in firing, were guided by the flashes of the enemy's guns, and we suppose would have kept it up all night if the sixty rounds of ammunition had not given out.*

For several hours during the fight, a large Newfoundland dog that had accompanied the brigade was running back and

*The Confederates did not regard the result as a victory until the day after the battle. In support of this, I quote from Stonewall Jackson's official report. He says, after describing the fight: "The battle lasted about four hours—from 4:30 in the afternoon until 8:30. Every attempt by front or flank movement to attain the crest of the hill, where our line was formed, was signally and effectually repulsed. Finally, after dark, their forces ceased firing, and the enemy retired." And further, it was not until 11 o'clock the next day that Jackson sent his dispatch claiming a victory. Notwithstanding the Confederates outnumbered the Federals nearly three to one, they fought on the defensive until the close of the battle.

forth in front of our line, barking and snapping at the flying missiles, but before the fight was over he fell, pierced by a score of balls. When the firing ceased, both forces retired from the field in good order, under cover of the night; the Federals to McDowell, and thence to Franklin, Va.; the Confederates in the direction of Staunton.

There were actually engaged, on the Federal side, 2,268 men,* besides the battery, and the losses were 256. On the Confederate side, the forces actually engaged, from their reports, were 6,000 men, and the losses reported were 499.

Among these were Colonel Gibbons, Tenth Virginia, killed; General Johnson, Colonel M. C. Harman, Fifty-second Virginia; Colonel Smith and Major Higginbotham, of the Twenty-fifth Virginia, and Major Campbell, of the Forty-second Virginia, were all wounded.

In the Confederate records, the losses reported in the Thirty-first and Forty-fourth Virginia Regiments are not full;

* Two of the regiments, the Seventy-fifth and Twenty-fifth, with the Seventy-third and Fifty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, afterward participated in most of the battles of the Army of the Potomac, as a part of the Ohio Brigade, of which Captain Charles King, of the United States Army, in his work, "Famous and Decisive Battles of the World," said, in closing his description of the first day's fight at Gettysburg: "It is practically the end of the first day's battle. In vain General Howard gallops forward, and strives to rally his shattered corps. No use. Out to the right front, all alone by itself, at half-past three o'clock, one little brigade is making a manful stand. It is Ames with the Ohio men—the very same regiments that, under McLean, were the last to leave Bald Hill at Manassas, and the last to go at Chancellorsville; but north and north-west all is flight and confusion—even the right of the First Corps has crumbled away."

both regiments suffered heavily, and a Confederate officer who participated in the battle informed the writer that in his regiment, the Thirty-first, the losses were at least 30, he himself having been wounded, and that the Confederate total losses were over 600.

In the summer of 1885, I made a visit to the Tygart's Valley, where we spent so many months during the summer and fall of 1861 and the winter of 1862. Then desolation marked the path of war. The implements of husbandry were laid aside, the mills ceased to grind, and every industry was paralyzed. The condition of the people was pitiable, and their future seemed hopeless. Twenty-four years of peace and plenty have worked a marvelous change. The soil, fertilized by precious blood, yields a golden harvest. The wide pastures scaling the mountain-sides are dotted with sheep and cattle. New homes have sprung up, and school-houses, with bright-faced children, are found every few miles along the turnpike. Most of those you meet have grown to manhood and womanhood since the exciting days of the conflict, and it is hard to realize that this is indeed the land where armed men strove in deadly combat. The surroundings are so different. The very air seemed laden with freshness and hospitality. The mountains, clothed in autumnal-tinted forests swinging low under the weight of chestnut, hickory-nut, and walnut; the tangled vines, laden with the livid clusters of wild grapes and berries; the singing of birds, the bleating of lambs, and the lowing of cattle—all seemed to blend in one general salutation of peace and joy.

It seems to me that one of the grandest achievements of this age is the fact that a million of men at the word of com-

mand left the battle front, and returned without a halt to the pursuits of peace, casting aside the animosities of the strife, and burying all bitterness. When I entered this valley I hesitated how to conduct myself in the presence of those who were once arrayed against me in arms. To my surprise, I have never received so generous a welcome in my life as from these old Confederate soldiers. One of them told me no Yankee officer should ever pass through that valley without being captured by him. And he did capture me, and fed me, and, if it had been necessary, I believe he would have clothed me. With several of these new-made friends we climbed mountains, visited battle-fields, waded streams, rode through the country, and discussed the war, as freely as if we had been comrades in arms.

Many Ohio and Indiana troops participated in the successive battles and skirmishes that made this valley almost a continuous battle-field. The conflicts at Beelington, Laurel Hill, Carrick's Ford, Buchanan, Rich Mountain, Elkwater, Cheat Mountain, Greenbrier, Camp Baldwin, and Allegheny Mountain, as also those over the mountain, Crab Bottom, Monterey, and McDowell, are still fresh in the memory of those who took part in them twenty-five years ago; and it was a strange sight to see large trees growing in the earth-works that we saw thrown up.

Strange as it may seem, in the track of the army through the valley and over the mountains, a distance of more than one hundred miles, are great numbers of apple trees. We saw them last summer in full bearing all along the turnpike, in the bordering fields, and even in the wild, unsettled mountain country, grown from seeds left by the soldiers; as if

the great, throbbing, patriotic heart of the army, rising above the passions and horrors of war, scattered the seed of blessing in the ashes of war's desolation, now budded and grown to stately trees, shedding an abundant fruitage of blessings, and under whose spreading branches the sower and the reaper rejoiced together.

I rejoice with you, my companions, that those days of watching and nights of sorrow are forgotten. Passions that ruled then have faded into tenderness, and the traditions of 1861 are so softened by the lengthening shadows of kindly forgetfulness that the rehearsal of incidents of the campaign seems like historic romance.

In closing, let me add that the Tygart's Valley lost many gallant soldiers in both armies, and those who returned after the war displayed few of the characteristics of enemies. I was told that the conduct of the Confederates was marked with the least possible degree of malevolence or party spirit, and that those who honestly differed treated each other with singular tenderness. Such an attitude is impossible to any but honest, courageous, and patriotic men and women.

Should our land ever suffer an invasion from a foreign foe, I am quite sure none would come more cheerfully to her defense than the soldiers of the Tygart's Valley.

RETURNS OF CASUALTIES IN THE UNION FORCES ENGAGED AT McDOWELL.
Compiled from Records of the Rebellion, Series I, Vol. XII, Pt. I, page 462.

COMMANDS.	No. of Men en- gaged.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		Aggregate.	REMARKS.
		Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.		
25th Ohio.....	469	7	1	50	58	
32d Ohio.....	416	4	3	49	56	Lieutenant C. S. Fugate died of wounds.
75th Ohio.....	444	7	1	31	39	
82d Ohio	500	7	5	45	57	Lieutenant C. W. Diebold died of wounds.
8d West Virginia	439	4	1	41	46	
Total.....	2,268	29	11	217	256	

RETURN OF KILLED AND WOUNDED AT MCDOWELL IN
THE CONFEDERATE FORCES.

(GENERAL JOHNSON, WOUNDED, NOT INCLUDED.)

From Records of the Rebellion, Series I, Vol. XII, Pt. I, page 476.

COMMANDS.	No. of Men engaged.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		Aggregate.	OFFICERS KILLED.
		Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.		
<i>Second Brigade.</i>							
21st Virginia					1	1	<i>Virginia Regiments.</i> Col. Gibbons, 12th Va. Lieut. Gregory, 23d Va. Lieut. Dyer, 25th Va. Lieut. Fletcher, 37th Va. Lieut. Dye, 37th Va. Capt. Long, 52d Va. Lieut. Carson, 52d Va.
42d Virginia					3	3	
48th Virginia				1	3	4	
1st Virginia Battalion					1	1	
Total	1,500			1	8	9	
<i>Third Brigade.</i>							
10th Virginia		1		3	17	21	
23d Virginia		1	5		29	41	
37th Virginia		2	3	3	31	39	
Total		4	8	12	77	101	
<i>Army of North-west.</i>							
12th Georgia	540	8	27	11	129	175	Capt. Dawson,
25th Virginia			5	8	57	72	Capt. Furlow,
81st Virginia			1	1	17	19	Capt. McMillan,
44th Virginia		2	2	1	16	19	Capt. Patterson,
52d Virginia		2	5	3	43	53	Lieut. Goldwine,
58th Virginia			11	1	38	50	Lieut. Massey,
Total		12	51	25	300	388	Lieut. Turpin,
Grand Total	6,000	16	59	38	385	498	Lieut. Woodward.

Read April 7, 1886.

GETTYSBURG, AS WE MEN ON THE RIGHT SAW IT.**BY GEORGE A. THAYER,**

Late Captain Second Mass. V. I.

In the beginning of June, 1863, Slocum's Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, to which the Second Massachusetts Infantry belonged, was awaiting events upon the barren hills of Stafford Court-house, in Virginia. We had come to this region in the previous December, when it was covered with woods, broken by an occasional clearing of—for the most part—worn-out tobacco fields. Under the winters demand for house timber and fuel, the trees had disappeared as far as the eye could reach; the fields, where they had not been beaten hard by parade and drill, showed the neglect of cultivation which attends the neighborhood of a hostile army, and had no interest as landscape. The court town was a shadow of a village, without trade or society. We were glad to bid it all good-bye as we went to Chancellorsville in the last of April; but in ten days we were back again, to waste a month of invaluable campaigning weather.

The sound of cannonading near Fredericksburg, ten miles away, was a not unwelcome break upon this tedium. It set loose the tongue of rumor, that imaginative dame whose wild inventions were not confined to the ear of the newspaper correspondent, but afforded food for strange plans of cam-

paigns marked out and fought in the knots which gathered in regimental tents of rank and file.

Then came a sudden summons of a few picked infantry regiments to join a scouting party with Pleasanton's cavalry. Then a few days more of quiet and *ennui*, when at sundown of Saturday, June 13th, the corps was hurriedly set in motion northward. In grand strategy the foot soldier, even though he be an officer, is but a pawn upon the chess-board, moved hither and thither by an incomprehensible master. He contents himself, therefore, while history is being organized, with reflections upon his personal comfort, or inconveniences of body and mind; and that all-night march comes back to my memory as an exasperating race which might perfectly well have been postponed to daylight, over worn-out corduroy roads, whose projecting log ends tripped up the sleepy men, whose holes jolted the wagons into ditches, whence all hands must lift them, and which were very apt to be altogether wanting when straggling creeks or marshy places disposed us to be most lenient toward their general shortcomings. But what seemed to us a nefarious plot of some evil-disposed officer to harass helpless footmen was but an inevitable feature of a hurried movement of Hooker's army to intercept an invasion of the North by Lee. That heavy firing at the Falmouth crossing of the Rappahannock was a feint of Hooker's, made to learn the meaning of the ominous quiet in the Fredericksburg intrenchments, and the cavalry and infantry battle of Beverly Ford, in which the picked regiments had met the Confederate, Stuart, was another phase of the same investigation, both of which showed that Lee was gathering his resources for an offensive cam-

paign through that ever-available gate-way to Maryland or Northern Virginia, the Shenandoah Valley.

On that Saturday whose evening set us on foot to Dumfries, Lee's advance, under Ewell, had invested the Union general, Milroy, at Winchester, well down the Shenandoah Valley, and on the morrow the larger part of Milroy's command, some 4,000 men, were captives to the enemy, and the passage into Maryland was open. The rest of Lee's forces were following hard upon Ewell, but their movements were so closely veiled behind the Blue Ridge that the Army of the Potomac was, for the most of June, groping in the dark, uncertain whether its opponent would emerge through the mountain gaps into the Manassas Plain, or would try once more the tempting farming country of Southern Maryland. Hence our movements seemed fitful and capricious to those of us whose business it was to obey orders. To-day we were hastening breathlessly forward; to-morrow we lingered by the roadside, or in the fields. The latter days of June found my fragment of the army at Leesburg, near Edwards' Ferry, on the Potomac. It was a restful picture upon which we looked from the lordly hill to whose keeping, with some old field-works of rebel construction, my regiment was assigned. A pretty village, in whose yards we saw roses as we passed, and which the breath of war had apparently touched but lightly, if at all, with church spires from which issued on our single Sunday's stay the tones of bells on whose wings our home-sick souls were straightway carried to New England; wide-stretching green fields, with an occasional grazing cow which had marvelously escaped the forager, as if for the purpose of preserving a pastoral completeness to the

landscape; even the groups of tents seemed to belong there, and only the distant sound of a cavalry battle around Upperville, a dozen miles to the westward, on that Sunday afternoon, reminded us of the dreadful business which brought us here. Happiness is the result of contrasts, and we remembered that the day of our arrival had been one of misery. We had marched through torrid summer heat and stifling dust; we had waded Goose Creek in default of a bridge, and a fierce tempest of rain and hail had completed our soaking as we issued from the stream; we had bivouacked in our drenched garments, without blankets, with small and ineffectual fires, and in the face of the searching wind which usually follows thunder-storms. So it was pleasant to be physically comfortable, even under the trifling inconvenience of having our baggage so far away that changes of under-clothes were out of the question, as they continued to be for some three weeks.

While we lingered here, Lee boldly determined the course of the summer campaign.

On Monday, the 22d of June, Ewell's two divisions crossed into Maryland at the Sharpsburg and Williamsport Fords; and a week later, the rear-guard, under Longstreet, passed the river at the same points. As soon as tidings of these movements reached Hooker, he marched his army over Edwards' Ferry, and we were once more upon loyal soil. What a superior world it seemed to our not too-prejudiced eyes!

The season was one of perfect foliage. Heavy and frequent rains had fallen, to the great disturbance, indeed, of the farmers; for the wheat fields were ready for the reaper, and

already the grain was beginning to be lodged in tangled masses. But our uncommercial eyes beheld only the freshness of the many-tinted fields, the roads free from dust, which wound through picturesque landscapes, and the trim houses and huge and well-filled barns. Cherries were ripe; we could vary our dry army diet with bread and butter from the hands of house-wives; our insinuating foragers persuaded the thrifty farmer folks—who, in the midst of their glow of gratitude at our intervention betwixt their hearthstones and the cruel invader, were never unwilling to turn an honest penny—to bring forth hidden delicacies; in the phrase of a Confederate raider, “we had a right smart of apple-butter, and a right smart of cow butter;” and, as we approached the villages which had been entered by the enemy’s scouting parties, the voluntary donations of edibles lavished upon us in welcome of our timely appearance were almost beyond our capacity to appropriate.

To both the inhabitants and the soldiers the march was a festival.

The prodigious length of our wagon-trains filled the country people with amazement.

The ranks of troops tramping in unbroken procession from morning to night seemed to have drained the North of men. And we, well fed, marching at leisure, and looking every-where upon friendly and hospitable faces, felt for the time as if we were only in the pageantry of war, its perils wholly past.

In my diary of the second day’s march after passing the river, there is mention of tedious delays, which kept us upon our feet—before reaching the night’s bivouac—until nine or

ten in the evening. The causes of that delay, as has since transpired, were momentous in changing the plan of the campaign, and in assigning to the Union army a new commander at that most critical juncture—the eve of a battle. When Hooker learned that all of Lee's army had passed into the Cumberland Valley of Maryland, he proposed to the Washington authorities to move Slocum's corps up the left bank of the Potomac to the Sharpsburg Ford—by Antietam battle ground—and, upon his way, take the garrison of Harper's Ferry, some 12,000 men under French—leaving Maryland Heights unoccupied—and thus throw a strong force across Lee's communications with Virginia, capturing his pontoons, intercepting his re-inforcements of ammunition, as well as the herds of cattle and other supplies on their way South from pillaged Northern farms, and so pressing upon the Confederate rear-guard as it advanced into Pennsylvania that the invaders would be forced to turn and make fight wherever the Union general chose to take position. The various corps of the Army of the Potomac were within easy supporting distance of such a movement, and Hooker, confident of its feasibility, accompanied Slocum's column to Knoxville, within three miles of Harper's Ferry. But there he received a message from General Halleck that French's garrison must not be taken away. In vain did he urge that the troops were useless there under the present or any probable disposition of the enemy's forces; in vain he set forth the importance of saving the loyal states from the devastation of war; in vain he met the terrors, with which the Washington people were constantly filled, lest the army should leave their city uncovered to the enemy's assaults, by the plea that a vigorous ag-

gressive movement upon Lee's rear would be the most effective of parries against the Confederate thrust upon the capital. Hooker's requests were peremptorily refused, and under such an exhibition of obvious lack of confidence in his fitness to deal with the emergency of the invasion, he asked to be relieved of the command of the army.

The Twelfth Corps turned its back upon Harper's Ferry, and moved, with the rest of the army, north-eastward toward Frederick. As we bivouacked at this city, we heard that Meade had succeeded Hooker as commander of the Army of the Potomac. And it may be mentioned incidentally, as throwing some light upon the motives for thwarting Hooker's well-conceived plan, that Meade was straightway granted permission to do as he would with the Harper's Ferry garrison, and was also placed in command of the scattered detachments distributed through Maryland, which, under divers pretexts, had been kept from Hooker's control.

Two features of our march through Frederick come to me with vivid impression, viz., the enthusiasm of the people as we passed through their streets with such cheering and displays of the American flag as our men had not witnessed since the days when they marched from home; and the general drunkenness of the army. I know nothing of the sobriety of the officers; certainly those of my acquaintance had too much anxiety to get their men safely out of the town to stop for any hilarity. But abundant whisky, sold on every hand despite the vigilance of the provost-guard, thrust upon the men by well-meaning citizens, put into the midst of our companions as we marched, and drank before we could break the bottles, which we did most promptly and inexorably,

threatened a general demoralization of the rank and file, and did leave hundreds of them within my limited observation reeling in the streets, lying in the ruts in perilous proximity to artillery wheels, or snoring by the roadsides far beyond the town.

In the nice calculations which have been lately made as to the causes which served to deplete Meade's forces from that preponderance over Lee's numbers, which the ordinary muster returns show to about an equality with the Confederate forces, I have never heard that the disabilities of the Frederick drunkenness have ever been taken into account. Yet I am sure many men missed the fighting on account of their debauch.

We were sauntering slowly through Littlestown on the morning of Wednesday, July 1st. We halted in mid-forenoon at the group of houses called Two Taverns, five miles south-east of Gettysburg, and ate our dinners leisurely. The sound of guns must have been largely cut off from our ears by intervening hills, for it was afternoon before the artillery became so demonstrative as to demand our presence. But, as we now know, Buford's cavalry had met the advance of the Confederate general, Hill, at 10 o'clock, a mile and a half north-east of the town of Gettysburg. He had been speedily re-inforced by Reynolds' First Corps, this commander being killed almost as soon as he entered the fight; at 1 P. M. Howard had brought up the Eleventh Corps to meet the swelling numbers of the enemy, from the first largely superior to the Union forces; at 4 P. M. the day's battle was practically done. The First Corps had been worn out; the Eleventh Corps had been crushed and driven pell-mell through the

streets of Gettysburg;* of the 16,000 Union troops engaged through the day, scarcely 5,000 remained in condition to rally about a brigade of Steinwehr's division which held the abrupt height upon the southern edge of the town, since known to fame as Cemetery Hill. These alarming facts came to us in fragments as we pushed toward the firing. Groups of frightened women and children, on their way to safe shelter, met us with imploring eyes; men hurrying away with their household goods in carts reported disaster to our army and the death of Reynolds; now and then a hospitable array of refreshments in a farmer's yard showed the superiority of the host to personal fears in his sympathy with the soldiers, whose heads the July sun was fiercely smiting; and the white bursts of smoke high in the air came closer, and the double explosion of cannon and shell was more nearly simultaneous.

The Twelfth Corps was now moving upon the Baltimore Turnpike, which ran directly over the crest of Cemetery Hill, the highway to the Nation's capital, the point of the most strategic importance in the battle-field, the army's roadway of retreat. Two miles from the town the skirmish line was formed, and Williams' First Division felt its way slowly to the right and front of where the battle had been, while Geary's Second Division went away to the left. It is but little that a line officer knows of the topography of the fields he hurriedly

* Ames' brigade was the last of the Eleventh Corps to fall back, and did not share the panic of some of its associate regiments. The Second Brigade of Steinwehr's division of the same corps, under Colonel Orland Smith, held Cemetery Hill from the time of Howard's arrival upon the field, and was not engaged in Wednesday's battle.

traverses. Hills and woods quite invariably shut from his view the operations of other than his own regiment or brigade; and as his positions change from hour to hour, he is apt to retain in mind only a confused impression of rocks, trees, and fences, not much unlike their kind every-where. Yet, as it seemed then, so it would now, if I were to be dropped among the woody hills south-east of the cemetery. We were in a place capitally suited to sturdy defensive warfare, for the wide-stretching woods were of goodly sized trees, and quite free from underbrush, while every-where large bowlders cropped out of the soil. This formation characterized both the right and left flanks of Gettysburg battle-field. On the left, the two Round Tops were wooded from base to summit, and thickly beset with ledge, bowlder, and shingle. On the right, Wolf's, McAllister's, and Culp's Hills were somewhat less ragged with rocks; but the forest with which they were covered in 1863 formed a curtain of some two miles or more in length—not, however, very broad. Through this curtain our division took a peep, on Wednesday afternoon, to see if we were not wanted upon the right flank of the Eleventh Corps, which would have placed us upon the cultivated open ground of Benner's Hill, by the eastern outskirts of the town. But the fighting was over for the day, and where we hoped to take position the enemy were already in occupation. Hence we withdrew from Wolf's Hill and the Hanover Road, and, after a night's bivouac near the Baltimore Pike, we advanced in the early morning, to the stern music of some measured artillery duelling in our front—whose resonant ring was practically our first assurance that we were to take part in a pitched

battle betwixt the two great armies—to the southerly slope of Culp's Hill, overlooking Rock Creek, and with the sweet waters of Spangler's Spring a few yards behind us.

The configuration of the battle-field has been often described. A line drawn from the town of Gettysburg nearly due south for the distance of two and a half miles would pass through Cemetery Hill and the entire formation of the left center to its termination in the Round Tops. Cemetery Hill, which is at the edge of the town, was the strategic center of the field. From here, bending pretty abruptly to the south-east, ran the right of the battle-line for the distance of a mile, over East Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill to the base of McAllister's and Wolf's Hills, which are practically one, all of the heights averaging some four or five hundred feet above the sea level.

Before the men who were on Cemetery Hill lay the town, and at right and left a broad cultivated valley, suitable for cavalry operations—a use to which Buford put it on Wednesday afternoon in delaying the Confederate pursuit—upon whose yonder slope, a mile or more away, were the Confederate lines, except those of one division, which were in the streets of the town.

The only protection of this central part of the Union line were the stone walls and rail fences, with perhaps a very slight earth-work thrown about the cannon which were posted here Wednesday noon. The spade was an unknown tool in most of the Gettysburg lines.

The Culp's Hill troops, consisting of the re-united divisions of the Twelfth Corps, under Ruger and Geary (Williams being in temporary command of the corps, and Slocum of

the right wing of the army), were among woods and rocks, the sluggish waters of Rock Creek—for the most part a narrow shallow stream, although, near my brigade, deep—at the base of our hill toward the enemy. Woods were thick before us. Behind us, at a few hundred yards distance, was the Baltimore Turnpike, about which were clustered, out of reach of the guns, the wagon trains and some of the hospitals. Far across the country, through orchards and over undulating fields, we could catch glimpses of troops and guns in position. The inner distance from right to left was some two miles.

The day was dreadfully still, save for some intermittent shelling in attempts to find out what the enemy was doing. As the morning mists broke away, it became clear and hot, uncomfortable for them who were in the open fields. But we were upon the picnic-grounds of Gettysburg; the oaks a grateful tent above our heads, as they had been over generations of pleasure groups; the pellucid waters of the spring refreshingly cool. We made our ground strong with breast-works of logs and stones. It was not till four in the afternoon that the battle broke behind us at the left. In the hurry of establishing the long lines, Sickles' Third Corps was thrust three-quarters of a mile in advance of its true position; and upon Sickles, and involving Hancock's Second Corps at his right, and Sykes' Fifth Corps at Little Round Top, Longstreet made strenuous assaults, whose furious reverberation and roar lasted for three or four hours, the crash of musketry, apart from the artillery, sounding like incessant peals of thunder. Our ears served as witnesses of the drift of the battle; for steadily the noise came nearer, and

the Southern yell could be more and more distinctly heard. So critical was the case, that, in order to re-inforce the left, Meade stripped his lines wherever it seemed safe to do so, and with us the safety border was overpassed, for all but one brigade of the Twelfth Corps was hurried across the fields, arriving to find that, happily, the assault had spent its force. In this movement one of Geary's brigades* wandered somewhere southward, out of reach of the enemy, and was useless for the emergency at the left, as well as for its old post at Culp's Hill, where it was sorely needed. But a single brigade held the half mile or so of Culp's Hill intrenchments on Thursday evening, that of General George S. Greene—emphatically the hero of the right wing of Gettysburg—his troops, five New York regiments. It was in Lee's plan of battle to attack our right with Ewell's corps simultaneously with Longstreet's assault upon the left, while some of Hill's divisions carried East Cemetery Hill. Thus, at the hour when the right wing was being stripped, a series of determined attacks was begun there which came seriously near success; whose complete success, with disaster to our position, was probably prevented only by the fall of darkness. The assailants of Greene were Edward Johnson's division of four brigades.

Neither combatant could make any use of artillery, a fact which served the advantage of Greene, whose defenses were made almost impregnable against infantry assault by the massive rocks bestrewed all along his line, betwixt which he piled a wall of lesser bowlders and tree trunks. Yet it re-

* Kane's brigade.

quired nerve, vigilance, and good generalship for this slender line of defenders to steadfastly withstand, for two or three hours, the impetuous charge of fourfold their numbers.

So far as he occupied the hill, Greene held it firmly. But the intrenchments vacated by our brigade were entered without hindrance by the Confederate brigade of Steuart, who was thus upon Greene's flank, which, however, was specially guarded by a solid traverse. In daylight Steuart's position was within full view of the Baltimore Turnpike. Between nine and ten o'clock in the evening the Twelfth Corps came back to its post. With our ears intent upon the battle to which we were hurrying in the afternoon, we had heard none of the tumult of Ewell's attack. But as we drew near to our place, rumor hinted to us that all was not as it should be. The Second Regiment sent forward a reconnoitering company, which quickly struck traces of foreign occupancy, but our incredulous colonel was not satisfied till another venture was made. How pokerish it seemed to wait amid the darkness and the dead silence for revelations of a danger, most formidable because mysterious. But it was probable that the enemy was as scared as we, for one of our reconnoitering company's officers commanded the surrender of a group of pickets upon whom he stumbled, and came marching them out, to the number of a dozen or more; but then followed a command of "Fire!" from the bushes, and a furious volley flew over our heads.

Fortunate was it for the Union army that Ewell did not fully know the significance of his lodgment within our lines. The undisturbed march of a few more yards would have set him directly across the turnpike, taking in reverse Culp's and

Cemetery Hills, the whole of the Union right and center; and the story of Gettysburg might not, perhaps, have been that which history now records. The night was our salvation. In direct continuation of the Culp's Ridge, separated from it by a meadow a hundred yards wide, is another wooded acclivity, a part of McAllister's Hill. To that hill our brigade retreated, and there, taking Steuart in flank and rear, we built other breastworks of logs and rails. Ewell's position was not a strong one for his aggressive movements. He had no place for artillery; the only guns he had tried to bring to bear, stationed in the open ground of Benner's Hill, having been quickly silenced on Thursday.

From day-break—about four o'clock—on Friday morning, till seven, three or four of our batteries swept the valley of Rock Creek, where Ewell lay, with terrific fire. Slocum had increased the Union strength to eight brigades—six of the Twelfth Corps and two from the Sixth Corps. Stirred up by the artillery, Ewell's men, increased to seven brigades, fiercely resumed the assault, their sole available points of attack being the rocky stronghold against which they had vainly surged the night before. Until eleven o'clock—for seven hours—the terrific crash of musketry resounded through the woods; and after years have shown, in the death of nearly all of the trees which came within the range of fire, how continuous the sheets of bullets were in the course of that struggle, at which we, upon its outside, listened with dreadful suspense.

Yet not listened only. Two regiments of our brigade—the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty-seventh Indiana—have borne witness, by memorial stones erected in the edge of the meadow which divides Culp's from McAllister's, to the

fatality which took from their ranks nearly half their men in a gallant, but mad and comparatively fruitless, charge over that meadow, soaked with the rivulet which trickles from Spangler's Spring. Some one had blundered. Slocum requested Ruger to try the enemy at this portion of the line, and, if practicable, force him out. By the time the order issued from the mouth of Colonel Colgrove, of the Twenty-seventh Indiana, in temporary command, it became, "Advance two regiments immediately, and dislodge the enemy from his works!" What two regiments of six hundred men could essay against a brigade safely hidden in strong defenses, these regiments attempted. But only one passed the meadow, the Second Massachusetts. The Twenty-seventh Indiana, Colgrove's own regiment, in a broader stretch of the meadow, was stopped midway in its course. The Second touched the enemy's works, fought there for many minutes—would have stayed there if there had been any thought of re-inforcements—but the enemy, recovering from his surprise, was already sending out his skirmishers to intercept our retreat, and that part of our brigade left behind us could not fire without endangering us; so, without disorder, we turned about and took the nearest and least exposed course to our hill-side, where, under shelter of a wall, we made it hot for our opponents. That this charge was not without its influence, at least in showing the enemy that all his paths of advance toward the turnpike were hemmed in, may be true.*

* Extract from the report of the Confederate, Edward Johnson: "A demonstration in force was made upon my left and rear. The Second Virginia Regiment and Smith's brigade of Early's division were

But it was hard to persuade the survivors of the regiment that the waste of valor and life was not utterly disproportionate to the effect upon the morning's battle; for the assault was made at seven o'clock, and the roar of combat went on unbroken till eleven. Then Ewell was driven back. He left in the hands of the Twelfth Corps some 500 prisoners, while the losses in killed and wounded were enormous. The dead and mangled lay thick every-where in the woods, but especially were they clustered around Spangler's Spring. One dying Virginian bore plaintive tribute that men who could kill one another at the post of duty could be brothers in the hour of pain. "You uns have been right kind to we uns," he said, as, with difficulty, he gulped the cup of cold water brought to him from the spring, from whence it has been said the enemies drank in truce even while the fight was raging.

To this spot, after the battle, came some curious spectators from the neighboring country to learn what war was like. To us, who were hardened to such things, the effluvia and the distorted bodies, swollen to blackness under the blazing sun, were becoming most intolerable to every sensibility. It required a very brief experience to divest these sight-seers of desire to be more familiar with a battle-field. A few glances, and faces became deadly pale, as one faltered, "Come, Bill, we have had enough of this!"

The culminating assault of the battle, it is well known, was

disposed to meet and check it, which was accomplished to my entire satisfaction."

made at the point occupied by Hancock's Second Corps, at some distance to the left of Cemetery Hill, on Friday afternoon. With Ewell's repulse an ominous silence fell upon the field every-where for two hours. Then burst what we then could only compare to a tornado of shells and solid shot. Lee directed the fire of one hundred and thirty-eight guns upon our lines, the chief of this discharge falling upon the center. The fire was often in volleys by battery, and was most appalling to us who received only the shots which fell beyond their mark. In the thick of the storm as many as six shells in a second are said at times to have burst, and horses seemed to share the consternation with men. I have recollections of the appearance of here and there an orderly flying across the open ground upon some indispensable errand, with something of the attitude ascribed in pictures to people who are trying to run from a volcanic eruption; but whoever could find cover of a stout tree or a huge rock, clung to it with determination, and prayed heartily that it would not fall upon him, as it seemed as if every thing must tumble upon our heads.

From my lookout I could see a battery in the left center, standing out against the sky. It was my index of the effect of the cannonading upon the stability of our lines. So long as it stood fast and delivered its fire, I felt somewhat at ease. But once or twice it was relieved, or its caissons were sent to the rear for ammunition, and at such times it appeared as if the break had been made, and the *saue qui peut*—save himself who can—was to be next. But its post was not abandoned, and the battle was not lost.

We could not see the infantry action which followed at three o'clock; that imposing advance across a mile of open field, with occasional halts to tear down fences, of the 14,000 Confederates, who, before they came in contact with Hancock, were reduced to Pickett's noble band of 4,500—the steel lance head, to which it has been compared, of a shaft of softer fiber. The crash, long prolonged; the shouts, as much Yankee as rebel; then the diminution to pattering shots, and the Union hurrah outlasting the Confederate yell, and closing the drama; these came to us to give us somewhat more of assurance than of fear, and then followed more of comparative stillness. Whether or not we were to have another day of this terrific strain, nobody knew. We slept soundly enough at night, but how nervous we were is shown by an episode of my night's duty as officer of the guard. Some time after midnight, one or two musket shots were exploded upon our picket front. In an instant the whole brigade was upon its feet, and without orders blazed furiously into the darkness. It was many minutes before discipline could be long enough asserted to show that there were no signs of any enemy in our front. It may be that the shots which provoked our uproar were a feint of the enemy's withdrawing pickets, for at eight o'clock on Saturday morning our reconnoissance, as far as the York road leading north-east from the town, discovered only the *débris* of battle; dead men, dead horses, and exploded caissons, where our batteries had silenced the hostile guns; abandoned wagons, leveled fences, dwellings in whose yards were bloody clouts; desolation where four days ago were the thrift and beauty of rich farms.

For two days we staid upon the field to bury our dead, and to await the reports of scouting parties as to Lee's movements. On Sunday afternoon, our faces were set once more toward Virginia.

Read May 5, 1886.

KENTUCKY NEUTRALITY IN 1861.**BY BENJ. F. STEVENSON.**

Late Surgeon (Major) Twenty-second Ky. V. I.

What is now known on the map as the State of Kentucky was, during our Revolutionary struggle, an appanage of the then colony of Virginia; and in the year 1777 it was organized by the House of Burgesses as a county under the name of Kentucky, and it was allowed two representatives in the House of Burgesses. In 1781, three counties were organized out of the one—Fayette, Jefferson, and Lincoln—with two representatives assigned to each county, the territory still retaining its designation as Kentucky, but losing its organization as a county. At the close of the Revolutionary War, Virginia was incumbered with a heavy debt, contracted mainly in the common defense of the Nation.

The vast body of land north of the Ohio River, an empire in extent—claimed by Virginia to be within her chartered limits, she with singular magnanimity surrendered to the National Government—in trust—as a fund out of which the general indebtedness, contracted during the war, should be paid. Out of this grant five states have grown up, viz.: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The lands of Kentucky were reserved by Virginia to aid in the liquidation of the debt to her own citizens.

In pursuance of this policy, the land-office of the state was opened at Richmond, where patents were granted to all

who were able and willing to pay a nominal price per acre, and then undergo the fatigue and additional expense of a survey of the tract. A certificate of survey was required at the land-office at Richmond to perfect the title. The state made no surveys, nor was it responsible for the accuracy of any made. It established no meridian line, and no point of departure for surveys. If the wit of man had been taxed to devise a scheme to delude and defraud the unwary, none more fertile could have been adopted.

Fabulous stories of the fertility and beauty of the new territory open for settlement spread over all the land, and a steady stream of emigrants poured in, much the larger portion of it from Virginia, each head of a family carrying with him a land patent, with authority to locate and survey any vacant or unoccupied land he might fancy.

The inevitable result of this loose method of business was reaped in after years in numerous land suits, when it was found that all the more valuable portions of the state were shingled with conflicting patents and interlapping lines of survey three or four times over.

The courts first held that the oldest patent carried the land, but afterward, under the occupying claimant laws of the state, the same courts decided that a junior patent with twenty years of occupancy held to the extent of its survey and claim.

From 1781 to 1792 the influx of population into Kentucky was very great, and through all those years there was warm contention between the mother state and the dependent territory as to the right of the latter to apply to Congress for admittance into the Union as a co-equal state.

Kentucky was, in 1792, admitted as a state—first-born of the new Nation—from the vast territory west of the Allegheny Range, and by the irony of fate it was made first among sister states to sound the tocsin of revolt against the Nation. With no rights withheld or denied, with no wrongs impending, the legislature, in 1798, passed a series of resolutions which were primarily intended as a flank movement on the presidential office; they were adopted as a party shibboleth, and afterward elevated into the dignity of a commentary on the constitution, as of more vital worth and force than the original text. This root of bitterness—"source of unnumbered woes"—Kentucky inherited from her mother state, Virginia.

The influence of Virginia in controlling the political action of Kentucky is shown in this, that in twenty-two quadrennial elections for governor of the state, from 1792 to 1863, inclusive, eleven of them, half the whole number, were Virginians by birth and education; and of the seven governors born in Kentucky, six of them were of Virginia parentage; of the remaining four, two were born in Maryland, and one each in Pennsylvania and South Carolina. When Virginia took snuff, Kentucky sneezed.

DIVIDED PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

The restraining influence of three men of Kentucky—Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, and Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckenridge—did more to hold the state true to her National obligations than all the others combined. In a long, persistent, and unyielding fight of Mr. Clay against all forms of disloyalty and disunion, he had the earnest and hearty co-operation of Mr.

Crittenden. A single expression in one of the last speeches made by Mr. Clay in the Senate of the United States, "I owe a supreme allegiance to the Government of the United States, a subordinate allegiance to my state," sounded like the bugle-blast of boots and saddles to call his adherents into line. And just at the most critical period, in the spring and early summer of 1861, Dr. R. J. Breckenridge addressed to the people of Kentucky a series of essays of unanswered, of unanswerable cogency, urging them to stand by the Nation, and to fill all just requisitions for men and means to suppress the rebellion.

Mr. Clay was in his grave, but one of his sons and two of his grandsons were in the rebel armies. Mr. Crittenden, devoted as he was to the perpetuity of the Nation, had a son in each of the hostile armies. Of Dr. R. J. Breckenridge's sons, two were in the Union and two in the rebel armies. Judge J. R. Underwood, who had been a representative in Congress, for eight years on the Appellate Bench, and then for six years Senator in Congress, was loyal to the Nation. Two of his sons were in arms aiding the rebellion.

Daniel Breck, formerly member of the legislature and of Congress, and Judge of the Circuit and Appellate Courts, stood by the Nation. His sons all were arrayed in arms in behalf of rebellion. The Shelbys, the Garrards, the Scotts, the Marshalls, the Hardins, the Helms, the Deshas, the Johnsons, the Wickliffes, all of them leading, wealthy, and influential families, were divided in sentiment and feeling, and subsequently had representatives in both National and rebel armies. The Letchers, the Owsleys, the Harlans, the Goodlows, were all of them loyal.

What was true of leading families was equally true of all classes and grades of society throughout the state.

CONVENTION TO FORM A NEW CONSTITUTION IN 1849.

In 1849 a convention was called to remodel the constitution. Additional guarantees were demanded for the conservation of slavery.

The party favoring a system of gradual emancipation formulated their platform as advocates of an open-clause provision permitting the legislature, at an indefinite time in the future, to pass an ordinance of emancipation. They took nothing by their motion, as they were compelled on the stump to avow themselves as favorable to such an ordinance. They met the fate usually accorded to men who have not the courage of their convictions—a disastrous defeat.

In a body of one hundred men, but one man—Silas Woodson, of Knox county—appeared as an advocate of an open clause, and after events proved him to have been unworthy of such an honor. He emigrated to Missouri, and in the troublous Kansas and Nebraska times he was a chief among “border ruffians,” and at the close of the war was elected governor of the state.

The convention met, deliberated long, discussed every phase of governmental policy and power broached by man, and finally established slavery on a firm and immutable basis by sections 2 and 3 in the Bill of Rights.

The sections were drawn and presented to the convention by the Hon. Garret Davis, and they were just as potent guar-

antees in the maintenance of slavery as was the clerical bull in suppressing the comet.

Here they are :

“ SEC. 2. That absolute arbitrary power over the lives, liberty, and property of freemen exists nowhere in a republic, not even in the largest majority.

“ SEC. 3. The right of property is before and higher than any constitutional sanction, and the right of an owner of a slave and its increase is the same, and as inviolable as the right of the owner of any property whatever.”

These sections are but a dalliance with words, and were intended to beguile and mislead the unwary. They are based on the robber plea :

“ They may take who have the power,
And they may keep who can.”

If the right of property is before and higher than any constitutional sanction, how happens it that the most sacred of all property rights—the right of man to himself—may be violated by constitutional sanction? The whole theory is a palpably absurd dogma, in violation of natural and governmental rights.

As a fitting commentary of the text, I extract from a bill presented by Mr. Davis—the same Mr. Davis—to the Senate of the United States, December 26, 1861. [See *Congressional Globe*.]

“A bill declaring all persons to be alien enemies who have taken any part in the government of the so-called Southern Confederate States, or any operations or business connected

with it, and all persons who have joined the army or navy, or any military organization or naval expedition of said confederation, or gotten up by its authority, or in its name, against the United States, and all persons giving aid and comfort to said confederation in the war which is now waging against the United States, and all such persons to have forfeited to the United States their whole property and estate, of every description, including debts, choses in action, and every legal and equal right, whether in possession or expectancy"—a perfect drag-net.

Two propositions more antagonistic in character—emanating from the same pen—can not be found in all the domains of legal lore. By the first Mr. Davis hoped to arrest all discussion of the slavery question in Kentucky, and by the latter to frighten rebels from further aggressive warfare on the nation.

Professor Shaler, in his recent history of Kentucky, represents the discussion of the slavery question of that day as temperate in character. Was it so when Cassius Clay's press was taken down by a mob at Lexington and shipped to Cincinnati? Was it so when Bailey's press and type were sunk to the bottom of the river at Newport? Was it so when an eminent legal gentleman of this city was made the victim of a shameful outrage on the streets of Covington for defending a fugitive slave woman in the courts here, as was his right?

The grandest, the most imposing exhibition of aerial warfare is that of the storm-cloud and the electric element. I can recall no displays of nature that more aptly illustrate the action of the slavery sentiment and feeling in Kentucky

at that period. It zig-zagged its way through all the framework of society, scorching, burning, tearing, and rending communities into opposing and hostile factions, each armed with gleaming sword and burning brand, ready for mortal fray.

KENTUCKY IN 1859.

At the general election of 1859, Beriah Magoffin was chosen governor, and the same wave of popular sentiment that carried him into the executive chair took with him a majority of the legislature of his political sentiment.

On the outbreak of rebellion in 1861, the executive branch of the government of Kentucky was found to be in full sympathy and accord with it, as is proven by the response of the governor to President Lincoln's call for troops to aid in its suppression.

FRANKFORT, KY., *April 16, 1861.*

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary at War:

Your dispatch is received. In answer, I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing our sister Southern States.

B. MAGOFFIN, *Governor of Kentucky.*

That was the official response to a legal and proper call from his official superior, who was but exercising an irremissible duty.

The response was curt and blunt enough to indicate the feelings and purpose of his excellency, but it was not so curt as the spontaneous verbal response—as reported by the papers of the day, on reading the telegram—"Tell old Abe to go to hell, and I'll go to my dinner."

KENTUCKY STATE MILITIA.

In the olden times, Kentucky had a system of military enrollment and drill which was a burlesque on tactics, subordination, and duty. It had no useful results; its chief defect was to fill the land with hosts of be-feathered and epauletted officers, who were worthless, inefficient, and incompetent to set a squadron in the field. For fifteen years before the rebellion, it had gone into the stage of "innocuous desuetude."

The legislature of '59-'60 amended the military laws of the state, consolidated all the independent uniform companies of the state into one organization, under the name of the Kentucky State Guard, and the arms and equipments for this body—between twelve and fifteen thousand strong—were drawn from the National armories with the deliberate intention to use them against the Nation.

Simon Boliver Buckner was made inspector-general of the state and commander-in-chief of all state troops, and this body formed the nucleus of all the rebel force that went into rebellion from Kentucky, John H. Morgan's command being the first detachment to abandon the state.

Let the following letter say what manner of man Simon Boliver Buckner proved himself to be:

BOWLING GREEN, KY., *Sept.* 19, 1861.

Mr. George W. Triplett.

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours is received. Lock No. 1 must be destroyed. I rely on our friends at Owensboro to do it; not an hour must be lost. The destruction is a great deal to me

in crippling our adversary. Assemble our friends without delay in sufficient force to accomplish the object. If possible, it should be done in such a way as to leave a strong current through the lock, which will empty the dam. Provide every thing in advance. Do not fail; it is worth an effort.

S. B. BUCKNER.

[*Without his official signature.*]

This letter, together with his unconditional surrender of Fort Donelson, will preserve his name from oblivion.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Resolutions passed by the General Assembly of Kentucky, January 21, 1861 :

"First. That the General Assembly has heard with profound regret of the resolutions of the States of New York, Ohio, Maine, and Massachusetts, tendering to the President men and money to be used in coercing sovereign states of the South into obedience to the Federal Government.

"Second. And declaring, and so notifying them, that when those states should send armed forces to the South for such purpose, the people of Kentucky, uniting with their brethren of the South, will as one man resist invasion of the soil of the South at all hazards, and to the last extremity."

Thus it will be seen that the executive and legislative departments of the state government were fully committed to hostility to the government of the Nation, and it will also be seen that the military power of the state, together with all the arms of the state, were in the hands of a man prompt to resort to any and every means of aggressive war-

fare on the nation. The day of the publication of the Buckner-Triplett letter, I was in Frankfort, and a witness to the consternation occasioned by its premature publication, as it fully unmasked the rebel policy. They were willing to abide by neutrality so long as it subserved their designs, but the instant it failed to do so they disregarded it.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

My elder brother was at that time managing editor of the *Frankfort Yeoman*, the most pronounced, outspoken rebel sheet in the state. I called at his office, and was directed to his room.

"How are you, Ben? What has brought you to the capital just now?"

"To tender my services as a surgeon in the army," was my reply.

"You had better go home and attend to the interests of your family. The South can not be conquered. I wish," said he, "to talk with you seriously. Here we will be subjected to constant interruption. Will you walk out with me?"

We walked the streets of Frankfort and defined our separate positions. He was my senior in years. I had ever regarded him as my senior in all things. It comes to most men once at least in a lifetime to assert their personality, and that period reached me then and there. His first remark to me was that he was sorry to find me ready to join in an abolition war to overthrow slavery. My response to him was: "Tom, stop just there. You have known me for years as a slave-owning anti-slavery man, and now I have to say that, so far

as I am personally concerned, slavery may be damned. Try another tack." Then the effort was to convince me that ten millions of people standing on their own soil, united and determined, could not be conquered.

"You assume," said I, "more than I will grant. All their union is that enforced by despotic power; break that, and the framework of the rebellion will tumble to pieces. But setting that aside, the government has been most wantonly assailed, and must, if it hopes to live and have the respect of the world, vindicate its dignity and rights." "How vindicate rights," said he, "with a soldiery that will not fight?" Looking over the country and the battles fought, and naming Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, and Big Bethel—others he did not mention—he said he had reached the conclusion that the Nation had no leaders fit for command, and that Yankee soldiers had no iron in their blood. To which I responded: "If you mean to impute cowardice to an entire section of the Nation, I am sorry to say to you that partisan rancor has usurped the seat of justice and of judgment in your mind, and we had better adjourn our discussion." I reminded him that our grandfather had been a soldier in the Revolutionary struggle, that our father had shouldered his musket in the War of 1812, and said to him that I would be bastard to their blood when I failed to follow in their footsteps.

At this stage of our controversy, we had reached the front of a leading hardware house in the city. He stepped into the store, and returned in half a minute with a beautiful pearl-handled pocket-knife, and said: "Now, Ben, we can't agree on these questions; let us agree to disagree. But

I hope you will accept this little gift as a pledge of personal amity between us," and he laid the implement in the palm of my hand.

Looking at the gift, an incident of the long past was recalled to my memory. When he was twelve and I was ten, a negro girl living in the family came into the family room one winter morning, and, with smiling face, said: "Massa Tom, I'se got a volentine, and I wants you to read the writins on it fur me." It was but two lines:

"If you loves me as I loves you,
No knife can cut our loves in two."

The lines instantly popped into my mind, and I repeated them. The memory of the long-past incident and its pat application at the moment served to assuage any rising acerbity of feeling, and we had our laugh over it. We met as brothers ever should, on the level, and we parted as brothers ever should, on the square—he to pursue his course, and I mine.

He was a man of extensive and varied reading; he wielded a facile and trenchant pen; on the platform and on the hustings he was an able debater. His knowledge of the political history of the Nation and of its leading men was not surpassed by any one in all the land. He was the trusted friend of Clay, of Crittenden, and of Corwin; but, when the supreme hour of the Nation's peril and agony came, he abandoned the teachings of those great leaders of men. "Madness ruled the hour."

He lived long enough to know that at Island No. 10, at Memphis, and at New Orleans, the Fresh-water Navy of the Confederacy had been annihilated; long enough to know that

at Vicksburg and at Port Hudson the bi-section of the Confederacy had been made complete and permanent, and that henceforth the Father of Waters would flow to the gulf unvexed by the rage of man. He lived to know that at Gettysburg the serried hosts of rebellion had been hurled back to their Virginia stronghold,

“With hideous ruin and combustion.”

He lived to know that at Chickamauga and at Chattanooga a long, long stride had been taken in the tri-section of the Confederacy. He lived to know that the Nation had found leaders fit for command, and that those leaders had found soldiers with iron in their blood, and that those commanders and soldiers had driven cold iron deep into the vitals of the Confederacy. And then he died. All his hopes were blasted. “The silver cord was loosed; the golden bowl was broken at the fountain.” He had many noble, generous, and magnanimous traits of character, and my tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth before I shall attempt to disparage them.

SLAVERY—PER SE.

Slavery, in its economic and financial aspects, exercised quite as controlling an influence on society as, in its political relations, it did on partisan policy.

The census report of 1860 gives the total population of Kentucky at 1,155,684 persons, and the slave population at 225,483 persons; nearly one-fifth of the total population were slaves; and the same report fixes the value of slave property in the state at a little under one-fourth of the total value of all property in the state. Assuming the average value of

each slave to have been \$400 in 1860, it gives \$90,093,200 as their money value at that time. That Mr. Lincoln, two years later, when slave property had greatly depreciated, should have offered \$300 for each slave emancipated is, I think, conclusive evidence that my estimate is not too high. Mr. Lincoln's offer, under authority of an act of Congress, was \$67,644,900. Either sum was large enough to contend for by men already spoiling for a fight.

At the outbreak of the rebellion I was a slave-owner, made such by the accidents of birth and marriage, and under the laws of descent; but no man ever heard from me any justification of slavery. I ever held it to be an unmitigated wrong. In 1849 I acted with the emancipation party, and in 1865 I issued an address to the voters of Boone County, Ky., from which I read:

TO THE VOTERS OF BOONE COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

At the earnest solicitation of a number of original Union men of the county, I hereby announce myself a candidate to represent Boone County in the lower branch of the Legislature of Kentucky. I have accepted the position with the distinct understanding that I shall not be expected to engage in an active personal canvass of the county; domestic considerations imperatively forbid my doing so. Respect for the people demands from me a full and explicit declaration of the principles which have heretofore, and will in the future, govern my political action. I will endeavor to make it so plain that there shall be no grounds for present misrepresentation or future misunderstanding.

I am now, as I have been from the beginning of our political

troubles, unconditionally in favor of maintaining the unity, the integrity, and the perpetuity of the Government of the United States, over all the National domain. Because—

1st. My political education taught me that “I owe a supreme allegiance to the general government, a subordinate one to my state;” and, as a corollary therefrom, that secession is treason.

2d. I have never received any wrong from the National Government, but, on the contrary, and always, protection to person and property.

3d. I have never been able to conceive of any wrongs in the government comparable to those which, in my judgment, are inevitable from disunion.

On the slavery question I seek no concealments, and will resort to no subterfuge to secure votes. As an abstract question of justice and right, it is indefensible. In its politico-economical aspects, the highest official authority of the state—Governor Bramlette—has pronounced it not only worthless, but burdensome; and in this judgment most men now concur. In its social and domestic relations, its concubinage, its debaucheries, its enforced ignorance, its cruelties, its disregard of the natural ties of parent and offspring—all its inseparable incidents—it is abhorrent to the instinct and judgment of the just-thinking portion of mankind. Since first endowed with the power of thought and reflection, I have ever held the integrity of the government as of infinitely more worth than slavery.

In 1849, being then a slave-owner, I voted in favor of a system of gradual emancipation in Kentucky. The propriety of that vote has been vindicated on every battle-field of the

rebellion. Had that policy then prevailed, it would have given a guaranty to the world that slavery was in process of extinction; it would have taken from the disloyalists of the state the potent argument of a community of interests with those seeking a dismemberment of the nation; it would have deprived them of the question of a natural boundary afforded by the great river which sweeps along our northern limits; and it would probably have prevented a war which has swept into the vortex of ruin the material resources of eleven states of the Union, and which has draped the entire land in mourning.

For the emasculated loyalty of 1861, which, under the leadership of Breckenridge and Magoffin, of Powell and Buckner, and which proposed to stand mute and neuter in the presence of an armed rebellion which was stabbing at the vitals of the Nation, I entertained neither respect nor sympathy. Neutrality with them was treason masked. Every measure of the legal authority, state or National, designed to crush the rebellion has had my earnest, thorough, and radical support; and I am radical still in my desire to extirpate from the land the seminal principle of future rebellions, and also to compel all men who claim the protection of a citizen under the National flag to acknowledge their allegiance to the National Government.

If chosen your representative, I will vote in favor of the amendment to the National Constitution forever forbidding slavery in the National limits.

A political defeat on the issues presented, with conscious loyalty, is with me more desirable than would be a triumphant

election entertaining feelings of hostility to the unity and perpetuity of my government.

Respectfully,

BURLINGTON, KY., *July 22, 1865.* B. F. STEVENSON.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

On the 18th of December, 1861, two hundred men, refugees from their homes, assembled at Russellville, Logan county, Kentucky, and after one day of deliberation adopted a constitution, which they proclaimed as the constitution of the state; and under it they elected George W. Johnson, of Scott county, provisional governor of the state. The body also elected ten citizens of Kentucky as an executive committee, as follows :

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Willis B. Machen. | 6. Elijah Burnside. |
| 2. John W. Crockett. | 7. Horatio Bruce. |
| 3. Philip B. Thompson. | 8. Eli M. Bruce. |
| 4. James P. Bates. | 9. James W. Moore. |
| 5. James S. Chrisman. | 10. George B. Hodge. |

Geo. B. Hodge resigned, and S. S. Scott was appointed in his stead.

In this body was vested all the legislative and executive authority of the state.

The convention appointed Henry C. Burnett, William Preston, and William E. Sims, as commissioners to negotiate an alliance with the Confederate States.

As a result of that negotiation, Kentucky was admitted into the Confederacy, December 10, 1861, by the following ordinance :

"An Act for the admission of the State of Kentucky into the Confederate States of America as a member thereof.

"SEC. 1. The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact that the State of Kentucky be and is hereby admitted as a member of the Confederate States of America on an equal footing with the other states of the Confederacy.

"Approved December 10, 1861."

The following gentlemen were elected as representatives or members of the Provisional Congress from Kentucky :

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| 1. Henry C. Burnett. | 6. Thomas Johnson. |
| 2. John Thomas. | 7. Samuel H. Ford. |
| 3. Theo. L. Burnett. | 8. Thomas B. Monroe. |
| 4. George W. Ewing. | 9. John M. Elliott. |
| 5. Daniel P. White. | 10. George B. Hodge. |

The council of ten divided the State of Kentucky into twelve congressional districts, and provided for their election, by the state at large, of persons to represent these districts in the first permanent Congress of the Confederate States.

Voting places were provided for, and on the designated day an election was held in the counties within the lines of the Confederate army, resulting in the choice of the following :

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|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Willis B. Machen. | 7. Horatio W. Bruce. |
| 2. John W. Crockett. | 8. George B. Hodge. |
| 3. Henry E. Reed. | 9. Eli M. Bruce. |
| 4. George W. Ewing. | 10. James W. Moore. |
| 5. James S. Chrisman. | 11. J. R. Breckenridge, Jr. |
| 6. Theo. L. Burnett. | 12. John M. Elliott. |

These gentlemen took their seats in the first permanent Congress of the Confederate Government, and all of them voted to enforce the conscription throughout Kentucky.

The council of ten elected Henry C. Burnett and William E. Simms to serve for six years in the Confederate Senate; and in due time proclamation was made that Kentucky, of her own free will and choice, had joined the Confederacy, and was therefore a state in full membership. This action was all of it a wanton and flagrant outrage on all their professed principles of state sovereignty. Kentucky had at the time a governor *de jure* who was governor *de facto* and in office; she had a legally elected legislature then in session, and they alone had the right to take action in the premises.

The duplicity, the folly, and the fraud of the entire movement was so transparent as only to have merited the contempt of the world, but for the grave complications which speedily ensued.

Beriah Magoffin, writing of the body that assumed to act for the state at large, says: "I condemn its action in unqualified terms. Self-constituted as it was, and without authority from the people, it can not be justified by similar revolutionary acts in other states by minorities to overthrow state governments. I condemned their action, and I condemn the action of this one."

General Burnside, when in command of the Department of the Ohio, caused the arrest of Thomas C. Magraw in Harrison County, Ky. He was arrested as a spy, tried as a spy, convicted as a spy, and subsequently executed as a spy. The rebel authorities made strenuous, persistent efforts to save the man, claiming Kentucky to be a portion of the Confed-

eracy under the negotiation with the bogus commissioners above named, and claiming for Magraw the right of citizenship, and, as a consequence, the right to recruit soldiers for the rebel armies in the state; and also threatened reprisals should he be executed. Think, Mr. President, what might have resulted if they had had the nerve to have executed their threats. Reprisals would have led to retaliation, and then, three years later, "our good old mother" away down in Georgia, in bonnet, boots, and gossamer, might have felt a most uncomfortable tightening about the trachea.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNORS OF KENTUCKY.

A TRAGEDY AND A FARCE.

George W. Johnson, provisional—rebel—governor of Kentucky, was killed in the ranks at Shiloh, and the council of ten, in the exercise of its imperial functions, appointed Richard Hawes, of Bourbon County, another refugee, to the vacant position; and he, keeping step with the rebel army under Bragg, when he invaded Kentucky in 1862, was made a puppet in the drama of a rebel organization of a state government. They had their glorification over the capture and occupancy of the seat of government; their jubilant march in procession to the capital; the inaugural services were in progress; the address was half read through, when, from the high hill commanding Frankfort, a salvo of National artillery gave notice to quit and march.

Humphrey Marshall had made one of the cavalcade, and was a looker-on at the moment; beside him stood Orlando Brown, a citizen of the town and a thorough Unionist, a man whose daily drolleries and pleasantries made life a joy to his

associates. They had been college mates, and were warm personal friends. At the booming of the cannon, Marshall said, "There is our order to leave." Brown said to him, "I have a little good 'Old Bourbon' at home; go with me and try it before you go." "I will," said Marshall, "go with you to your house and drink of your whisky, and then I will go elsewhere; here I have been playing a part in a damned farce." The curtain was rung down on Hawes, and he was seen no more in all the play. If to them it were all a farce, to how many others did it not prove to be a solemn and grave tragedy?

WHAT KENTUCKY DID IN THE WAR.

The more agreeable task remains for me to say what Kentucky did to aid in the overthrow of rebellion. At the general election of 1861, a decided majority of Union men were returned to both branches of the legislature.

It met on the first Monday of September, and its first decisive action was to order the withdrawal of the rebel troops under command of Generals Polk and Zollicoffer from Kentucky, at points where they had made menacing lodgments. It ordered compliance with all requisitions made by the President for troops; and it also passed an act granting the credit of the state to a loan for three millions of dollars for the National treasury.

From this period, all the demands made on Kentucky for troops to aid in crushing out the rebellion were promptly complied with, notwithstanding forty thousand men, most of them in the bloom of youth—bold, dashing, vigorous riders

and raiders as ever wielded saber or leveled a lance—had already left the state to engage in rebellion.

Companions of Ohio, Companions of Indiana, Companions at large, was there not much in these complications and involvements to palliate, if not to justify and demand, on the part of Kentucky, pause and delay?

Professor Shaler, in his history of Kentucky, expresses the opinion that if the state had joined the Confederacy by the passage of an ordinance of secession, the final result of the struggle would probably have had a different ending. In that opinion I think he errs. Had Kentucky been made the battle-ground for the Confederacy, the contest would have closed much sooner than it did. The lines for the maintenance of a defensive war in Virginia are very much superior to those in Kentucky, and to have fought the battle in the latter state would have required largely increased forces, as Virginia would never have consented to the abandonment of Richmond; and dispersion of their forces would have had with them the same disastrous results that it had with National troops.

What would have been the final results of the triumph of rebellion can at this day be only a matter of speculation.

What some of those claiming to be leaders in the movement averred as their determined purpose, I do happen to know.

One of the council of ten was a citizen of my county, and his declarations were, first, that all the National territory south of the north line of Missouri, clear across the continent to the Pacific Coast, should be Confederate territory, and be forever dedicated to slavery; and second, that, having in

their possession all the mouths of the Mississippi, they should be held sealed to the commerce of the Northern States until its government, by treaty, pledged itself to return to claimants all escaping slaves. And this man was seriously in earnest. He was the first man to leave the county to join the rebel army, and he was the last man to return to his family.

THE FATHER OF WATERS.

A navigable stream at its source, springing from its hundred lakes and lakelets, which, like brimming urns, are pouring over their rims a ceaseless flow of water, limpid, crystal, pure as ever distilled from terrene matrix. Its tributary streams, east and west, converging from the Allegheny Ridge, and from the sentinel peaks of the great Rocky Range, flowing thence to the gulf, and bearing annually on its bosom more of the wealth of the world than the Danube, the Ganges, and the Nile combined. The Valley of the Mississippi, the richest heritage of man, the fairest, the most fertile, the most habitable of all lands within the temperate zones. Its streams of living men are poured in from half the rotund world. 'Tis God's alembic, in which the North-man, the Dane, the Swede, the Teuton, the Celt, the Briton, the Frank, the Iberean, the Italian will all of them be fused into a homogeneous man, and who, reared and educated to know that liberty does not mean license, and that law does mean order, will present to the world the most benign government in all the tide of time. And this fruition of hope the Nation was required to forego, that slavery, the reproach to Christianity, the stain to humanity, might be made perpetual!

All honor to the gallant soldier (General Logan), who, in

Richmond, threw at the head of the rebel authorities the declaration, that "We will hew our way to the Gulf with our swords," and preserve forever the free navigation of the Mississippi River.

A RETROSPECT.

Fifty-three years since, in this month of June, John Randolph, of Roanoke, left his home in Virginia, with broken health, in search of medical advice in the city of Brotherly Love. He traveled like a prince of the realm, in his private conveyance with postilion, out-rider, and body-servant. He had been a power in the land. He was strictest among strict constructionists, but for all the real or imaginary wrongs of the country his appeal was to the courts of law. His honors, all, he fairly won in the forum of debate. He had not been the ward of the Nation, nor had he fed at its bountiful table, neither did he stab at its life. He was a large slave-owner, but his slaves he freed and provided for their comfortable maintenance; not at his command were the dogs of war unleashed to ravin and rage throughout the land. Not for his promotion to place and power were the gates of death and hell thrown open wide, and kept open through dreary years of bloodshed and carnage. His private life had been pure and unstained by fraud or wrong. He had his affairs of honor, but the prayer of David—"Preserve me, O God, from blood guiltiness"—had been vouchsafed to him.

When he met face to face with the grim monster—we have all to meet—he called to his faithful, his ever-faithful Jubal, "Jubal, bring me a sheet of paper and a pencil—you will find them there," pointing with his long, skinny,

attenuated finger, which had been potent as the Speaker's mace in the halls of Congress. They were brought. And his last conscious effort was to pencil on the fair white sheet a single word, thrice repeated—

“Remorse—Remorse—Remorse—”

and then he breathed his last.

The misuse of his great faculties, the neglect of his many opportunities for usefulness, wrung his soul with anguish. His manner of life, his many eccentricities, had been a mystery to the world. His death was an admonition. He whose life imparts wisdom to mankind, though he lived not wisely, has lived not in vain.

Who among all the hosts of men engaged in the effort to overthrow the Nation, and who have gone to their long homes, have expressed remorse for their great wrong?

Man can not sit in judgment on his fellow-man; certainly not those engaged in opposing hosts, but it is in accordance with Christian charity to hope when the last man of all who are engaged in rebellion shall have taken

“His chamber in the silent halls of death,”

And when

“All their bones are dust

And all their good swords rust,

That in the general resurrection their

“Souls may rise with the just,”

and be made guests of heaven.

And then, and then, in the great and glorious future of the Nation may some immortal bard, filled with righteous indignation, rise up and reconstruct a new Dantean hell;

may he snatch from the forgetfulness of time, from the gloom of the grave, from the oblivion of the future, the names of every active aider, abetter, and participant in rebellion, and with pen of fire write them indelibly on the tablets of hell; this, as an everlasting memorial, admonition, and warning to all future generations of men against another wicked and wanton sacrifice of human lives at the shrines of sectional aggrandizement and of personal ambition.

Read June 2, 1886.

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT IN THE WAR.

BY J. R. WEIST, M.D.

Late Surgeon (Major) U. S. V.

At the beginning of the great war for the preservation of the Union, in 1861, experience or training for the varied duties required of those responsible for the formation and effective work of vast armies in active service was almost wanting. This inexperience caused the sacrifice of millions of money and thousands of lives.

No department of the army exhibited the evil consequences of imperfect knowledge of military administration in a greater degree than the medical department, and in none was complete knowledge of the art more quickly acquired.

During the twenty-one years that have passed since the war of the Rebellion, so much has been written about the patriotism of our people, magnitude of our armies, the strategy and tactics of our generals, the bravery and hardships of our soldiers, the great battles fought, the victories won, the final triumph of the right and the saving of the Union, that at this distant day it would seem nothing remains untold; yet about the medical department of the army but little has been written for the information of the general public. This department is one generally but briefly mentioned in the current histories of the war, one whose achievements are already nearly forgotten save by the mem-

bers of the medical profession, but one whose honors should be as immortal as those won in any other department of the army during the great struggle for the preservation of our country.

The men who learned practically the great lessons of military medicine and surgery, and accomplished results that should make their names imperishable as military surgeons, are rapidly passing away. Much of their experience remains unwritten, and is likely to be lost to the new generation of military surgeons, upon whom will devolve the duties they so well performed.

All history shows that "perpetual peace is a dream;" therefore, whatever may be our hopes for the future of our country, "no man," as General Sherman has said, "is wise enough to foretell when soldiers may be in demand again;" when mighty hosts shall march again to battle "to fill history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown." For this reason it appears to be proper to call the attention of Companions of the Loyal Legion, especially those who served as medical officers, to some of the work done by the medical department of the army during the war, in order that the lessons learned may be written for preservation by those competent to write them, to the end that the mistakes made may be avoided by those who will fill their places in the future, that narration from actual experience may teach what is sometimes required for supplying the unavoidable deficiencies of government service in great emergencies.

To medical men belonging to an army in actual service,

the most difficult problems of sanitation, surgery, and medicine are daily presented.

The strength of an army largely depends upon the number of healthy men composing it, ready at any moment for every kind of active service. The subsistence of the men having been provided for, the prevention of disease becomes a matter of the highest importance. The experience of our war, as well as that of others, shows that disease causes twice as many deaths as battle, and that wounds do not reduce the effective strength of an army to any thing like the same degree as disease. That efforts to prevent disease may be effective, the medical officer must not only possess a complete knowledge of the capabilities of the human body, but of the action upon it of special and general causes under ordinary conditions, as well as when large numbers of men are crowded into limited spaces; the effect of food, clothing, climate, mental and physical strain, and all the other influences for evil surrounding an army, and of the means of successfully resisting them. The result of a want of this knowledge was clearly shown in the Army of the Potomac in June and July, 1862, when at least twenty per cent of the men were unable to perform duty because of disease.* In these months, this army, having a mean strength of 106,069, reported 30,263 cases of zymotic disease,† a class of disease regarded as preventable by sanitarians. In some of the regiments thirty-three per cent of the men were reported sick

*Jonathan Letterman, *Medical and Surgical History of the War*, Part I., Med. Vol., page 93.

†Same volume, statistical tables, page 174.

in the month of August of diarrhea, intermittent and typhoid fevers.*

The surgical and medical problems presented to the medical officers in active service are varied and difficult. To meet them, not only technical, surgical, and medical skill is required of the highest order to successfully deal with wounds of every grade of severity, and diseases of the gravest character, under the difficult conditions of limited surgical and medical supplies, imperfect shelter, improper food, inadequate transportation, and the interference of officers in command, who ever find a "military necessity" for the abandonment or transfer of wounded and sick men, that their plans for a battle or a campaign may not be disturbed; but foresight and administrative ability, that preparation may be made before a battle or campaign for those destined to be "torn by shot and shell," or stricken by disease. No better picture of the consequences resulting from a want of, or a failure to exercise, the qualifications last mentioned need be given than that painted by Medical Director Robert Murray, in his report upon the battle of Shiloh.† In speaking of the Army of the Ohio, he says: "That army was hurried up to take part in a terrific battle, leaving all the tents, bedding, ambulances, and medical supplies behind. When I arrived, the second day's fight was half over; six or seven thousand wounded were to be provided for, with literally no accom-

* Report of Surgeon Chas. S. Tripler, *Medical and Surgical History of the War*, Part I., Med. Vol., page 46, Appendix.

† *Medical and Surgical History of the War*, Appendix, Part I., Med. Vol., page 38.

modations or comforts, not even the necessities of life; no bedding, no cooking utensils or table furniture, not even cups, spoons, or knives and forks; no vegetables, and no fresh beef. It rained incessantly, and the mud was very deep; it was impossible to obtain tents enough to shelter the wounded, or straw for them to lie upon. The battle raged a mile and a half in front, and for two days after the fight all the effective and well-organized soldiers were held in readiness for another conflict. The only details of men procured to act as police for the hospital depots, and as nurses, cooks, and attendants, were from the panic-stricken mob who had sought safety on the banks of the river; and these men it was impossible to keep at work. There was some hay at the landing, but the roads and banks were blocked up with teams, some mired in the mud, others hurrying to the front with provisions and ammunition, so that but little of it could be obtained. The supply of medical officers was short, the whole command averaging but little more than one to a regiment; much of the time of the few on hand was occupied in procuring food and attendants for the wounded. The dead were left for days unburied about the hospital depots; many of the wounded were not even dressed before they were sent off to the boats."

Some of you who had experience on this Shiloh battlefield will realize that to be a truthful representation; the shades of the picture presented should be made much deeper, and why the great general who could ride undaunted through the carnage and disaster of the field, when weary and suffering physical pain, found, unsheltered from the rain and in the darkness, his place at the foot of the tree more endurable than

the shelter of the field hospital. A bravery greater than that needed on the battle-field was required to bear its scenes with composure.

In order to understand why the sick and wounded in the early part of the war were poorly provided for, and often badly treated, notwithstanding the patriotism and learning of the medical profession, it is only necessary to recall the facts relating to the organization of the medical department.

At the beginning of the war we had one surgeon-general, thirty surgeons, and eighty-four assistant surgeons, making a total of one hundred and fifteen, the entire army at that time numbering—officers and men—a little over thirteen thousand. Some of these officers were men of large experience, but none of them had been tested in actual war approaching in magnitude that of the rebellion.

During the years of the war the regular medical staff was increased so as to number 1 surgeon-general, 1 assistant surgeon-general, 1 medical inspector-general, 16 medical inspectors, 170 surgeons and assistant surgeons, 547 surgeons and assistant surgeons of volunteers. In addition, there were mustered into service between April, 1861, and the close of the war, 2,109 regimental surgeons and 3,882 regimental assistant surgeons. During the same period there were also employed 85 acting staff surgeons and 5,532 acting assistant surgeons,* making a total of 12,344 medical officers to provide for the wants of the sick

* Medical and Surgical History of the War, Part III., Surg. Vol., page 901.

and wounded among the 2,778,304 Union soldiers engaged in the war, and the —— rebel prisoners captured.

Most of these medical officers were without military habits or training; they were physicians taken from civil life, with little knowledge of their duties, which they had to learn from the very beginning.

While the majority of the medical officers appointed were respectable members of the profession, all were not of this character. State authorities attached so little importance to the position of a regimental medical officer that sometimes all sorts of doctors were appointed—advertising quacks, those without a knowledge of the rudimentary branches of an English education, those who had never seen, much less performed, a surgical operation. One of the causes of the appointment of these incompetent officers was a general disregard of General Order No. 25, War Department, May 25, 1861. In this order the President directed that a surgeon and an assistant surgeon should be appointed for each regiment of volunteers by the governors of their respective states, and that these officers should be examined by boards, to be appointed by the governors, as to their qualifications, the appointments to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of War. The third section of the Act of Congress of August 6, 1861, required vacancies among the volunteer officers to be filled by the governors in the same manner as the original appointments. Some of the state authorities appointed these boards—Ohio did—but many others neglected it. The Secretary of War also accepted what were termed “independent regiments,” the colonels of which asserted a right to appoint their own

medical officers, and, notwithstanding the Act of Congress, to fill vacancies. "In some instances colonels of state regiments refused to receive the medical officers appointed in conformity with the law and the orders of the President." These irregularities caused great embarrassment and confusion in the organization of the medical department. At this time there was no authority in law or orders for the appointment of medical officers to batteries or detachments of cavalry. In some cases regiments, or parts of regiments, were sent forward without their medical officers, the colonels assuming authority to leave them at home on various pretexts.

In the beginning of the war the authorities at Washington appeared to have no definite idea of the number of medical officers required by an army engaged in actual service. So little was known about the needs of a medical department that, when the rebellion grew serious, in the first project for a grand army only one assistant surgeon was provided for a regiment of twelve hundred men.

As a general rule, the line officers were as ignorant of the duties of medical officers as the medical officers themselves. This led to confusion and discontent. The general idea among volunteer line officers seemed to be that it was the duty of the doctor to physic every man who chose to report sick, and to sign such papers as the colonel directed him to sign. To superintend the sanitary condition of the regiment, to call upon the commanding officer to abate nuisances, to take measures for the prevention of disease, was considered in many instances impertinent and obtrusive; and the suggestions of the medical officer to these ends were

generally disregarded. The medical officer was denied a proper official position. He was only a "doctor," to be called upon to prescribe for a man reporting sick, but not authorized to meddle in any way with the police customs of the camps, or to insist on any measures for the preservation of the health of the men; hence, the most popular regimental surgeon was the one who disturbed the colonel the least with suggestions or requests, excused the least number of men from duty, and supplied the officers with "*spiritus frumenti*" from his hospital stores, when the sutler was absent or the commissary supply short.

For the independent American citizen, the habit of obedience to orders, whether the reason for them is apparent or not, is a difficult acquisition; it at least proved such among medical men brought up in civil life; therefore, in the early part of the war, there was great difficulty in getting reports from medical officers. It was a trouble to make them, a trouble to send them, and their necessity was not apparent. They were necessary for the proper administration of the department; but as this was not understood, making and forwarding them was neglected. Volunteer medical officers could not readily accommodate themselves to the rigid system of the army in regard to supplies; they regarded the limitations placed upon them as to the variety and quantity of medicine and hospital stores furnished as the result of "red tape," and they were encouraged by "philanthropists" at home to oppose the restraints imposed upon them by orders and the army regulations. Sometimes medical directors attempted to disregard supply tables, and give such medicines and hospital stores as suited their caprices; but the

medical purveyors, being restrained by the regulations, referred such requisitions to the surgeon-general, and generally the order of the medical director was disregarded. Later, the medical purveyor was ordered to issue nothing not allowed by the supply table without the approval of the surgeon-general. This led to delay in issuing medical supplies; further delay was caused by the great difficulty attending their transportation. Ordinarily, the purveyor turned the supplies over to the quartermaster to be sent to their destination; sometimes they were not sent, and at others only after long delay. The regular quartermasters were charged with duties considered of more importance, and the volunteer quartermasters did not know how to perform the duties required. Even after reaching the regiments, the medical supplies were left behind sometimes, because the colonels took the doctors' wagon to carry other baggage.

At the period of which I am writing, the supply of hospital tents was often deficient, and it was impossible to properly shelter the sick and wounded. Even as late as the siege of Petersburg, there were division field hospitals for weeks with no shelter or bedding save that afforded by pine boughs, and in these hospitals were many sick and wounded men, and many important operations performed.

No organized ambulance corps existed at the beginning of the war; indeed, the army of the United States had never been supplied with carriages expressly designed for the transportation of the sick and wounded, and often it was impossible to secure transportation for the wounded thrown in large numbers on the hands of the medical officers without great delay, and often valuable time was

wasted in unsuccessful efforts to obtain any means for the removal of disabled men. "To send away a single soldier, it was necessary to apply to the quartermaster, who naturally gave preference to his immediate duties. The necessities of the sick and wounded were of a secondary consideration."

When the earlier battles of the war occurred, there was no system for the organization of division field hospitals. Though brigade and even corps organizations existed, the regiment was regarded as the unit, and regimental medical officers were half the time busied in looking after their own wounded, to the neglect of those of other regiments. This want of organization in the medical department made rapid and proper care for the wounded difficult, and often impossible. Often, after a battle, many medical men from civil life flocked to the field, and, owing to the want of hospital organization, went to work as they thought proper. "Amputations were performed recklessly by irresponsible persons, without any thought bestowed as to the subsequent treatment of the patient."*

These volunteer surgeons, who left their homes to have a short holiday professional excursion, were often a great vexation to medical officers. They always expected to be put in the "imminent deadly breach" at once. Bringing all the surgical instruments they owned or could borrow, they expected a free place at the mess table, to be furnished

* Report of Surgeon Chas. O'Leary on the battle of Seven Pines, Medical and Surgical History of the War, Appendix, Part I., Med. Vol., page 701.

horses, and sent to the front as honored guests, to do important operations and have the most interesting cases, when, prior to their coming, neither their instruments nor hands had been stained with human blood! Suppurating and sloughing wounds had no attraction for them, and intermittent fever and diarrhea were not in their line, because, you understand, they were none of your "physicians," but "surgeons." If there was any thing regimental surgeons hated, it was these magnanimous surgical pretenders. They fully appreciated Hotspur's indignation. Among these volunteer assistants were sometimes found the best physicians and surgeons of the country, but there were enough of the other class to justify what I have said.

During the first year of the war, there was no complete organization of general hospitals. While there were general hospitals under the care of capable officers that were well conducted, none of them had any system regulating the admission or discharge of patients. "Every regimental surgeon sent what men he pleased to the general hospitals, without knowing whether there was room for them or not, and men were discharged with no means provided to insure their return to their regiments. In Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, it was not an unusual circumstance for sick men to pass the night in ambulances, wandering the streets from hospital to hospital, seeking admission.*

In the presence of all the difficulties described, and others not mentioned, it is not surprising that those to whom they

* Report of Medical Director Tripler, Medical and Surgical History of the War, Part I., Med. Vol., Appendix, page 44.

were best known almost despaired of ever effecting a satisfactory administration of the medical department. No nation in the world had ever before attempted to improvise an efficient medical staff for a great army, and our experiment threatened to end in failure; but patient labor and high courage averted so great a misfortune, and the results finally accomplished astonished the European medical world, and led to improved methods in caring for the sick and wounded in armies every-where.

Medical boards were ordered for the examination of medical officers whose professional qualifications were doubted, and the careless and incompetent gradually removed. Those remaining learned the value of military discipline and the necessity of prompt and exact compliance with orders, the nature of their duties, how to prevent disease among the troops, and acquired medical and surgical skill; they learned, above all, the value of complete organization, and the necessity of perfect system in their work. Medical inspectors were appointed who were able, impartial, and fearless in the discharge of their duties. Arrangements were made for a more perfect system of field hospitals, that the wounded might receive the best surgical aid which the army afforded with the least delay; and to avoid confusion on the field of battle every medical officer had his station pointed out, and his duties defined beforehand, and his accountability was strictly enforced. Each surgeon knew his proper place, and devoted himself to it with zeal and fidelity.

There was gradually developed in the minds of the line officers a more perfect conception of the position of medical officers, and the objects for which a medical staff was insti-

tuted ; they grew out of the delusion that the highest duties of medical officers were performed in prescribing a drug or amputating a limb. Commanding generals at last learned that those who made the laws of life a study were best able to counteract the influences constantly tending to undermine the health of armies and destroy their efficiency ; that their hands were strengthened by those who knew best how to keep soldiers in vigorous health ; that the greater the care and labor to this end, the larger the number of men for duty ; and the more attention bestowed upon the sick and wounded, the sooner they returned to duty, or were discharged from a service they could no longer benefit.

When a battle was expected, large camp hospitals, possessing the character of general hospitals, were established near the field of active operations ; these gave the dangerously wounded, whose lives would have been seriously endangered by removal to a distant general hospital, every opportunity of recovery. The first of these hospitals was established by Surgeon Letterman, Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac, shortly after the battle of Antietam. They were constructed of hospital tents, and the experience gained in them gave additional evidence of the absolute necessity of a full and constantly renewed supply of fresh air to wounded men—a supply which can not be obtained in the most perfectly constructed building. After this battle “a marked contrast could be seen in a few yards, between the wounded in houses and barns, and those in tents ; those in houses progressed less favorably than those in barns, and those in the latter buildings less favorably than those

in the open air; though all were treated alike in other respects."

Large and perfectly arranged general hospitals were constructed at many points in the North for the sick and wounded able to bear transportation, while in both field and general hospitals a complete system was established for the admission and discharge of patients, that effectually prevented at these depots the accumulation of the worthless men found in every army, who constantly endeavor to escape duty by reporting sick; the class who in battle run to the rear, abandon their colors for the slightest injury—often self-inflicted—and raise a clamor about the inhumanity of surgeons.

The method of issuing medical and hospital supplies was greatly improved by establishing large purveying depots in the vicinity of the larger armies, from which the surgeon in charge of the brigade drew and kept on hand a month's supply for his regiments; these were issued informally to the regimental surgeons as their necessities required. By this plan an enormous waste was stopped, and a certainty of supplies being on hand when needed was secured, orders having been issued that the wagons necessary for their transportation should not be diverted to any other use.

Allusion has already been made to the fact that at the beginning of the war no organized ambulance corps existed, and that transportation was sometimes very difficult to obtain when large numbers of wounded men were suddenly thrown on the hands of the medical officers.

The necessity for a drilled and instructed corps for the transportation of the wounded from the field was soon

apparent. A plan for such a corps was prepared by Surgeon Letterman, and presented to the Secretary of War in August, 1862, by Surgeon-General Hammond, which was rejected in rather contemptuous terms by General-in-Chief Halleck. Notwithstanding the opposition of the general-in-chief, the plan was put into practical operation by the medical director of the Army of the Potomac. The advantages of the organization were specially shown at the battles of Antietam and first Fredericksburg, in the speedy and rapid removal of the wounded.

The establishment of a uniform system of ambulance corps in the armies of the United States, however, was not accomplished until the spring of 1864, when, by Act of Congress, the authority of the medical department over the ambulance corps was fully established. How effectually the medical officers used the power thus conferred is well shown in the systematic manner with which the immense number of wounded, after the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court-house, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and of the campaign in Georgia and the Carolinas, were cared for on the battle-field, removed to field and base hospitals, and finally distributed in general hospitals throughout all parts of the United States. The want of wisdom in General Hallack's opposition was also made manifest.

The speedy removal of the sick and wounded from the scene of active operations was much facilitated by the use of railroad transportation by the medical department. After the battle of Gettysburg, 20,342 wounded came under the care of the medical officers of the Army of the Potomac; in two weeks 15,425 had been forwarded to Baltimore,

York, Harrisburg, and New York City. After the bloody battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, in which more than 41,000 men were to be cared for, the disabled were distributed even more rapidly. This rapid dispersion of the wounded diminished the fighting force less than any other method could have done. Fewer men able for active duty were withdrawn from the ranks to attend their sick and wounded comrades. A rigid inspection of those sent to the rear, and the enforcement of discipline in the hospitals, insured the prompt return of convalescents, brought back a larger number of the sick and wounded to engage in fresh service than any other arrangement had done, and a smaller number of medical officers; and hospital attendants had to be taken from the marching columns, which in the time of actual battle were rarely sufficiently supplied with surgical assistance.

In 1861-62 the sick and wounded were generally transported in freight cars, bedded with hay or straw, but sometimes with leaves or pine boughs. Various methods were tried to adapt these cars to the requirements of different patients without any great success. In 1863 steps were taken to fit up special hospital cars and trains; these were first used in the Army of the Cumberland. In the same army, in 1864, trains were used deserving the name of ambulating hospitals, they being fitted up with a kitchen, dispensary, and accommodations for a medical officer, who was amply supplied with medicines, stores, and instruments. Some of these trains were prepared and operated by the Western Sanitary Commission.

In 1864, while General Sherman advanced on Atlanta,

and while occupying the place before "marching through Georgia" to the sea, three hospital trains were run regularly between Louisville, Nashville, Chattanooga, and Atlanta. Sometimes men were carried comfortably the entire distance of 472 miles between Atlanta and Louisville, but generally the hospitals at Chattanooga and Nashville were emptied of men who would not be injured by moving to Louisville, while their beds were filled from below.

In the spring of 1862, operations in the western departments embraced a large extent of territory, and required large bodies of troops to be moved from point to point. As the season advanced, large numbers of the unacclimated men fell victims to malignant fevers, diarrhea, and dysentery, taxing the resources of the medical department to the utmost. To disembarass it, and have it ready for the exigencies of impending battles, it was necessary to remove the sick and wounded to distant points. The large rivers, especially the Mississippi, evidently afforded the best facilities for this work. For some time they could not be made available, because there were no transports at the command of the medical officers. Even when steamers were chartered or purchased, on which thousands of disabled men were transported, the embarrassments of the medical officers were not at an end—and this held true in the East as well as in the West. They did not have control of the hospital transports. Many boats were assigned for the conveyance of the wounded, but, no sooner were they fitted up and had made a few trips, than they would be claimed by the quartermaster's department, by which they had been originally chartered as transports for troops. When returned to the medical department, they had

generally been stripped of every thing necessary for the comfort of sick or wounded men. This difficulty was not entirely removed until February 8, 1864, when, by order of the Secretary of War, "hospital transports, after having been assigned to the medical department, remained under its control, and could not be diverted from proper use by orders of local or department commanders, or officers of the staff departments." This order gave great relief, and afforded the medical department an excellent opportunity to display the skill and knowledge of military administration acquired during three years of active service:

During the latter part of the war this skill and knowledge had become almost perfect. The force of circumstances had developed character and genius, and transformed untrained physicians into the most efficient medical corps that has ever existed; one that performed its duties willingly and promptly, without hope of promotion or military distinction, actuated almost solely by the desire to alleviate the sufferings of the thousands who looked to it for relief.

Those without personal experience can hardly realize the amount of work often required of our army surgeons in caring for the sick and wounded. I have known more than 1,500 wounded men brought to a hospital within two hours, where there were only eight or ten medical officers to care for them, and they with a very limited hospital supply to draw from. Sometimes this work was required almost amid the roar of battle. I have known wounded men killed by the enemy even while under the hands of the surgeon, and surgeons wounded and killed while dressing the wounds of others. It is a popular fallacy that in time of battle the post

of the medical officer is one of comparative safety; this is corrected by the fact that during the war 32 medical officers were killed in battle, and 83 wounded, of whom 10 died—a number proportionately larger than in any other staff corps. In addition to this loss, 9 were killed by accident, and 285 died of disease; a total of 336 deaths.

A few other facts may be given to show how overwhelmingly the wounded were often crowded upon the medical staff. At the battle of Stone River, 7,243 Union soldiers were wounded; at Chickamauga, 9,262; at Cold Harbor, 10,570; at Gettysburg, 13,709; in the Wilderness, from the 5th to 7th of May, 21,463; in the Atlanta campaign, from the 5th of May to the 7th of September, 26,129. In addition to the wounded to be cared for after these great battles, there were thousands of sick demanding attention at the same time, in an enemy's country, in tents, churches, warehouses, barns, and often without any covering, save a hastily-constructed one of pine boughs, or the inhospitable sky, from which fell torrents of rain. Often the supply of stimulants, medicines, and surgical dressings was exhausted. There was no ice to cool fevered wounds, no clothes to replace those stiff with blood, and no food save the ordinary army rations, which contained no luxuries. In treating the six and a half million (6,454,834) recorded cases of disease and wounds during the war, under such circumstances, there was required from the medical staff an intelligence, energy, and courage equal to any displayed on the battle-field. The surgeon was as tender-hearted and as full of sympathy as other men are, and it was as horrible for him as it would be for them to look upon ghastly wounds; to handle stinking, putrid sores;

to live amid fever, contagion, and the groans of the dying; to replace torn and bleeding organs and severed limbs; to hear the cries of agony he was powerless to relieve; to see the lives of brave men ebb slowly away while their eyes were strained toward their distant homes to catch sight of those they loved, and their ears for

"The sound of a voice that was still;"

to see them die before the cause in which they had sacrificed themselves was won.

Many descriptions have been attempted of a great battle, but none of them have been perfect. You who have participated in the fierce delirium of war, in contests in which thousands of men were swept into eternity, know that, once seen, the awful sublimity of battle can never be forgotten, and can not be described. The rattling fire along the skirmish line growing in volume as streams of fire bursting like lurid lightning from thousands of muskets; the thunder of a hundred cannon; the whistling of bullets, scream of shell, crash of solid shot, whirl of grape and canister, and fierce yells of men as they rush into what appears to be the very jaws of death; bloody and torn bodies of dead and wounded men, dismounted cannon, seen as the tide of battle turns in another direction; the rush of riderless steeds; the sweep of generals and staff officers; masses of men prostrate in valley and on hillside, striping the field with irregular lines of blue; compact lines of the enemy emerging from a forest, moving like masses of gray clouds; batteries wheeling into position; lines of blue and gray transformed into lines of fire, then swallowed up in smoke—

are some of the details of the battle pictures, colored with blood, and impressed upon your memories while you were surrounded by agony, in the midst of a carnival of death.

Do you remember, Companions, that while you were actors in such scenes at Shiloh, Chickamauga, Antietam, or Gettysburg, where your lives were imperiled because of your love of liberty and the Union, where your courage won honors as enduring as time, that near by other scenes were being enacted in which there was no glitter, no glory, and no sublimity? Let me recall one of them.

Behind a partially protected hill there is a field hospital; the lines of stretcher-bearers and ambulances mark the way to it. There are a few tents and rudely improvised tables; at the latter, calm-faced men, with bloody hands and instruments, are at work. Wounded men are lying everywhere. What a horrible sight they present! Here the bones of a leg or an arm have been shattered like glass by a minnie ball. Here a great hole has been torn into an abdomen by a grape shot. Near by see that blood and froth covering the chest of one choking with blood from a wound of the lungs. By his side lies this beardless boy with his right leg remaining attached to his body by only a few shreds of blackened flesh. This one's lower jaw has been carried entirely away; fragments of shell have done this cruel work. Over yonder lies an old man, oblivious to all his surroundings, his grizzly hair matted with brain and blood slowly oozing from a great gaping wound in the head. Here is a bayonet wound; there a slash from a saber. Here is one bruised and mangled until the semblance of humanity is almost lost—a squadron of cavalry charged

over him. This one has been crushed by the wheel of a passing cannon. Here is one dead, and over yonder another; they died while waiting for help that never came. Here are others whose quivering flesh contains balls, jagged fragments of shell, pieces of iron, and splinters of wood, from a gun blown to pieces by an exploding shell, and even pieces of bone from the head of a comrade who was torn to pieces by the explosion of a caisson. The faces of some are black with powder; others are blanched from loss of blood, or covered with the sweat of death. All are parched with thirst, and many suffer horrible pain; yet there are few groans or complaints. The sum of human agony about us is so great that no expression can describe it. Although the surgeons work with marvelous haste, the number demanding their attention seems always to increase; some come hobbling by aid of an improvised crutch, others are supported by comrades, while the bloody stretchers and ambulances ever deposit their ghastly freight. Occasionally a shell flies overhead, its scream sounding like that of a fiend rejoicing over the horrors below. The great diapason of the battle sounds loud or low, as the contending hosts shift places on the field; cowardly stragglers gather about, spreading stories of disaster and defeat.

Continually, with emotions perfectly suppressed, with clear vision and steady hands, the surgeons work on; and, unmindful of danger, defeat, or victory, they will work until all the sounds of battle are hushed, while

“On the torn turf, on grass and wood,
Hangs heavily the dew of blood,”

and long after the silent stars look down through the haze of smoke into the pallid faces of the dead who lie thickly on the hill and plain, by the stream in the valley in the shelter of rocks, and in the shadows of the forest. As we leave this scene, let us remember that to calmly await the shock of coming battle requires courage of the highest order; but while the conflict is raging the presence of numbers, the desire for revenge, and for winning honor, excite the emotional nature so greatly that a kind of delirium takes the place of courage; that pity is for the time abolished; that a comrade or friend may be torn to fragments without exciting a deeper feeling than is expressed by "poor fellow;" while thousands of the enemy may be given terrible wounds or sent to the eternal bivouac of the dead with perfect satisfaction.

Did not the surgeons we have just seen at work display a courage equal to any seen on the battle-field? Their calm faces, steady hands, and clear intellects were not the result of heartlessness, not of an ambition leading them to hope for promotion and honor, but of a courage growing out of their sense of duty, of pity for the suffering, and of devotion to their country. In the prevention of disease, in the care of the sick and wounded, in the wise expenditure of more than forty-seven million dollars by the medical department, the direction into proper channels of the work of Christian and Sanitary Commissions, and of the loyal men and women of the North, the medical staff justly claims the high honor of having contributed in no small degree to the successful issue of the war. But this is not all. In many ways the war advanced the boundaries of surgical knowledge. Surgeons were schooled to deal with the most ghastly

wounds without dismay, and to accomplish favorable results from reparative operations, from which they would have formerly recoiled. By their industry the medical officers of the army built up the most complete surgical museum in the world, established one of the largest medical and surgical libraries, and collected the facts contained in the magnificent volumes of the medical and surgical history of the war—volumes that have never been equaled in extent and value in surgical or military history.

For many of the men who did this work the last call to duty has been sounded, and their names are already nearly forgotten ; there is not for them

" The sculptor's laureled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthem's pealing over their dust
Through long cathedral's aisles."

Those who survive hold no places of great honor or profit under the government they helped to save ; yet they are content with the memory of work well done ; and to be recognized as fellow-soldiers and equal companions of those to whom the world has rendered the highest honors.

Read October 6, 1888.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

BY E. CORT. WILLIAMS,

Late Ensign U. S. Navy.

After the surrender of Vicksburg and fall of Port Hudson, life in the Mississippi Squadron, which theretofore had been so full of excitement and adventure, became a little monotonous and somewhat irksome. The work for which the squadron had been organized was practically accomplished. The Mississippi River was again open to commerce from its source to its mouth, molested only by bands of guerrillas and bushwhackers in their pursuit of booty, to guard against which furnished the principal occupation of our fleet during the fall and winter of '63. The tributaries above, so far as they were necessary to our commerce, had long since succumbed to the Northern arms, and, so far as needed for military purposes by our advancing armies, were rapidly being reduced to our possession, and occupied by the light draught boats of our fleet. Red River alone was held by the South. In the summer of '63 there had been an expedition up the Red River, the boats reaching Alexandria; and I have often wondered why, if the place was worth any thing financially, commercially, or strategically to our cause, we did not hold on to it then, instead of abandoning it and going back for it the next spring. But it was abandoned, and so, while we had possession of the Mississippi with no organized force on its east bank, the west, south of the Ar-

kansas, was as completely in the hands of the rebels as it ever had been, except at a few isolated points where the army maintained small garrisons.

For the purpose of patrolling the river, from Cairo down, to protect transportation for the army, and for commerce as it came to be restored, from the attacks of the guerrillas and bushwhackers that infested the banks, the fleet was divided into six divisions. Each division was composed of one or two of the heavy iron-clads and a number of light draughts or tin-clads, as they were commonly called, for active patrol duty. My boat, which at the time of the surrender had been above Vicksburg, was immediately ordered below, and went clear down to New Orleans with dispatches—one of the first, I believe, to reach that city from the North after the blockade in '61. Delivering our dispatches, we were assigned to duty in the first division from New Orleans to the neighborhood of Red River. There was little to do, and lots of time to do it. Shelling out occasional detachments of Dick Taylor's army, that were at times more demonstrative than agreeable in their attentions to us, interspered with a now-and-then expedition up the bayous reconnoitering, sometimes in small boats, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes, but never from choice, on foot; sometimes finding nothing, sometimes a fight, and sometimes a foot-race. Such matters made up the measure of our every-day life—irksome at best—keeping up meanwhile our drill and gun practice, and always a careful watch for the rebel gun-boats that we heard from time to time were coming out of Red River to effect our capture, or, failing in this, make their way to the

gulf, and a lookout as well for the small boat expeditions that reliable grapevine rumors said the rebels, under their admiral, Buchanan, were fitting out to attempt our capture by boarding under cover of the night and fogs; and so diligent were we in that regard that many the night did we go to quarters and clear decks for action at the regular swash of some old drift log (very like the muffled oars of a row-boat) that would not answer the hail from our deck as it drifted past.

Our station for coaling was at Fort Butler, a small earth-work at the mouth of Bayou Lafourche, occupied by a small garrison from Banks' army. The garrison had erected a very tall flag-staff, reaching far above the fog bank that in that latitude usually shut out all view of the land in the early fall and spring mornings. From our boat it was a sight of rare beauty to watch the flag as it was each morning unfurled over the little fort. Shut out from all view of the surrounding country by the impenetrable fog as completely as though we had been in mid-ocean, our attention would be first attracted to the fort by the shrill notes of the fife and the rattle of the drum as they sounded the color salute, when, watching the top of the staff, which was usually visible above the bank of fog that covered the low lands from our view, we would see the flag rise to the peak; and, as the last shrill note of the fife was sounded, accompanied by the roll of the drum, the halyards were cleared, and the flag, full and free, floated out in the heavens over us far above the clouds, and the mists, and the gloom with which we were surrounded. Officers, at their own request, were repeatedly called from their sleep to see the sight which I have

so faintly portrayed. To us it seemed emblematic—the harbinger of the ultimate, and complete, and glorious triumph of the cause for which we had given so much, and we could hardly restrain our cheers at the spectacle.

It was part of our duty—at least we made it so—to take on board all escaped slaves that sought our protection, and turn them over to the nearest army garrison. Many affecting incidents occurred in connection with these poor people seeking the freedom vouchsafed them by Uncle Sam under Lincoln's proclamation. I remember one day when we were in a part of the river peculiarly infested with marauding bands of the rebel forces a hail from shore was reported. Under cover of our guns, a boat was sent off to see what was wanted, and, returning, reported that a large number of slaves were near at hand, concealed in the dense cotton-wood brush. They had been hiding in the woods for several days, fearing recapture by some of the roving bands of the enemy, and a scouting party was even then hard upon them, from which they could not hope to escape unless we gave them protection by taking them on board. We at once made for the designated spot, not far distant, and, running in shore, taking all precaution against a surprise, threw open a gangway, and, as the slaves showed themselves, ran out a long plank and called to them to hurry on board. On they came, a great motley crowd of them, of both sexes and all ages, from babies in arms to gray-headed old patriarchs. One of the latter, the man who had hailed us, and who was evidently the leader of the party, stood at the foot of the plank encouraging the timid and assisting the weak as they hurried on board, and, when he had seen all the others safely on,

stepped on the plank himself, and, as he reached the guard before coming on board, little heeding our orders to hurry, he dropped on his knees, and, reverently uncovering his head, pressed his lips fervently to the cold iron casemates, and, with uplifted eyes and hand raised to heaven, broke out with: "Bress God and Massa Lincum's gun-boats; we's free, we's free." It was a deeply touching incident to those who witnessed it and appreciated the significance of the old man's bent form kneeling in the midst of danger, as, with streaming eyes, he thanked God for his freedom; and there were those among us that day who felt that, while we were apparently inactive, our time was not wholly wasted in becoming the humble instruments of His divine will in removing the shackles from these poor, miserable creatures, and the stain of human slavery from American institutions.

So we passed our time, with an occasional trip to New Orleans to get supplies, or a visit to some sugar plantation to break the monotony, most of it, after all, being passed, as the boys said, "in boiling soup-bones," and all were glad when the opening of the spring of '64, and the rising waters in the rivers and bayous, gave promise of renewed activity and further adventure in the expedition up Red River.

I shall not stop to discuss the philosophy of that campaign, its political or military significance, who ordered it, or why it was ordered. When we shall have more leisure, after the controversies about the battle of Shiloh and the assault on Billy Patterson shall have been fully settled, it may do to consider the why and wherefore of the Red River Expedition, but not until then. It is enough for my present purpose

to know that Grant disapproved it, Banks was opposed to it, and I was in no wise responsible for it, or even consulted about it, but, in common with all our officers, was very glad of the opportunity for active service which the campaign offered. Judge, then, of our surprise and chagrin to find that in the detail of boats for the expedition ours was among those not mentioned—that we were to be left behind to “boil soup bones” and do guard duty. We had been in the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Ohio, Upper and Lower Mississippi, White, Arkansas, and Yazoo Rivers, and had a natural longing to increase our knowledge and familiarize ourselves with the geography of the Red and Black Rivers; and to lose the opportunity afforded by this expedition—in all probability the last one of the fleet—was indeed a disappointment, and all the men and officers keenly felt it. Meeting the commander of the division one day, an officer, with more zeal for the cause than deference for epauletted greatness, ventured mildly to complain of being left out of the detail. “Young man,” said the old tar, “rest easy, for in my opinion you will see a great deal more of the Red River than you want;” only he spelled it in a regular, nautical, Sir Joseph sort of a style, with a great big “D.” I know nothing of that man’s antecedents, whether he was the seventh son of a seventh son or not, but, in the light of subsequent events, I have ever since been inclined to look upon him as a prophet of no mean ability; for, a few days later, we were under orders to join the fleet up Red River, and after we got back in the Mississippi, though some of them were much given to growling, I never heard any one complain that he had not seen all he wanted of it.

The fleet was some days in the advance when we entered the narrow stream under orders to push ahead as rapidly as possible with safety during daylight, but to anchor at night, until we caught up, and to look sharp for boarding parties by night and masked batteries by day, as the banks were full of detached bodies of the enemy and his expected re-inforcements from the Black River. We had reached the mouth of Red River about noon, and, having coaled and taken on supplies, started up with a convoy of re-inforcements for our army, expecting to reach Atchafalaya Bayou by dark; but in this we were mistaken. The navigation of the river and the slowness of our convoy proved too much for us, and darkness compelled us to anchor in a narrow part of the stream some miles below the destined place. Anticipating no danger of an attack from the rebels such a short distance up the river, the usual lights were permitted that night in the ward room and steerage. The mistake was apparent when later in the evening we were aroused by a vigorous volley of musketry that sent the bullets crashing through our quarters (a light pine deck-house above our casemates), and whistling about our ears, an after examination showing a concentration of bullet marks at the places where lights had been shown. A little canister and grape, interspersed with a few shells from our broadside guns, drove the attacking party back, giving us a few more volleys as they retired, which rattled like hail on our casemates, fortunately hurting no one, and all was again quiet, and remained so for the night, save an occasional shell fired by us up in the woods in the direction from which the attack had come. The lesson, however,

was not lost upon us, for thenceforth during the expedition no lights were permitted in the officers' quarters, and many of the officers found a hammock swung under the casemates on the gun deck a pleasanter place to sleep in than the berths in their own quarters in the deck-house, excusing themselves by saying that nothing short of iron plates afforded any adequate protection against the assaults of the swamp-gnats and mosquitoes that infested that miserable section of our distracted country.

Such was the introduction to our acquaintance with Red River—an acquaintance that, once begun, under the fostering circumstances that surrounded it, early ripened into an intimacy that endured to the end, and was remarkable rather for its active manifestation than for the amount of real pleasure it gave us. The incidents of one day fairly illustrate the incidents of all others. In his report, Admiral Porter says "that from the day the fleet entered the river until it was again safe out of it, it was under fire." Harassed by the enemy from the high banks on either side, it was almost overcome by the natural obstacles to its navigation offered by the narrow, crooked stream—its unprecedented low water, with the difficulties increased by the rocks and bars, the stumps and snags, that obstructed the channel through which the boats had to pass.

The advance of the fleet, true to its engagement and appointment with the army, made its way up to Springfield Landing, reaching there on the 10th of April, to find its further progress stayed by a steamboat loaded with rocks, which the enemy had sunk directly across the channel, its bow on one shore and its stern on the other. While con-

sidering the means to remove this obstacle for the purpose of going ahead, still sanguine in the hope that the expected rise in the river would yet come and enable the expedition to go on and reach Shreveport, news came of the battles at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, the defeat of our army, and its retreat to Grand Ecore. This concluded the admiral, as to go further without the co-operation of the army would have been to accomplish nothing, even had the falling river failed to admonish him of the new danger that threatened the destruction of his whole fleet. The retreat was ordered. Part of the boats fell back to Grand Ecore, the admiral accompanying them, where the army was found and a force sent back at his request to clear the banks of the rebels where the advance of the fleet still laid, in order that the boats might work to better advantage in getting over the rocks and bars on which they grounded as they descended the river on their retreat to Grand Ecore.

From Grand Ecore the army again fell back to Cane River, and the fleet continued its perilous retreat, exposed to the murderous fire of sharp-shooters, who fired down on the vessels from the high banks of the river almost with impunity. Much valuable time was lost in the effort to save the Eastport, one of the finest heavy iron-clads in the fleet. To add to the embarrassment, she had run on a torpedo, and from the explosion had sprung a bad leak, to save her from the effects of which required the constant exertion of her own crew as well as all the assistance from the other boats that it was possible to give; and, notwithstanding their effort, she at one time settled down so deep that the water came over her gun-deck on one side. Even then she was

not abandoned, but raised, and, with pluck and endurance worthy of success, continued her journey and her life through two or three more days of trouble and peril, and then, having finally and hopelessly grounded on some sunken logs, at a point more than fifty miles below the place where she sustained her injury, the safety of the rest of the fleet brooking no further delay, she was abandoned, her battery and ammunition having been already removed to other boats, and by the hand of her gallant commander, Captain Phelps, who had made such strenuous efforts to save her, she was fired, blown up, and utterly destroyed. So ended the Eastport, and probably no incident in the history of the war shows evidence of greater heroism than that of her officers and crew, and those of the attending steamers, in their efforts to save her, the admiral attending and assisting in person. Fearful for the safety of the rest of the boats, they had all been ordered to fall below, leaving behind the Hindman, the Juliet, and Cricket, together with two pump-boats, to assist the Eastport. They were all light drafts, with armor so thin as to afford no protection to the light field pieces of the enemy, to which they were almost incessantly exposed during their efforts to save the iron-clad, only to find their labors in vain and their own retreat cut off, after the effort was abandoned, by the enemy's batteries, massed on the bank of the river, near the mouth of Cane River, by which they had to run, and did so, Admiral Porter says, subjected to the heaviest fire he had ever seen, the Cricket being struck thirty-eight times in five minutes, according to the admiral's report, losing twenty-five killed and wounded, about half her crew; the

Juliet, struck almost as often, losing fifteen killed and wounded, and was only saved from capture by the heroic fortitude of Pilot Maitland, who continued to handle the wheel while lying on the floor of the pilot-house with both legs shattered by the bursting of a shell, and so prevented her from drifting into the bank and becoming an easy prey to the enemy. The Hindman, although the boat suffered severely, lost but three killed and five wounded. But the most terrible feature of it was caused by a shot through the boiler of one of the little pump-boats, with a load of about two hundred negroes on board, escaping from slavery, most of whom were scalded to death, the captain of the boat sharing their fate.

After the boats had passed the batteries, when some distance below, they met the Neosho coming up to their assistance. The Neosho was one of the two light draught river monitors, with machinery and quarters all below deck, which was slightly convex, and at the sides rising but a foot and a half or two feet above the water line. She carried a battery of two eleven-inch guns, mounted in a revolving turret of the Ericsson pattern, on her bow; and when port lids were closed and hatches battened down, her crew below were about as snug and secure as an oyster in its shell, unless, in the language of safe-makers, the enemy had had a fine set of tools and burglars' time to effect an entrance. General Dick Taylor had always insisted that the proper way to fight our fleet was at close quarters, by sharpshooters, by boarding, by any thing except running away, the plan theretofore generally adopted. Following his own ideas, he had on several occasions deliberately exposed masses

of men on the open bank to the fire of the fleet, doing some damage by their volleys of musketry, it must be admitted, but nothing at all commensurate to the loss they themselves sustained. He had never succeeded in getting them to charge any nearer than the river-bank. But the story is told (General Taylor does not mention it in his book, but it was current in the fleet) that one day the captain of one of our monitors—the *Neosho*, I believe—carelessly (?), as if too lazy to anchor in the stream, went in pretty close to the bank, and made fast by passing a slip-line around an overhanging tree, and, bringing the end again back on board, passed it through a hawse-hole, and made it fast below; then, closing his ports, all hands went below, putting on and securing the hatches after them. His carelessness was soon perceived by the watchful enemy, and a select few of them, filled with enthusiasm for their cause and *Louisiana rum*, charged down to, and actually boarded, the boat. It seems that was the *Neosho's* day for taking boarders, and as soon as she had all she wanted, and while they were trying to determine what they would do with her, now that they had her, she slipped her line from below, backed out into the stream, and, as she did so, turned on her hot water apparatus for repelling boarders, and swept the decks fore and aft. Under these circumstances the rebels were unable to determine just what to do with their prize, so concluded to go ashore and report to Dick Taylor for instructions, and they went; and, like the guests at Macbeth's banquet, having determined to go, they staid not upon the order of their going, but went at once and all together, without regard to rank and precedence, but each fellow doing his best to keep up with the procession, as

if inspired with the purpose of being the first to report to General Taylor the success of his plan of fighting gun-boats at close quarters, as exemplified by their experience, and to tell him how mean the Yankees were, and to indulge with him in new, and violent, and soul-stirring expletives in abuse of Yankee craft in general, and that peculiar type of gun-boat in particular.

Reaching the vicinity of Alexandria on the retreat, where the army had already preceded it, the trouble of the fleet culminated in the discovery that the falls or rapids extending from the city for more than a mile above, and over which it would have to pass to make its escape, had but a little over three feet of water in the narrow, crooked channel, flanked by rough, jagged rocks, round and over which the water seethed and boiled, while to let our boats out required about seven feet after lightening the heaviest as much as it was possible to do. Worn out and exhausted with the work already done, disheartened and discouraged at the prospect before it presented by this natural and apparently insurmountable obstacle to its further progress, for once, and for the only time in its history, the fleet lost heart. In its course it had cleared the river of torpedoes; broken away chain barriers thrown across to prevent its progress; rammed, jammed, and butted through rafts built with the same design; had run batteries, and overcome every obstacle that human ingenuity could invent, all with an uninterrupted record of success. But here was an obstruction not of man's creation, but of Nature's, as though the hand of fate had set the seal of doom against it, and Providence itself had decreed, "thus far, and no farther,

shalt thou go." For twenty years no such stage of water had been known in the river at that season of the year as that with which the fleet had been contending, and there was no prospect of a rise. The army was impatient to move, before Taylor, who was already on the march for the purpose, could come in behind Alexandria, and cut off the retreat below. For the army to leave the fleet in that helpless condition was to leave it an easy prize to the enemy. There seemed but one alternative open to it, and that, the destruction of all the heavy boats, and the escape of their officers and crews upon such of the light boats as could get through. No wonder at the gloom. No wonder at the despondency that for a time pervaded all. Even the admiral, buoyant under the most adverse circumstances, in a dispatch to the Navy Department written at the time, spoke of the impending necessity of destroying his fleet, but doubted his ability, with the means at hand, of so effectually destroying the turrets of our two monitors as to render them worthless to the enemy. But

"Crises have their heroes by heaven endowed,
Who show their heads above the crowd."

And so we found it; for in the darkest hour came a ray of hope, foretelling the dawn of success, in the suggestion of relieving the fleet by building a dam strong enough and high enough to back the water sufficiently to raise it four feet at a distance of a mile above the town, and in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, of the Fourth Wisconsin Volunteers, came the hero of this crisis.

Passing by the regular professional engineers of the army, in this western regiment, who had studied engineering, not

at West Point, but in the logging camps of the great North-west, was found the man, who, anticipating just this emergency, had, even before the fleet reached the falls, matured his plans for raising the water by a dam, and when nothing better was offered, modestly submitted them. They met with little favor. Other officers pronounced them absurd. Porter himself is said to have had little or no faith in the project at first, and is credited with meeting it with the remark that, "if damning the river would get the fleet out, he would have been out long ago without other help than that afforded by his own able and efficient officers." But Bailey was confident of the success of his plan—confident with that abiding confidence which always wins supporters to itself. The other engineers said that, even if practicable, it would take months to build such works as those proposed, and time was all important. Bailey said he could complete it in two weeks and save the fleet, and begged for an opportunity to try it, and with such earnestness that at last it was granted, Banks yielding reluctantly, and, it is said, coming to high words and open threats with General A. J. Smith, in command of the troops loaned by Sherman to the expedition, before he consented to remain to guard and assist the work.

Once determined upon, no time was lost in commencing the execution of the plan. The dam was located at the city toward the upper part. The river, here ascending, passes the city something on the line of a crescent, and a short distance above makes a sharp turn to the right, and again, further up toward the upper end of the falls, turns to the left. On the falls the river is about twice its general width, or between seven and eight hundred feet. On the city, or south side, the

bank is quite a bluff, but opposite runs from the water's edge, gradually receding to high hills further back. This side, at the beginning of the work, was covered with a thick growth of large trees. Into this forest Bailey sent two or three regiments of troops recruited in the lumber forests of Maine to cut down the trees for the material for the cribs for his dam, and with such energy and ability did they push the work that in two or three days the hill-side looked as though it had been mowed by some giant reaper. No tree was left standing where before stood a forest. As fast as felled, ready hands would roll and drag them to the river, where others again received them, and, under direction of Bailey and his staff, they were worked, rolled, dragged, and floated to their places in the dam, stump down stream, top up, with as much of the top left on as it was possible to handle. Logs were laid across the trunks of the trees, so placed after the manner of building log houses, and the whole anchored by dirt and stones from quarries opened for the purpose, thrown in among the boughs, and then another course was worked in. This was the manner of progression from the north bank, where the trees were. From the south, or city side, heavy cribs were built of logs, filled with material from buildings demolished for the purpose, and the gaps between them closed up by coal barges filled with the same material, and floated to their places, and there sunk.

Meanwhile the fleet was not idle. After the fight at Grand Ecore, as the boats fell back to Cane River, our boat was ordered to go on down below the falls, as rapidly as the water would permit, and patrol the river from Alexandria to Ft. De Russy, on the lookout for Taylor, and to prevent, if pos-

sible, the erection of batteries by him to cut off the retreat. Here we were joined, as soon as the plan of erecting the dam had been determined upon, by two other boats, the Signal and Covington, which shared the work and labor of conveying transports up and down to and from Alexandria; bringing up barges for use in the dam, and shelling detachments of Taylor's army, which, by this time in considerable force, had got around the city, and was showing itself below. It was severe work, and the men, already worn out with the labor and exposure of the expedition, began to suffer in health. The weather was very hot and the river so low that the water was unfit for drinking purposes, even if it had not been polluted by the presence of the putrefying bodies of dead alligators, horses and mules, negroes and soldiers, that in all stages of decomposition were constantly floating past, the latter of which we buried when practicable to do so; but many a poor fellow, as well the blue as the gray, drifted past us to his last resting-place in the bed of the Mississippi. It was impossible as well as unsafe to drink the water. The springs along the shore were mostly dry, and there were but few places left where we could fill the scuttle-buts or water-tanks, or deemed it safe or prudent to do so. We tried to make coffee enough to last the crew and officers on a trip down and back, for no fires were allowed in the galleys, except when we were lying at Alexandria; but, failing in this, it was river water or nothing.

To add to our discomfort, the rebels began to be felt in strength, and generally under conditions, due to the low water and high banks, that prevented us from returning their fire with any thing like equal advantage. The river was so nar-

row and low that we could not round some of the points without backing and filling, and backing and filling again, each time with a greater change of direction, until we cleared the point enough to go ahead. The enemy, taking advantage of this, had an unpleasant way of masking a battery on a point as a boat approached, and then, when so near that her guns could not be elevated so as to reply effectively, open out on her, and keep it up until she had got so far away that the elevation of her guns would tell above the banks, when, without more ado, they would limber up and make for the woods, to repeat the episode at a point further ahead. It was in this way that the Signal and Covington, with their convoy, the transport Warner, loaded with troops, were caught, and the Warner disabled, blocking the channel so the gun-boats could not pass. The gun-boats fought heroically, but other batteries and a large body of infantry came to the assistance of the enemy, and after a fight of more than three hours the Signal was disabled. The Covington took her in tow and tried to escape, but lost her own rudders, and drifted ashore on the opposite bank, where, after continuing the fight for some time in that condition, she was abandoned and burned. The Signal and Warner fell into the hands of the enemy, and their crews were taken prisoners. The survivors of the Covington—thirty-one officers and men out of a crew of seventy-six—together with a few from the Signal, escaped through the woods, many of them toward Alexandria, and some of them (among them Ensign T. G. Herron, the brother of Companion Herron, and Ensign J. W. Richards, brother of Compan-

ion Richards) were picked up by our boat, a day or two after, as we were on our way down to find out what had become of them. The rebels burned the Signal on our approach, as she was not quite ready for service; and after reconnoitering their position, and finding heavy batteries on the banks supported by a large body of infantry, we concluded we did not want them enough to take them at that time, and so returned to Alexandria and reported; but later went down with a force of troops to assist us, and drove them back, once more opening communication below.

The life was full of incidents, not all of them of the dread hue of grim-visaged war. I remember one night, while at anchor at, as we supposed, a quiet, safe point, we were aroused by an attack of the enemy, in considerable force. Stepping into the ward-room on my way to the gun-deck, I was startled at seeing, by the dim light of the battle lantern, one of our officers, partly dressed, spinning around, by the help of table and chair, on one leg apparently, while the other flopped helplessly about. Thinking him seriously wounded, with an exclamation of horror and sympathy, I went to his assistance, and then discovered that, in fancied security, on turning in for the night he had, against all precedent in that river, undressed to sleep, as he afterward explained, as a Christian should. On turning out as the drum beat to quarters, in his hurry in the dim light, dressing in "one time and two motions," he had rammed both of his legs into one leg of his trousers with such force that he was unable to extricate himself. Some of us can appreciate the situation. It is easier to imagine than to describe it, as, with the bullets whistling about him, he kicked and struggled in

the effort to clear himself. With my assistance he was soon relieved without either of us stopping long enough to fully enjoy the joke at the time; but for many days the story of the way in which our chief engineer—"Old Mac," as he was familiarly called—lost his leg, or, at least, the use of it, in that fight, served to while away the tedium of the ward-room.

All this time work on the dam had rapidly progressed, and was nearing completion. The water had steadily risen, and as fast as felt by the boats they dropped down, keeping in the channel, and as near the dam as possible, ready to pass through when it should be opened. The boats had been lightened by taking out their guns, ammunition, anchors, cables—every thing, in fact, that could be spared. From the heavier boats the iron plates were cut off, and sunk in the river under cover of the night, and the scars left by their removal coated over with coal-tar, so as not to discover their weakness to the enemy. Some of the guns were taken ashore, and, by the aid of the army wagons, carried below the falls to await the result of the experiment with the dam. Others, hardly worth the effort to save them, were destroyed and sunk, among them eleven old thirty-two pounder smooth bores that had been in the fleet from the beginning, but were being replaced with new and improved guns as rapidly as the department could furnish them.

On the 8th of May the work that was commenced on the 1st was reported finished. Just eight days had been consumed in completing the dam that had been laughed at as absurd, pronounced impossible, and which skillful engineers said could not be built by military methods inside of months

of time, and by civil methods short of a full year. What higher testimony can be had of the indomitable skill, energy, and ability of the army when it set about doing a thing, than that the lapse of a week found this impossible (!) task accomplished, and the army and navy watching in anxious admiration as the water slowly rose, backing up until its influence was felt, first by one boat and then another, so that they were enabled to float clear of the rocks and move down in the channel.

All was in readiness, and the slow but sure rise in the water was watched with that intense anxiety that can be felt, but not described. Another day, only one more, would see the fleet relieved; but there was yet disappointment in store for us and further obstacles to overcome, for at nine o'clock, on the morning of the 9th of May, the dam, at the point left purposely weak that it might be opened by ramming when the fleet was ready to pass through, gave way under the enormous pressure of the back water, which rushed through the break, about seventy to eighty feet long, near the center of the dam, with all the fury of a miniature Niagara. The admiral, who had been watching it from the Alexandria side, jumped on a horse standing near, and with all speed rode up the river to the nearest boats, and ordered them to move on down through the break. Doubtful of success, but knowing that all depended on the effort, the Lexington got under way; with difficulty passed the shoals, and reaching the deep, but now rapidly falling, water immediately above the dam, steered directly for the opening. The whole army seemed to have congregated on the bank, and, standing breathless, was watching intently the movement of the boat as she straightened up

on her course, and under full head of steam approached the chasm. Soon she felt the power of the rushing water about her; was borne swiftly along by the mad torrent to the vortex; paused, hanging for a moment, caught by the dam, and then, as if with strength and courage renewed for the final effort that was to give her life and safety, or, in her destruction, end at once her eventful career, and with it all hope of escape to the fleet, she plunged headlong down the falls, striking against the barge that had given away in the dam; rolling heavily, once or twice almost capsizing as the waters fairly broke over her; straightened up, and, getting safely through, was carried by the current some distance below before she recovered control of herself; rounded to, and, with colors flying, steamed proudly back to the bank, as if conscious that, to the events of her already remarkable record, she had added a conquest over Nature itself. Then went up cheer after cheer from ten thousands of throats, swelling into one grand, mighty shout, that told of the interest all felt in the movement, and their relief at seeing her safely through the perils of her dangerous voyage.

Scarcely had the shout that told of the success of the Lexington ceased, when the monitor Neosho entered the swift current, and was borne through the gap and joined her below, to be followed by the Hindman and Osage, without other incident than knocking a small hole through the hull of the Neosho, which was soon repaired; and so we had four more boats below the falls—all light draught—while the heavier gun-boats were still above, more hopelessly aground than ever.

Hopelessly! I should not have said that, for Colonel

Bailey was still there, and, hardly waiting to see the first fruit of his labors in the safe passage of the Lexington, and not in the least discouraged by the break in the dam, or even doubtful of ultimate success, he started to build a series of wing dams at intervals above, so as to throw the water from the sides into the channel, increasing its depth there, while they relieved in a measure the great pressure on the main dam. Working day and night, the men up to their waists, and sometimes to their very necks in the water, the success already accomplished in saving four vessels encouraging them to greater energy in the effort to save the remainder, the work was pushed forward with such vigor and spirit that the end of the third day found all again complete, and the water once more rapidly rising. The breach in the old dam was not entirely closed, but narrowed in to about fifty-five feet, and so left as some relief to the pressure of the accumulating water. On the 12th of May the water had backed up sufficiently to let the last of our boats float down, and, all being in readiness, the heavy iron-clads Mound City, Carondelet, and Pittsburgh passed the dam, followed on the morning of the 13th by the Louisville, Chillicothe, Ozark, and two tugs, each vociferously cheered by the army as she passed through. And the Red River fleet, with the loss of but a single man—washed overboard from one of the smaller boats—was safely below the falls, somewhat the worse for its experience, but still alive and ready to do good service in the cause; all saved by the skill and ability, the heroic effort and indomitable perseverance of Colonel Bailey, qualities which were promptly recognized by his immediate promotion to the rank of brigadier-general, receiving at the same time the thanks of

Congress, while the officers of the fleet testified their appreciation of and gratitude for his services in their behalf by the presentation to him of a magnificent sword and a purse of several thousand dollars.

There is but little more to tell of the Red River Expedition. As soon as the boats had passed the dam, such of their guns as had been removed and saved were put back on board of them, together with their stores and supplies, and on the 14th, all being in readiness, the heavy rise in the Mississippi having meanwhile backed up the Red River so as to give us plenty of water for the movement of the fleet, the retreat was resumed, the army marching along the south bank, the fleet moving slowly abreast of it; and the enemy closing in on us and harassing us all the way out. On the 20th the army, by means of a bridge improvised by Colonel Bailey from transports and barges, crossed Atchafalaya Bayou, and, safe from further pursuit, that part of it belonging immediately to Banks struck across the country for Baton Rouge, and the fleet, parting company with it, soon reached the Mississippi by the channel of Old River, convoying the transports loaded with the troops from Sherman's army on their way to rejoin him at Vicksburg.

The expedition was ended, and, awaiting relief to enable the boats to go to Mound City for repairs, they were temporarily ordered to their old stations and work of patrolling the river; and with but two officers able for duty, and scarce men enough to muster two gun-crews, we returned to our station at Fort Butler, to take another look at that tall flag-staff, and see if there had been any mistake about the flag rising above the clouds, and the mists, and the gloom that sur-

rounded us ; and, leaving all questions of the responsibility for the expedition, its mistakes, and disasters, its waste of treasure and sacrifice of life, to the solution of impartial history, we resumed our old duty, and, with hearts saddened and softened by the recollection of those who had suffered, we were yet glad that we had been up Red River, and glad that we had got out of it ; and, recalling the words of our division commander, each felt that he had seen all of it that he wanted. At any rate, no one was heard to express any immediate desire to see more of it, and so the truth of prophecy was fulfilled.

Read November 3, 1886.

THE RETREAT FROM PULASKI TO NASHVILLE.

BY LEVI T. SCOFIELD.

Late Captain U. S. V.

While Sherman's army was at Cherokee county, Ala., General Hood remained at a respectful distance near Florence on the Tennessee River. But when our great general started with the larger portion of his army for the Atlantic coast, Hood believed that the way was left open for him to lead his army where he pleased, and it would be an easy matter to sweep away any thing that would oppose him in his triumphal march to Nashville, Louisville, and Cincinnati.

He little counted on the brains and opposing qualities of the two able generals that were left behind to watch his movements—Thomas and Schofield. The two branches of Sherman's army parted at Gaylesville, Sherman accompanying the larger portion to the sea coast, and sending the Twenty-third and Fourth Army Corps to Resaca and Dalton, where they took trains and were transported by rail to Nashville and then to Pulaski. This campaign was commenced in the beginning of November, 1864. During the second week of November we reached Pulaski. This movement was ordered by Thomas, and was under the direct command of Schofield. The object was to watch, oppose, and retard Hood, while Thomas was scraping together detachments of troops in the rear; also to remount, equip, and place his cavalry on a better footing to cope with the same branch of Hood's army. We were at the

same time waiting for A. J. Smith's corps to arrive from the West, and this command, together with new organizations, would swell our force to an equal or larger number than Hood's, and enable us to face him, or even overcome him. Hood, however, was not inclined to wait for our preparations, and was ordered by Beauregard, who was his superior in command, to push forward from Florence, which he did on the 20th of November, expecting to flank Schofield at Lawrenceburg and cut off his retreat by rail from Pulaski. Capron's, Croxton's, and Hatch's cavalry were covering his front and on the lookout, and sent word to Schofield, who immediately prepared to fall back to Columbia, as he was not occupying a strategic point. We left our camps and started on the Columbia Pike on the 22d, and marched to Lynnvile, where we were joined by Wagner's division, Fourth Corps. On the afternoon of the 23d we marched to the junction of the Mt. Pleasant and Shelbyville roads. Before daylight of the 24th we were ordered to march to Columbia, and arrived there just after sunrise. We were met, south of the town, by an officer of Ruger's staff, who informed us that Capron's cavalry were pouring into the town, and the Confederates were not far behind them. General Cox took in the situation at once, and with the instinct of an engineer, knowing the lay of the ground, he decided not to enter the town, but the head of the column then coming up was double-quickened by a diagonal short cut around the town, and arrived on the Mt. Pleasant Pike just in the nick of time to meet the tail end of Capron's fagged-out cavalry men, closely pursued by Forrest's exultant troopers. A captain on a splendid black charger was in the advance, shooting our men in the back of their heads with his revolver. He

was dropped from his saddle by the first infantry man that crossed the road. The plucky One Hundredth Ohio was, in one short minute, deployed as skirmishers and advanced rapidly to meet them; but, as usual when cavalry meet an infantry line, they stopped. General Cox's division was soon in position, and before noon General Stanley, with the Fourth Corps, approached Columbia by a parallel road, and with the addition of Strickland's brigade, Ruger's division, Twenty-third Corps, and re-inforcements of cavalry men, who met us here, we were in better shape, as to numbers, than we were at Pulaski. Our stay at first in this position was rather monotonous, with nothing but cavalry in our front, and an occasional skirmish to liven us up. When Hood's head of column arrived, we had a little more excitement with artillery practice; but they evidently did not like the looks of our position, for they made no demonstrations leading to an assault, but kept our cavalry on the flanks uneasy, as though they contemplated flanking us out of our position.

Schofield was anxious to preserve the railroad and wagon road bridges across Duck River, which he could only do by remaining on the town side; but he knew, too, that the importance would matter little if Hood should cross the river and get between him and Nashville; so, at the end of two days, after dark, Cox's division was crossed over to the north side of the river, and works thrown up for the batteries to protect the bridge crossings. Two days later the balance of our troops were brought over, and to prevent the enemy using the bridges they were destroyed; but that did not prevent some of the venturesome crossing right in our teeth, and our pickets had considerable trouble from the enemy's skir-

mishers. Their annoyance was so great that General Cox determined to drive them into the river, and sent word to his inspecting officer that the troops should charge them with the bayonet, and demonstrate right there whether the iron candlesticks they were carrying around with them could be turned to any other use as implements of war, or not. The attempt failed, because the men were too well covered by the skirmishers on the opposite bank.

On the morning of the 29th we learned that Hood was crossing some of his troops a few miles above Columbia. General Stanley moved in the forenoon with a part of the Fourth Corps to guard the wagon trains then on the way to Spring Hill, and reached that place at noon. They were just in time, and Wagner's division deployed at double-quick, Bradley on the right, Lane next, and Opdycke on the left, and pushed forward through the eastern suburbs of the town against Forrest's cavalry, which command had been repulsed by Wilson at Mt. Carmel, five miles east of the Franklin Pike, and had turned over to Spring Hill by the Murfreesboro road to obstruct our trains. They were driven back to the woods by our infantry, and moved under cover to Thompson's Station, two or three miles toward Franklin, and a small body of them reached the pike between Spring Hill and Columbia, but were easily driven back by the wagon guard and artillery.

Colonel Lyman Bridges, chief of artillery of the Fourth Corps, had charge of and posted the batteries on the left of the pike, and Major W. F. Goodspeed, assistant chief of artillery, had charge of the batteries on the right, which were handled so admirably against the assaulting lines of

Cheatham's corps. There was some light skirmishing until the middle of the afternoon, when the head of Hood's column arrived, with Cheatham's corps of nine brigades in the lead. Hood was aware that Schofield was still at Columbia, with a portion of his command, and he ordered Cheatham to march in line against any thing he should meet, and drive them across the pike. Cheatham did push forward, and struck the right of our line, forcing Bradley's brigade back in confusion almost to the pike, Bradley being wounded in the assault. The loss was about two hundred and fifty men. The other two brigades were not much engaged. This attack was followed up vigorously until they struck a slight line of fortifications, occupied by a single battery and a small regiment of infantry. The battery was commanded by the gallant Aleck Marshall, and the regiment by Colonel Harry Pickands, as plucky a fellow as ever had command of men; it was what was left of the One Hundred and Third Ohio. They had been so cut up and reduced in numbers during the Atlanta campaign that they were detailed as General Schofield's headquarters guard, and were the first troops to reach Spring Hill, arriving there with the train between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning. General Fullerton, of Stanley's staff, saw them there when he arrived, and ordered them in line to support the battery. As Stanley's report does not mention their presence, even, it would seem proper to here note the part they took in the engagement. Bradley's men, as they fell back, rushed by them on either side, but they remained to support the battery. The officers had broken open boxes of ammunition and built a little parapet of cartridges in front of the men, from which they loaded; and a

rapid, withering fire was poured into the advancing lines, doing terrible execution at this short range. The guns also were handled by Lieutenant Brills with wonderful rapidity. This furious driving storm of lead and iron had never been surpassed, and rarely equaled, by the same quality and number of arms. Cheatham's troops, encountering at this point such fierce opposition, and believing they had struck our main line of fortifications, halted, fell back, and commenced building a line of earth-works. Of course it is not probable, nor is it claimed, that a small regiment of infantry, no matter with how much bravery they fought, could, under the same circumstances, hold in check a line that a well tried and splendid brigade had retreated from; but the situation here was such that the rebel general commanding was deceived as to the force confronted. At the same time, the little band is entitled to the credit of staying where it was put. If the men of the One Hundred and Third had fallen back with the brigade, Cleburne would have crossed the pike, Brown would have followed him, we would have lost possession of the road, our army would have been cut in two, and the result might have been different.

The officers of the One Hundred and Third tried to check the fleeing troops, and taunted their officers with the bad example they were showing their men. Captain Charlie Sergeant grabbed one officer, who was tearing past him, who shouted: "For God's sake don't stop me! I'm a chaplain!" Additional troops coming up, pushed out some to feel Wagner's left flank, but made no further attempt to carry our position.

Darkness was now approaching, and Stewart's corps of

four divisions arrived, and together with Cheatham's command went into bivouac for the night.

About this time General Cox's division, which had been under a heavy artillery fire all day from Hood's guns stationed in and near Columbia, started for Spring Hill, leaving Wood and Kimball, who had been ordered to follow soon after. This night march was a very rapid one, and, with the exception of a halt at Rutherford Creek to help out some artillery and teams that were there clogged, the distance to Spring Hill, about twelve miles, was made at the rate of four miles an hour. The rear-guards were ordered positively to use the bayonet on fence-corner stragglers, and the orders were in several instances obeyed. When the general and staff reached Spring Hill, we were stopped on the road by Colonel George Northrup, of a Kentucky regiment of infantry. He cautioned us, hist—with finger to his lips—not to speak above a whisper, and pointed to the camp-fires within sight of the road. We could plainly see that soldiers standing there were Johnnies, and in the quiet of the night could hear their voices. An officer was left to repeat the caution to the advancing column.

A little further along on the road we found General Stanley at his head-quarters, from whom we learned the whole situation. We waited for General Schofield to come back from Thompson's Station, where he had gone with one of Ruger's brigades, on a report that the enemy had reached the road there. Orders were again given at midnight to march immediately to Franklin, and General Cox's division to lead the advance. Keeping up the long, steady stride of four miles an hour, in the clear starlight, without meeting a

soul on the road, we reached Franklin about three o'clock in the morning, awoke Colonel Carter, and made head-quarters at his little brick cottage, the last house in the southern suburbs of the town, on the Columbia Pike.

While sitting out in front of the house, waiting for the head of column to arrive, every thing was as still as the grave, and there was time to ponder on what the following day would bring forth. Very few, perhaps, anticipated the dreadful and bloody outcome, but rather looked for another flank movement, as at Columbia. Presently the tramp of horses in the distance, and the rattle of tin-cups against bayonets, told us that the troops were coming. They were marching by the left flank, and the Third Division of the Twenty-third Corps was led into position in that order on the east side of the pike; Stiles, commanding Henderson's brigade, first, Casement next, and Reilly last, all facing the south. General Cox was placed in command of the two divisions, his own and Ruger's, and was instructed, as soon as the troops could get a short breathing spell, to strongly intrench themselves.

It was considered necessary by General Schofield to make our stand on the south side of the town and river, so that the artillery and trains could mass in the streets of the village, while a wagon-road bridge was being built, and planks put on the railroad bridge for their transfer across. General Schofield had, the previous day, sent an urgent request to Thomas to ship a pontoon bridge to Franklin for the Harpeth Crossing, and expected to find it there, but in this was disappointed. In this embarrassing situation there was nothing to do but construct the bridges with the meager facil-

ities at hand; so, with his engineer battalion and details of troops, the work was performed, requiring his constant personal attention. He remained in this position during the engagement, so as to better superintend the crossing, and at the same time be near the railroad and telegraph station; while from Fort Granger, immediately above on the bluff, he had perfect command of the entire battle-field, and could direct the fire of the artillery stationed there with him.

During the forenoon, the troops kept pouring in, accompanied by artillery and wagon trains. Wood's division of the Fourth Corps took up position on the north bank of the Harpeth; Kimball's division of the same corps was ordered to report to General Cox, and was by him placed in line on the right of the Twenty-third Corps, with its right flank resting on the Harpeth River. Two brigades of Wagner's division, Fourth Corps (Lane's and Conrad's), were counter-marched, and placed something over a hundred rods in our front, across the Columbia Pike, to watch the approach of the enemy, and to their right and front, on a little knoll, a section of Marshall's battery, supported by an infantry regiment. Opdycke's brigade of the same division, which had been acting as rear-guard from Spring Hill, passed through our line, and took up position in reserve behind Carter's Hill. The two regiments of Reilly's brigade that were left back in the skirmish line at Duck River arrived and formed the second line behind the main works. The batteries of the Fourth Corps were placed in our main line. They were ordered to report to General Cox, to take the place of the Twenty-third Corps' artillery that had been posted on the north side of the river,

as it was the first on the ground, and it was the intention, at that hour, to have all the artillery pass over as it arrived. By the middle of the afternoon our trains were nearly all across the river, and it was intended the troops should follow by dark, and accompany them during the night toward Nashville. But it seemed that General Hood had another programme marked out for us. When his sleepy army awoke at Spring Hill, and he found how nicely Schofield's command had passed him during the night, and an examination by daylight showed how easily he could have cut us in two at any time during the night, or headed us off entirely the previous afternoon, if he had known our exact situation, he was so chagrined that he cursed every body, high and low; censured Cheatham, Cleburne, and the entire force that were present for not taking possession of the road; and made his whole army understand that they must make up for that blunder at the next opportunity, and that the time must be soon. So he pushed on in pursuit, their cavalry occasionally attacking our trains, and burning a wagon or two, until they came up with our rear-guard, about noon, at Winstead's Hills. Stewart's corps moved on to the right, toward Lewisburg Pike, turning Opdycke's flank, when he fell slowly back to the town. General Cheatham, with his corps, moved by the Columbia Pike, and formed in line north of Winstead Hills. From our position the officers and horses could be plainly seen on this range of hills, a little more than two miles away, as though studying our position. Bate's division marched over to Carter's Creek Pike and formed behind the Bostwick house. Stewart's corps moved over to the McGavock house, where the first skirmish firing was heard in the grove; it was by

Occupied by the
23d. and 4th Corps
during the engagement of
Nov. 30 th. 1864
Maj. Gen. J. M. Schofield
COMMANDING

[illegible]



Reilly's men, who had gone there for logs to put on the earth-works.

Firing now commenced over on the right, where Bate was forming, and the guns stationed on the pike poured in volley after volley with great rapidity. General Cox rode over to Stiles' brigade, which was on higher ground, and, from the parapet, with his field glass watched the advancing lines until they ran over Wagner's men. He then mounted his horse and pushed for the center, where he arrived just in time to go forward with Opdycke when the break commenced. The suspense now was growing, for we knew there was to be a battle; but, oh! what a comfort to know that we, who in the Georgia campaign had to do most of the bucking against fortifications, were on the right side of the works, and in such a splendid position, with a gentle slope away from us, and not even a mullein-stalk to obstruct our fire for a good third of a mile. Our men felt that now was their time for wiping out many an old score.

General Cox's engineer officer, the writer, was standing on the parapet of the One Hundredth Ohio Regiment, the first one on the left of the Columbia Pike, urging the men to strengthen their works, and talking with General Wagner at this time. The general was reclining on his elbow, with a staff or crutch in his hand; he had fallen with his horse and was lame. They remarked that the musketry firing was becoming more rapid, also from the two guns in front. By and by a staff officer rode fast from one of the brigades and reported to Wagner, excitedly, "The enemy are forming in heavy columns; we can see them distinctly in the open timber and all along our front." Wagner said, firmly, "Stand

there and fight them;" and then, turning to the engineer officer, said, "And that stubbed, curly-headed Dutchman will fight them, too," meaning one of his brigade commanders. "But, general," the officer said, "the orders are not to stand, except against cavalry and skirmishers, but to fall back behind the main line, if a general engagement is threatened." In a short time, another officer rode in from the right in great haste, and told him the rebels were advancing in heavy force. He received the same order. The officer added, "But Hood's entire army is coming." Then Wagner struck the ground with his stick, and said, "Never mind; fight them." But even after this, they had time to come back in good order if they had been allowed to. Soon we heard the rebel yell and heavy firing. The artillery section had fixed prolonge and fired as they fell back to the advanced rifle pits, leaving their dead, but bringing in their wounded. The horses then brought the guns in on an easy trot. As they turned in around the short earth-work covering the gap across the pike, Aleck Clinton, one of the gunners, jumped off the limber, his face black with powder smoke, and said, with a grim smile, "Old hell is let loose, and coming out there."

In a short time we could see a commotion in our advanced brigades, but only an occasional dropping back, and soon we noticed the right of Stewart's command wrapped around Conrad's left, and then our men rose up and the break commenced. The right of Cheatham's corps came sweeping over the little rise of ground on which the low ramparts were built, in what appeared a solid human wave. And such a racket! Their shouting seemed to show such confidence as

men would have who had been led to believe that the line they were assaulting was a weak one. It was a grand sight. Such as would make a lifelong impression on the mind of any man to see such a charge. As forerunners, well in advance, could be seen a line of jack rabbits, bounding along for a few leaps, and then they would stop, and look, and listen, but scamper off again, as though convinced that this was the most impenetrable line of beaters-in that had ever given them chase; and quails by the thousand, in coveys here and there, would rise and settle, and rise and turn again to the sunlight that called them back; but no, they were frightened by the unusual turmoil, and back they came, and this repeated until finally they rose high in the air and flew off to the gray sky-light of the north.

The day had been bright and warm, the afternoon sun was setting on the distant hills, and in the hazy yellow light, and with their yellowish-brown uniforms, those in the front ranks seemed to be magnified in size; one could almost imagine them to be phantoms sweeping along in the air. On they came, and in the center their lines seemed to be many deep and unbroken, their red, tattered flags, as numerous as though every company bore them, flaring in the sun's rays, with conspicuous groups of general and staff officers in their midst, and a battery or two in splendid line charging along between the divisions. In front of them were our men bent almost to the ground, with their heads turned to see if the enemy were gaining ground. It was every man for himself, and the devil take the last man over the works; but here and there a brave fellow would hesitate as if he would like to face and fight them. On the right of Walthall's, and the left of Loring's divisions,

there were occasional breaks made by our infantry and the terrific volleys from the batteries on the opposite bank of the river; also from Marshall's and Canby's Battery M, Fourth Regular Artillery, who poured canister into the enemy that were swarming through the railroad cut; but officers on horse-back and afoot were at every gap, trying to close them up, so that, on the left, Stewart's living sea, with raging surf, in wave following wave, broke and fell, and plunged onward o'er the sloping beach in our front. Still the great seething mass came rolling on to our center, and we could not open with artillery or infantry fire until our men were safely over. Oh, what a mistake the brave Wagner made! Through the gap at last, and over the works they came, with Cleburne and Brown hot after them. Wagner, by this time, was on his horse, riding backward, and facing the disorganized brigades, trying as hard as ever man did to rally them. With terrible oaths, he called them cowards, and shook his broken stick at them; but back they went to the town, and nothing could stop them. A sergeant, all made up of true metal, and with flashing eye, turned and brought his gun down on the ground, and said: "Hold on, boys, I don't go back another step." About twenty stopped with him, and went into our reserve line; perhaps others stopped, but the great mass went through the town and crossed the river. Wagner was a great fighter; it is said that bullets rattled out of his clothes for a month after the battle of Stone River, and his division was as good as any other, but they had been pressed too close, and for some reason they thought the whole line would break. Their officers tried hard to check them, but their organization was broken in their scramble back from the front. It was not the

fault of the men, but of their rash general. Poor Wagner is now dead; his soul is in heaven with the heroes, and let us draw over this one error the mantle of charity, and cherish the memory of his personal valor and dauntless courage on the hard-fought battle-fields of the West.

If our men, in this part of the line, could have had time to fire two or three volleys, they would have regained the nerve that they lost during this awful suspense, and held the line without a waver. But Cheatham's whole corps was right on top of these few regiments before they could fire a shot, and some of them were forced back a short distance from the line on either side of the pike. Now was the great opportunity for the brave Colonels Opdycke and White, and the battery commander, Charley Scoville. Opdycke, in command of Wagner's reserve brigade, and White, in command of Reilly's second line, had been cautioned by General Cox, before riding over to Stiles' brigade, to look out for a break at this point, and when it did come they were ready. White's troops were made up of those daring, earnest men from the mountains of East Tennessee, and Kentuckians from the north-eastern part of the state, where they were so thoroughly loyal that they kept on shooting rebels after the war was over. They did not wait for an order, but sprang over their low rifle-pits like tigers, and with a shrill shout that was heard even above the rebel yell, and a heroism rarely equaled by men, went pell-mell into the mass of Confederates that had taken our line and did not know what to do with it. At the same time Charley Scoville cracked his blacksnake whip around the ears of his artillery men, and drove them back to the guns. At it they went, with pick-axes and shovels, slashing all around

them with the ferocity of demons. For a few minutes it was a fierce hand-to-hand combat, and it was right in those few minutes that the fate of one or the other of the armies was to be decided. For a little time it looked decidedly against us, but the desperate determination of our men, who were rallying to regain the line, had its effect, and a change began to show itself.

Just at this time, Opdycke's brigade was filing up the pike, left in front, and crossing diagonally, so as to uncover the buildings in Carter's yard, preparatory to charging the broken line in Strickland's front. They were pointed directly toward the place where White was engaged, and the Confederates took it for a heavy re-inforcement of that part of the line. One by one they seemed shaken, feeling that they were to be overpowered; and, not wishing to place themselves in front of our line again, they threw down their arms and rushed to the rear, prisoners without a guard. When Opdycke's men faced to the front to charge the line, it was a more serious undertaking, as a larger number of men had broken over the works at this point, and had obtained a firmer footing. But there was nothing too alarming for Opdycke's bravery, and he urged his men forward, placing himself where he could prevent stragglers from dropping out. He broke his revolver over men's heads, and then seized a gun, and whoever looked back within his reach was jobbed under the blouse. So he rushed them on, and forced Brown's men from the out-buildings in Carter's yard. Strickland's men, rallying, counter-charged and joined him, and soon the ground was in our possession again, and a second line established.

General Cox remained mounted during the entire engage-

ment, so as to carefully watch the whole line; and while the confusion was greatest, during the break, he was in their midst, displaying heroic bravery, with hopeful look and waving sword rallying the men. General Stanley was also there, showing great gallantry in encouraging the troops, but was wounded before he had been on the field ten minutes, and retired. Every charge ordered by Hood, or any of his generals, after the first dreadful avalanche crumbled and broke, was foolhardy and reckless. After our line was fully re-established it was as steady as a granite wall; it was next to impossible to break it, and the enemy could only get over it as prisoners, or being killed in the attempt. The brave soldiers of the South felt it, too, for their after-charges were made against this furious storm with their heads bent, their hats pulled down, and their arms shielding from their sight the almost certain death that awaited them.

It was the writer's pleasure, about a year since, while on a pilgrimage to the old battle-fields, to meet at Nashville the late General Cheatham, a very comfortable man to meet, with a make-up about equally divided between a well-to-do Southern farmer and a Prussian field-marshal. He greeted me most cordially, clasping me in his arms, and said: "Well, I heard you were here, and I've been looking all over for you; welcome to Tennessee. Any man who was in the battle of Franklin, no matter which side, is my friend." Then we had a good chat about old times. Referring to the two brigades out in front: "Ah," he said, "if it hadn't been for the mistake your side made there, you would have killed every man in our army, and God knows you killed enough of them." It is undoubtedly a fact that if the brigades had

been called in at the right time no part of our line would have been broken; and if all of the brigades had heeded the precaution to place headlogs on their works, and abatised their front, as Casement's did, the losses all along the line would have been as light as his, which was comparatively insignificant. The officers of Casement's brigade had their men take timbers from the cotton-gin house at the right of his line; also cut trees from the grove, and carried the logs in to be placed on the top of the parapet. They rested on cross-ties hollowed out to receive them, leaving a three-inch space through which to fire.

Henderson's brigade, on our extreme left, reached to the railroad track, and the works were built in the grounds of a large mansion, which were bordered by a splendid osage-orange hedge. The line was located about fifty feet from this hedge, so that by cutting off the trees about four feet from the ground, it left an impenetrable obstruction, and at the same time open enough to fire through. The tops were scattered along in front of Casement's brigade, making one of the most deceptive rows of abatis ever formed; it was light, but an occasional stake held it in place. Walthall's men stopped when they reached it; they were bewildered; they couldn't get over it. They undertook to pull it away, but the sharp thorns pierced their hands, and they gave that up; then right in the smoke of our guns they faced to the right, and filed through a gap made by a wild charging horse. All this time death was pouring out in sheets of flame and lead from the three-inch gap under the headlog. Two companies of the Sixty-fifth Indiana had repeating

rifles, and at that short range their execution must have been terrible.

Captain Baldwin's battery was stationed at this point (15),* where the dead were piled up like snow-drifts in winter time, and here it was that the obstructions caused them to mass so many deep. The brave captain quickly took advantage of the situation, and to mow down this dense forest of humanity he loaded his guns to the muzzle with triple rounds of canister and dummies, or stockings filled with bullets. To use the captain's words, "At every discharge of my guns there were two sounds—first the explosion, and then the bones." It was the same battery that was saved while marching out of Spring Hill by the coolness of one of the non-commissioned officers. Orders had been given to try to push through on the Franklin Pike, with instructions to abandon and destroy the guns, and try to save themselves and horses by breaking off into the fields on the left if attacked and hard pressed. They were halted by a rebel picket reserve, posted a short distance from the road, and the demand came in the darkness, "What battery is yours?" The commander was about to reply by unlimbering and turning his guns upon them, when the quick thought struck one of his corporals to say in a careless voice, "Tenth Alabama. What regiment is yours?" "Fourteenth Mississippi," was the reply, and, apparently satisfied, settled down in the fence corner to sleep. They pushed on, and were not again molested until nearly morning, when they were attacked by Hood's cavalry. "Battery to the left flank; fire

* Corresponding numbers on map mark places described.

to the rear," was the captain's prompt order. A half-dozen rounds of twelve-pound solid shot scattered the cavalry and saved the train of two army corps.

After dark, when it was safe to look over the works, it was a ghastly sight to see the dead. All along in front of Casement's men, the bodies reminded one of a rail fence toppled over and crossed many deep; or as if grim Death had built a new abatis of thickly tangled, short, heavy boughs. The ditch at Fort Saunders, Knoxville, just one year before, where the pick of Longstreet's army lay writhing as thick as the sea-lions on the Cliff rocks near the Golden Gate, was bad enough to look at, but this was horrible. (1) Here is where General John Adams' horse plunged through the abatis, cleared the ditch, and fell across the crest and head log; the rider fell outside the line, with from thirty to forty wounds. He was gently handled, and placed on the ground inside the line. (2) This is where Jack Casement stood when he made his great speech. He sprang upon the works and turned to his troops, and, with a voice that every one could hear, said: "Men, do you see those damn rebel — — (you all know the other three words) coming?" Then a shout went up. "Well, I want you to stand here like rocks, and whip hell out of them." He then faced about and fired with his revolvers until they were empty, and jumped down with the men. The oratory may not have been as elegant as though studied for the occasion, but Cæsar to his Romans, nor Hannibal to his Carthaginians, ever made speeches thrilling their armies with more effect. It was what they understood and appreciated, and what they did afterward showed how well they heeded it. Not one man left the

line, and Colonel Jack's example had something to do with it, you bet.

Just at this time, when the Confederate line was close to our works, and our men were concealed by the head logs, Jim Coughlan, a lieutenant of the Twenty-fourth Kentucky, and General Cox's favorite aid, mounted his black horse, and, swinging his cavalry saber over his head, charged back and forth along the whole line, cheering the men, and they all turned and gave him a cheer, for every man knew the gallant officer. He is the one who, on the white horse, led every charge (no matter whose command) across the field on the first day at Resaca; and all through the Atlanta campaign just such brilliant achievements on his part were noticed. It was not his dashing gallantry alone that made him such a favorite, but his military genius was of the highest order, and he was ever ready and anxious for duty, no matter what the weather or hour of night. If there was a spice of danger in it, he was better suited. Often, to avoid the dullness of camp life, he has begged to accompany me on topographical trips, when it was necessary to get information about the country ahead of us. He was always of the greatest assistance to me; but what risks he would take! It was my custom to approach a log hut or rail pile on the road cautiously, and expose as little of myself and horse as possible; but he would gallop on ahead in the middle of the road, singing or whistling with the greatest glee, and there had to be more than two rebel cavalry men standing in the road to keep him from charging. When he mounted his horse there at Franklin, the staff officers remarked to each other that he would surely be killed. It was late at night when we found him

near the cotton-gin, where the hand-to-hand fighting was the fiercest. We lifted his cape from his pale face, and the stars looked down with us and wept.

The ride to Nashville was lonely to me, and I expected, after three days and two nights without sleep, when we spread our blankets on the floor of a small house outside the lines, that slumber would come quickly; but it was not so with me. The one who had shared the blankets with me for nearly a year was back at the Harpeth River, near the bridge head, with two feet of earth over him. This brave officer could only see one thing in martial glory, and that was to die in battle. His mind had been usually bright and happy, but gloomy spells were coming oftener as the dread disease of epilepsy increased and blighted his future. The nights were more frequent when, after his recovery from one of these spasms, I rolled him back in bed. There was no suffering, and he had no recollection in the morning of what had occurred; but once in a while a depressed feeling would prompt him to ask me if he had been unwell in the night, and I would satisfy him with a cheering word. We who knew him, when we saw him dead, believed that what he most dearly wished had come. Dying like a hero in one of the greatest battles of the world's history, before his mind became clouded and his system broken with bad health, was to him well worth praying for.

(3) During one of the charges that were made on this part of the line, an incident occurred at this battery which is worth relating. A slight boy of not more than fifteen years, with drum on his back, belonging to one of the Missouri regiments, foolishly attempted to force his way through one

of the embrasures and thrust a fence rail into the mouth of a cannon, thinking, by his brave act, to stop the use of that gun. The gun was loaded at the time, was fired, and nothing was ever found of the drummer boy.

After our return to Nashville, we again put up at the Carter House, where we found a young man nursing two companions. After breakfast he accompanied me out in front of the works, and pointed out where his regiment was buried. There were only three of his company left—two wounded and he alone unhurt. All the other companies suffered about the same. This little locust grove was a sight to see after the battle. The trees stood in a swampy swale, were from two to five inches in diameter, and very close together. They were in front of Opdycke's and Strickland's brigades, where more charges were made than on any other part of the line.

The firing here from both sides was terrific. Many of the largest trees were cut entirely off by bullets; all that were standing and all the stumps had each hundreds of bullet marks. Some were cut in shreds from bottom to top, and had the appearance, as much as any thing, of broken hemp stocks. The slopes beyond our whole front resembled fields recently raked or harrowed. The Carter Cottage, at this point, is the first place visited by Southern tourists. The dwelling, which is of brick, looks on the south end as if it had been marked with small-pox, and all the surrounding out-buildings have bullet marks in almost every square inch. Colonel Carter, with members of his family and neighbors, remained in the cellar during the whole of the fearful carnage. After the battle was over, and our men had left, the sisters took a lantern and went out in the rear of their house, hoping

to be of some service to the wounded, and among the first was their own dear young brother, between the locust grove and the abatis, mortally wounded.

A large proportion of Cheatham's command were raised in this part of Tennessee, which accounts, to a great extent, without doubt, for their determination and bravery in trying to drive the invaders from their homes.

(4) This is the spot where General Pat Cleburne, the raw-boned Irish general from Arkansas, one of the greatest fighters of the Confederate army, fell, with his iron-gray stallion, in a perfect cyclone of leaden hail. (5) General Gist was killed here, trying to hold Strickland's line; (6) and General Gordon was captured here near the Carter House; (7) Strahl was killed here, and (8) Carter mortally wounded. Brown, the division commander, was wounded. What record will compare with that? The division commander wounded, three of the brigade commanders killed, and the fourth captured. After the battle it was found that in some parts of Brown's line the dead were lying seven deep. And regimental and company officers were found supported, stiff and erect, against this barricade of dead, with their ghastly eyes wide open and their chins dropped down, as though looking in horror at the enemy that had done all this. (9) General Managault fell, severely wounded, in front of Moore's brigade. The loss of general officers in Stewart's corps was also large, but not so fatal. (10) General Cockrell, brigade commander in French's division, fell with two severe wounds. (11) General Quarles' command, of Walthall's division, suffered heavily; he himself was terribly wounded; his staff officers were all killed. The regimental field officers

were all killed and wounded, so that the ranking officer of the brigade who led them off was only a captain. (12) General Scott, brigade commander in Loring's division, was wounded by a shell during the first charge. (13) General Granberry, of Cleburne's division, was killed on the pike in one of the desperate charges that were made to carry the center. This terrible loss of general officers is probably the greatest known in so short a battle. The loss of field and company officers was also surprisingly large. In some of the regiments of French's line there were no commissioned officers ready for duty, all being either killed, wounded, or captured. Many of the field and line officers gave themselves up and came over our lines, the most of them reporting to General Cox, and their stories were gloomy in the extreme. They said that the organization of the whole army was broken; that there was hardly a company officer that knew where his men were. Some of them were in the battle before Atlanta, on the 22d of July (the day McPherson was killed), and they thought that was a warm reception, but it was nothing compared to this, and they added: "What is the use in fighting any more? Haven't we had enough of it?"

(14) Right here is where Clarkie died. You of the Seventh Ohio need no other name to understand whom I mean. But some of the others will know him better as Merwin Clark, who went out in the very beginning of the war as orderly sergeant of DeVillier's zouaves. He was the light, delicate boy of seventeen who was so brilliant in the bayonet exercise. He was the idol of the old Seventh. He had the lovely character of a gentle girl and the lion heart of a hero

combined. While captain in the Seventh, he was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of one of the new Ohio regiments, and was here with it in command. They were mostly young boys, and this was their first baptism in fire. When the solid lines of Brown's division rushed against them, they broke, and Colonel Clark seized the colors from the bearer, and rushed to the crest of the works; then turned to his men, and begged them to come back. But when they did at last come back they found poor Clarkie dead. He fell in the arms of Colonel Zollinger, of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Indiana.

They captured some of our colors, but we got a great many more of theirs. My recollection now is that twenty odd stands were taken in front of Reilly's brigade, and that Lieutenant Brown, of Reilly's staff, captured eight of them, and carried them in person to Washington. About half-past ten o'clock at night a staff officer from headquarters rode over to our line, and told General Cox that General Schofield had received a dispatch from Thomas to immediately fall back on Nashville. General Cox then related to the staff officer the true condition of affairs in our front, and told him the reports we had received from the prisoners of the terribly cut-up condition of their whole army, stating that, under the circumstances, it would be a mistake to retreat, and begging him to go back to the general, and see if Thomas could not be prevailed upon to countermand his orders, to send on in the night fresh supplies of ammunition, and, if possible, A. J. Smith's command. He also sent his brother, Colonel Theodore Cox, with the message that he would answer for holding the lines with

his head, and that we ought to assume the offensive from that point, without delay, and reap the full benefit of the terrible defeat we had already inflicted upon Hood's army. General Schofield's reply was: "Tell General Cox he has won a glorious victory, and I have no doubt we could do as he suggests in the morning. But my orders from General Thomas are imperative, and we must move back to Nashville as soon as possible." Orders were then given to leave a strong skirmish line in the works in charge of Major Dow, Cox's inspector, and withdraw the troops to the other side of the river. About the time the movement was started, a house was set on fire in the town, the light of which would expose our withdrawal, and the fire had to be extinguished before we actually started. In due time, though, every thing, including troops, trains, wounded, and prisoners, also the skirmish line, were safely crossed. The planks were removed from the bridges, and we again took up our retreat for Nashville.

A few years after the war it was my pleasure to ride in the cars from Columbus, Ohio, to Baltimore, in company with General S. D. Lee, one of Hood's corps commanders in the Tennessee campaign. After introducing ourselves, he being from Mississippi and I from Ohio, our conversation soon drifted into war matters, and when he found that I had a pretty fair idea of the battle-field of Franklin we were warm friends, and in a friendly way we fought over that battle all the way to Baltimore. He told me what shape they were in that night. At twelve o'clock they were not aware of our retreat, and Hood had called a council of war. He first asked Stewart what he had to report. That general replied that his

army was all cut to pieces; that there was no organization left except with the artillery; that his losses had been very heavy; and that he would not be able to make an active move in the morning. Cheatham was then called upon, and his report was even more despondent and gloomy. Then, looking fiercely at Lee, Hood said: "Are you, too, going back on me?" He replied: "General, two of my divisions are badly cut up; but I have one division left that has not been engaged, and, if you say so, in the morning I will take them and charge with the bayonet." Hood saw, of course, that there was no use in attempting offensive operations again, but decided right there, at daylight they would mass their artillery and hurl shot and shell at our works and the town during the entire day, and make as bold a show as possible, preparatory to getting out of the bad situation where his foolhardy intrepidity had led him.

There is no doubt that, when in the early morning he discovered that our troops were withdrawn, there never lived a man more surprised. In fact, instead of closely pursuing, he remained there, not knowing what to do, and it was not until the 3d of December that he moved up to Nashville and established his line. Even this timid movement was doubtless only intended to cover his retreat, to give him a chance to fix up the railroad and bridges, so as to get his transportation safely back across Duck River. How well he succeeded in this, we learned from the fact that not even a camp kettle was captured on the road from Nashville to Franklin after we passed through their camps south of the town.

After so many facts have been learned, there is no doubt

but that General Cox was right when he first advised against the retreat from Franklin. Although the result at Nashville has been considered glorious, still, if the "Old Rock of Chickamauga" could for once have been turned, and sent the 9,000 of Smith's command who were at Nashville on the 30th of November by forced march to Franklin, and the balance with Steedman's troops as soon as they could be forwarded, the result at Franklin would have been far more glorious. We would have had the enemy in the open field instead of behind intrenchments, and we would have found them that morning in the most thoroughly demoralized state that ever army was in. We would, to say the least, have saved the losses of the first day of the battle of Nashville, and would have captured very much more in the way of prisoners, artillery, and trains.

It would seem proper, perhaps, to round up this story of the retreat, by giving some account of what happened subsequently at Nashville. But my paper has already been drawn out too long, and as our first two weeks' besiegement was of a very monotonous character, beleaguered by an army that we knew was crippled to death, almost, by defeat, it would hardly be interesting to you to hear a description of our chafing and uneasiness—particularly the last week, which would appear as slipshod to you as it did to us.

Nothing occurred until the last two days of our stay at Nashville, the 15th and 16th of December. The first day's maneuvers were confined to skirmishing and crowding back the advanced lines to their main works, which was successfully accomplished with very slight losses. General Schofield with his whip-lash corps, the Twenty-third (this name was

given us on the Atlanta campaign, because we were always cracking around the flanks), which had been in reserve the morning of the first day, was instructed to move to the extreme right flank and connect with the right of Smith's command. We took the fields near the Harden Pike, and marched around by the Hillsborough Pike. Couch's division of the Twenty-third Corps drove the enemy from their advanced works late in the afternoon of the 15th, and took up position about one-half mile in front of Smith. Cox's division formed on the right, and went into position before dusk right under Hood's fortifications on Shy's Hill. There a strong line of earth-works was thrown up at the edge of the corn-field near the wood-skirted hills. Our skirmishers and the enemy's were within one hundred yards of each other, shielding themselves behind trees. Our artillery was placed where we could plant every shell right in their embrasures.

The morning of the 16th was confined mostly to artillery and skirmish firing. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Wood pushed the Fourth Corps forward, supported by Steedman on the left, to try the strength of the enemy's line; but was repulsed with great loss, Colonel Post, a brigade commander, being wounded. After noon, General Wilson's cavalry, supported by Stiles' brigade of Cox's division, moved around further on Hood's left flank; this movement was made easier by reason of the absence of Forrest's cavalry at Murfreesboro. This mistake of Hood's, in allowing such a useful branch as the cavalry had been to him to be absent on this day, contributed more to his easy defeat than any other single cause. It enabled Wilson to dismount his men and crowd way round in the rear of Chalmers,

with Govan's brigade in support. Here, with their repeating rifles, they kept up the liveliest firing ever heard of, which made Hood extremely anxious, not knowing but one-half our army was in his rear. In the meantime, General McArthur had discovered that Bate's position had been weakened in looking after the flank, and reported to Thomas that an attack on Shy's Hill would probably meet with success. Thomas fell in with the suggestion, and rode over with his staff to where Generals Schofield and Cox had made their head-quarters. From this point every move could be seen. McArthur placed McMillan's brigade in position for assault. The artillery from all our adjacent batteries opened with an intense fire on the hill, and our skirmish lines were pushed to the utmost. McMillan's double line went up the hill as steady as troops in review. Occasionally a rebel gun could be depressed enough to make a gap in the line, but it would immediately close up and press on. This was about four o'clock. General Thomas, the grand old hero, had dismounted from his horse and stood in the pouring rain watching the movement closely with his field-glass. Steadily forward moved the lines; gradually they approached the crest of the hill. All this time Wilson was playing the devil's tattoo in their rear; now they were up to the works; only for a moment they hesitated and exchanged fire face to face with Shy's command, and then the line broke. Thomas quietly turned to Schofield, and said: "General, will you please advance your whole line?" The order was repeated to Cox, and the staff officers scattered to the different brigades. But the orders were not given to the troops; they had been watching the movement, too, and

had followed it without orders. From this point the whole of Hood's army crumbled right and left. Their back-bone had been broken two weeks before at Franklin. There was no fight left in them. Pell-mell they went over the Granny White Pike to the Franklin Pike, flying as if old What's-his-name was after them. Artillery stuck in the mud, cartridges, guns, and accouterments of every description scattered over the ground, as though they never expected to have any use for them again; but as if their only thoughts were to put as much distance as possible between themselves and the dreadful Yankees. Oh, it was a glorious picnic to rush them from one hill to another, shouting all the way. Little heed was taken of time and approaching darkness. One officer was so carried away with the enthusiasm, that he became separated from the staff, and pushed over to the Fourth Corps, who were in pursuit, and then on with the cavalry, so that he did not find his way back to head-quarters until three o'clock the next morning, and there found the general and staff stretched out in the mud, each one having two fence-rails for a bed, no fire, and a drenching rain to cool off the ardor of the previous day.

Read December 1, 1886.

A CONFEDERATE SPY.

BY LEWIS H. BOND,

Brevet Major U. S. V.

Among the most notable events of the Revolutionary War were the capture and execution of Major André. History, in pathetic language, relates how that young and talented British officer died upon the scaffold for the part he took in the treachery of Benedict Arnold, and we are told that so deeply did these occurrences impress themselves upon the minds of the people that Congress voted medals of gold, inscribed with the motto: "The love of country conquers," to the three militiamen—Van Wert, Paulding, and Williams—who had, out upon the Tarrytown Road, made André their prisoner. The State of Ohio has made the memory of these men perpetual within her borders by adopting their names respectively for three of her north-western counties.

During the late war of the Southern Rebellion, the loyal states were infested with many spies and emissaries of the Confederate authorities; but it is a matter of which the nation should be proud, that, among all her armies of two millions and a half of men, no Federal general was ever found base enough to imitate the example of Benedict Arnold. Blunders may have been committed, but the traitor's sinister bar was never placed upon the escutcheon of any officer of the Union army.

During the year 1864 there occurred in Ohio a capture which in interest equaled, if it did not exceed, that of Major André.

Lieutenant Samuel B. Davis, of the Confederate army, a relative of Jefferson Davis, was sent by him on a secret mission to Ohio. He was a young officer, twenty-four years of age, tall and slender, and prepossessing in appearance. His father was a Presbyterian minister, residing in the State of Delaware, of which commonwealth young Davis was a native. Lieutenant Davis, prior to his appearance in this state, had served upon the staff of General Winder, in charge of Andersonville prison, and had in consequence become known to some of the Union soldiers who were incarcerated there. This fact played an important part in his subsequent detection and trial.

Disguising himself in citizen's clothing, dyeing his hair, and securing a British passport under an assumed name, young Davis entered upon his perilous undertaking. Making his way from Richmond, Va., to Baltimore, Md., he traveled from thence to Columbus, Ohio. How long he remained there, with whom he communicated, and what he communicated, was not fully known at the time of his trial, although sufficient information was obtained to justify placing a number of persons under surveillance. Leaving Columbus, Lieutenant Davis traveled on the cars to Detroit, Mich., passed over the Detroit River to Windsor, Canada, and there communicated with Jacob Thompson and other Confederate outlaws, who were making war upon our government from the territory of a neutral power. After remaining in Canada a few weeks, he re-crossed the river to De-

troit and returned to Columbus, and, in a few days thereafter, took the cars for Baltimore, on his return to Richmond.

Up to this time fortune had favored him. He had escaped detection, and, having fully carried out the instructions he had received from the President of the Confederacy, was hopefully looking forward to the promotion and honor which was sure to follow upon his return. How soon the brightest prospects are dimmed! At Newark, Ohio, two private soldiers of the Union army took their seats in the same car that contained the Confederate officer. A moment later, and one of them whispered to his companion: "Jim, there's Lieutenant Davis, of Andersonville;" and, immediately approaching the Confederate, said: "Arn't you Lieutenant Davis?" "No, sir; my name is Stewart," was the reply. "Yes, you are Lieutenant Davis, and you had charge of the prison when I was in Andersonville," said the soldier. By this time nearly every body in the car had gathered around the two men, and Lieutenant Davis, seeing that concealment of his identity was no longer possible, said: "Well, boys, you have got me. I am Lieutenant Davis." A few minutes later, he was in the custody of the provost marshal at Newark, and placed for security within the Newark jail. Before his incarceration he had been searched. Nothing was found upon his person save his money and watch and chain. He was placed in the main room of the jail with a number of other prisoners who were gathered around a stove. As soon as the provost marshal had taken his departure, Lieutenant Davis removed his coat, ripped open the linings, and, taking out a number of dispatches and drawings which were written upon white silk, consigned them to the flames.

Subsequently he was removed to Cincinnati, and confined in the old prison known as the McLean Barracks. Charges of being a spy were preferred against him, and by order of the department commander, General Joseph Hooker, I was ordered to report as judge-advocate of the court-martial which was to try him. The court-martial convened in the old building nearly opposite the National Theater, on Sycamore Street, and Lieutenant Davis, upon being arraigned, pleaded "not guilty of being a spy," but "guilty of being a bearer of dispatches." Then followed the introduction by the prosecution of all the evidence that could be obtained to show that the prisoner was not in any military sense a bearer of dispatches. The judge-advocate argued that the prisoner was within the Union lines in disguise, and where he could have obtained valuable information whether he did or not, and that these facts made him a spy according to the laws, customs, and usages of war. Lieutenant Davis offered no testimony to show the contents of the documents he had burnt in the Newark jail, nor did he reveal any fact that would throw light upon the object of his mission. He did propose to show, by the testimony of Jefferson Davis and J. P. Benjamin, that he was sent as a bearer of dispatches, and not as a spy; but the court-martial held that the testimony he desired to obtain would not change the admitted facts of the case, even if true, and declined to grant a continuance for the purpose of obtaining the testimony of the chief of the Confederacy and his secretary of state.

It is customary in courts-martial, after the evidence has been heard, for the prisoner to make his statement. Lieutenant Davis arose for that purpose. He paused for a moment

and scanned the faces before him. There sat the rugged, stern-visaged veterans of the Union army, some of them with empty sleeves. No sympathetic glance returned his own. His doom had overtaken him, and he realized it. Yet, with a fortitude and courage that was sublime, he addressed his judges as though he was speaking, not to them, but to posterity. I remember a portion of his address. Said he: "I fear nothing on this earth. I do not fear to die. I am young, and would like to live; but I deem him unworthy who should ask pity of his foemen. Some of you have wounds and scars. I can show them, too. You are serving your country as best you may. I have done the same. I can look to God with a clear conscience; and whenever the chief magistrate of this nation shall say 'Go,' whether upon the scaffold or by the bullets of your soldiery, I will show you how to die."

Just before the court-martial retired for consultation upon their verdict and sentence, he shook hands with each member, and said he did not expect to meet them again on earth. The court found him guilty of being a spy, and sentenced him to be hung. He was taken immediately to Johnson's Island, and a day set for his execution. An account of his trial appeared in a leading newspaper of Cincinnati, together with a report of his remarks. They excited great attention throughout the state. Wm. T. McClintick, Esq., President of the Cincinnati and Marietta Railroad, who knew the father of Lieutenant Davis, interested himself actively to secure a suspension of his sentence. An appeal was finally made to President Abraham Lincoln. Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, wrote to the President: "You know I am neither your

personal nor political friend, but Senator Douglas once told me that you were a kind-hearted man. Read the inclosed speech of this young officer condemned as a spy. There is nothing like it in history save Robert Emmet's. I ask you to act in this matter as the President of the United States should act."

The day appointed for the execution was near at hand when Lieutenant Davis wrote to me from Johnson's Island. He said: "Having heard of my sentence, and also knowing that the 17th inst. is appointed as the day of my execution, I write in order to give you time to grant the request of a dying man. The court of which you are the judge-advocate having sentenced me to be hung, at least grant the request of one whose days are numbered. I desire that, if possible, one or more members of the court will come and witness my execution. Take this as the request of one about to be launched into eternity. Come and see it done, and you shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you hung a brave man. Be kind enough to answer this hasty note. It is not written through disrespect, but for the reason I have already assigned."

It illustrates somewhat the spirit of those days to quote now, after twenty-two years have elapsed, my reply to this strange request. I said: "Your wish that one or more members of the court which sentenced you to be hung may be present at your execution will be granted if possible. As judge-advocate of the general court-martial which pronounced the sentence of death upon you, I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of saying to you that, by your manly

conduct and heroic bearing under the most trying circumstances, you have won the respect and excited the admiration of your foemen. A sense of duty to their country alone actuated the members of the court when they found you guilty of being a spy; and I assure you it was with feelings of regret and sadness that I conducted the prosecution against you—regret that one so young and brave should deem it right to assist in the destruction of his native land, and sadness that it was *my duty* to prove him guilty of an offense which merits and receives an ignominious punishment.”

Preparations for the execution were fully made, and the prisoner looked forward to the morrow as his last day on earth. The commandant at head-quarters on Johnson's Island had retired for the night, when he was aroused by a messenger bringing an order from President Lincoln directing that the execution be suspended, and the prisoner sent to Fort Warren. In this fortress Lieutenant Davis was kept securely imprisoned until the Southern Confederacy was a thing of the past, when the Secretary of War—Mr. Stanton—very reluctantly directed his release.

It was more than twenty years after the events herein related had occurred, while sitting in my office in Cincinnati, a stranger presented himself before me, and, extending his hand, said: “I presume you do not remember me; my name is Samuel B. Davis.” Seating himself at my invitation, we held a long and interesting conversation. While Lieutenant Davis talked freely about the events of the past, he did not disclose the nature of his mission to Ohio during the war.

When he arose to take his departure, I said to him: "Lieutenant Davis, will you not tell me, before you go, why you came to this state in 1864?" Said he, quietly: "That is a secret that will die with me."

Read February 2, 1887.

OUR KIRBY SMITH.

BY JOHN W. FULLER,

Late Brigadier and Brevet Major-General U. S. V.

There have been three Kirby Smiths—all of them soldiers. The elder, Ephraim Kirby Smith, dropped all but the initial of his first name, and was always known as E. Kirby Smith. During the war of the rebellion it was common to hear the older officers of our army speak of him as a soldier of marked ability, and as one who had been universally respected and honored.

Major E. Kirby Smith fell in battle at the head of his battalion at Molino-del-Rey; a battle in which we lost fifty-nine officers (one-third of all engaged), and nearly eight hundred men. A battle so much more fatal, proportionately, to us, than any other with the same foe, that it seems evident "somebody blundered." Indeed, General Grant, in his memoirs, thinks this battle ought never to have been fought at all, as the enemy's very strong position could have been easily turned.

Major E. Kirby Smith was the father of *our* Kirby Smith, whose memory, still cherished in some hearts, I desire to revive and freshen to-night—the memory of *J. L. Kirby Smith*, the first colonel of the Forty-third Ohio.

It is not an easy task, I know, to interest a listener in the story of one who fell so young, no matter how highly

esteemed, nor how beloved by his immediate comrades; for, though he gave promise of a brilliant career, he died too soon to verify the promise. His service in the field covered merely eight brief months, and he was but twenty-six years old when he fell in battle. So young, that only a few could realize that a born soldier had been lost; so soon, that only his kindred and a few who loved him would keep his memory green.

Perhaps, when asking you to listen to the brief story of this young soldier, it may be well, at the outset, to show that I am not alone in thinking his memory worthy of preservation; and to this end will quote a few lines from a letter written by a general who once commanded the Twelfth, and afterward the Twentieth Corps. General A. S. Williams, who knew Colonel Smith, perhaps, even better than I did, speaks thus of him: "He was my beau-ideal of a young man. Cheerful, religious, faithful, and sincere; frank, brave, affectionate, and dutiful, he combined all the severer virtues of mature age without illiberality, prejudice, bigotry, envy, or malevolence. There was 'a daily beauty in his life' that won the hearts of all who knew him." And again the same general says: "His heart was so given to the cause of his country, and he was so free from selfish considerations; he was so capable, so brave, so self-reliant without vanity, so patient and so persevering in the line of duty, that I have looked confidently—though not without apprehensions for his personal safety—for splendid services and rapid and well-earned advancement."

The father of our colonel was born in New England, and always gloried in that love of freedom and that sturdy in-

dependence which he associated with his childhood's home; and yet he was appointed to the military academy from Florida, for *his* father, Joseph Lee Smith, had been sent there by President Monroe to serve as United States Judge, immediately on the change of flags, when our government purchased that territory from Spain.

There was another and younger son of Judge Smith in the army, afterward known as the rebel General E. Kirby Smith, who had been registered at West Point as Edmund K. Smith, and who was always known, up to the close of the Mexican War, by his first name. The elder brother had made the name of E. Kirby Smith both honored and beloved, and when, soon after his death, his brother Edmund assumed that name, and began to write himself E. Kirby Smith, it gave sore offense to the widow and friends of the original Kirby, and this was intensified by his joining the rebels. It seemed to them that Edmund had stolen his brother's honored name and linked it with treason, and it is not strange that the son—our Kirby Smith—grew up to feel that his uncle was guilty of a grievous wrong. When, during the rebellion, the name of his uncle was mentioned in some Confederate dispatch, our Kirby would refer to him bitterly, saying: "Years ago he stole my father's good name, and now he has betrayed his country's flag. If I could meet him in battle, with force enough to thoroughly beat him, it would do my soul good; and I would like to capture him, that I might tell him how his kindred and his former comrades despise him."

But, to take events in their proper order, I must go back to say that our Kirby was born in Syracuse, N. Y., on the

25th day of July, 1836, where his father was then stationed on recruiting service. For some years the boy grew up amid the scenes of the camp, and when later he was sent to school, a little incident occurred which gives us a glimpse of character not often seen in boys of his years. His reverend teacher believed in the use of the rod. Some mischief had been done, and, as Kirby refused to tell who the guilty party was, the teacher believed it was Kirby, and punished him accordingly. An aunt, who learned the facts, was very indignant at this injustice, notwithstanding the teacher had subsequently apologized, and went with the story to the boy's mother. When Kirby's mother talked it over with her son, and dwelt upon the fact of his innocence, the boy replied: "Mother, do you remember what Socrates said when his friends lamented that he, an innocent man, should be put to death? 'Would you then have me guilty?'"

Our Kirby entered the academy at West Point in 1853. He had less than the usual trouble in conforming to the discipline of the school, as he had long been taught both the propriety and the necessity of obedience. That other attribute, without which we should have no true soldier, viz., loyalty, was born in him.

At the military academy he had the usual experience which comes with the first or second year when cadets must settle some real or fancied insult in a private set-to with the fist; arms, of course, being prohibited. The Kansas troubles were at that time exciting everybody, and Kirby made some remarks about the aggressiveness of the slave power which gave offense to a stalwart cadet from North Carolina. He must withdraw the remarks or take the consequences. Kirby

said he had a right to his opinions, and also the right to express them. So a fight, on the classic ground near the Kosciusko Monument, had to come. Kirby seemed to look upon it as a joke, and went in a merry mood to the rendezvous, alone. But when he saw the tall Southerner with half a dozen of his friends awaiting him, Kirby grew indignant, and began to wonder whether he could jump high enough to hit the Carolinian between the eyes. He accomplished this so thoroughly that his antagonist soon lay sprawling on the ground, bleeding profusely from the nose. When the Southerner's companions could not bring him to the scratch again, they proposed that our Kirby should fight each one of them in turn. At this moment, Cadet Orlando Poe (well known to us as General Poe), who had been looking on from behind some bushes, stepped forward and announced that if there was to be any more fighting he would take a hand himself. As Poe was older, and a full head taller than our Kirby, he presented a formidable appearance, and the Southerner's seconds soon decided that honor did not require them to fight, and they withdrew.* But long before graduation day, our Kirby and his antagonist were devoted friends.

*Since this paper was in print, General Poe, in a private letter to me, says: "As for Smith's fight with Sol. Williams, I was not hidden in the bushes, but in company with W. P. Sanders (afterward the General Sanders who was killed at Knoxville), went with Smith to the ground appointed, and it was Sanders, not I, who interfered with the attempts to stop the fight before Williams gave up; but after it was seen that he was doomed to defeat, Sanders was selected to do so, because he was Kentucky born, and appointed from Mississippi, and

Smith was graduated from the academy in 1857—sixth in his class—and when the war broke out he was a lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers, and stationed at Detroit under Captain George G. Meade, who afterward became Commander of the Army of the Potomac. They were awaiting the opening of navigation to resume duty in triangulating Lake Superior.

Both Meade and Smith were afraid the great rebellion would be put down while they were measuring the shores and sounding the depths of that inland sea. But it was not long before they learned that every soldier would find enough to do.

Our Kirby's first war service was on the staff of General Patterson; then on that of Banks. But he was restive while assigned to mere topographical duty, and longed for a regiment he might lead to the field. After some disappointments he was offered a cavalry regiment, which he declined, as he once told me, merely "because he could not shoe a horse." Then the Forty-third Ohio was offered him by Governor Dennison, which he promptly and gladly accepted. On reaching Camp Chase, near Columbus, he found a mere squad of men, all like Artemus Ward's company, willing to be brigadiers. He removed head-quarters to Mount Vernon. Speedily the ranks were filled, and so thoroughly were the men drilled, that the Forty-third was soon known as one of the finest regiments Ohio sent into the field—and this is saying a good deal.

therefore a 'southern man,' and free from all suspicion of 'abolitionism.' I stood by, ready to back Sanders."—J. W. F.

It was about the last of February, 1862, when I first met Colonel Smith. He, with his regiment, joined the Army of the Mississippi at Commerce, Missouri, where General Pope was organizing his forces preparatory to the movement upon New Madrid. Smith's regiment and mine both belonged to the First Division of that army, commanded then by General Schuyler Hamilton. I did not see Smith during the first day's operations at New Madrid, when the enemy's gun-boats made so much noise, as his regiment was held in reserve; but General Pope soon after gave him an order to make a reconnoissance with his regiment, to learn more of the enemy's strength and position. He discharged this duty very satisfactorily to General Pope, and he did it in such a fearless manner as to attract the enemy's attention; for, when we captured the rebels, some weeks thereafter, some of them inquired particularly after the officer who that day rode the white horse, and were loud in their commendations of his gallantry.

When we were on transports down the Mississippi, and near Fort Pillow, General Pope gave Smith another opportunity to make an important reconnoissance. He was to explore the banks opposite Fort Pillow, looking for some bayou or passage through which steamboats might pass the fort and thus reach Memphis. Before this was accomplished, however, General Pope's army was ordered to immediately join the forces of Grant and Buell, then approaching Corinth.

About the time we reached Pittsburg Landing, the four Ohio regiments which originally formed the First Division of the Army of the Mississippi became the First Brigade of that division. General Daniel Tyler was assigned to command the

brigade, and General D. S. Stanley commanded the division. This change brought me into more frequent contact with Colonel Smith, and I had learned to like him well before he came under my command in the following July.

There was a good deal of humor in Smith. During one of our marches the sutler of his regiment (whom Smith told me he had scarcely ever seen) came to the front with his wagons, and with—a sense of his responsibility. One day, near the end of a weary march, while the colonel was riding in rear of his regiment encouraging the foot-sore to keep their places, the sutler galloped up from the rear to find a good place in the new camp. “Give way there!” he sang out, “I want to get to the head of the column; please give way.” “Who are you, sir?” inquired Smith, as the sutler grew importunate. “Why, I am the sutler of the Forty-third Ohio,” was the confident reply. “Oh, you are the sutler, are you? then I’ll give way immediately,” said Smith, reining out to one side with considerable ado, “for I am nothing but the durned colonel!”

During the summer, our Kirby’s health was seriously affected by a disease which threatened to become chronic. After repeated warnings from his surgeon, and at the earnest instance of some comrades who were alarmed about him, he applied for a leave. Rosecrans said he would find some duty for Colonel Smith, temporarily, at the North, and would order him there. But he forgot it, and so the next month, when I also was ill, we each requested a leave of absence. When these requests reached Rosecrans, he said: “What! grant a leave to two colonels at once, and of the same brigade! I can’t think of it!” “All right,” said General Stanley, who

happened (?) to be at General Rosecrans' head-quarters at the time—"all right, General; but if you don't give them a leave, God Almighty will, pretty soon." "Is it so bad as that?" responded Rosecrans; "well, then, Mr. Adjutant, send these leaves at once." I remember that little kindness of General Stanley with deep gratitude to this day, and I know that Colonel Smith appreciated it keenly. Stanley sometimes seemed almost savage in battle, and would fight the devil himself if he got in the way; and yet he was as gentle and considerate as a woman when his sympathies were touched.

It was a happy journey we made together. The bracing air of the North was to bring back health and strength. The society of those dearer than all was again to be ours. At Columbus, Ohio, we separated; Colonel Smith to see his mother and sister in Philadelphia, and I meet my young family at Toledo.

When the time came for our return, we arranged by telegraph to meet at Chicago, that we might go back together. Smith was a charming talker, and I enjoyed very heartily his story of what he had seen and heard. It would be difficult to repeat what was said, for his voice and gesture were so much a part of all, that his listener could recall the impression felt more easily than the story itself. But quaint sketches of people, told in the kindest manner; the joyous meeting with his mother and sister; the tender references to one who was to be closer than all, were all given with a charm I could never describe. Ah! little did he think that they of whom he talked so long, so gayly, and withal so tenderly—little did he think they would never hear his voice again.

It was early in September when we returned to the army, and found the Ohio Brigade had marched eastward, near to Iuka. Smith's regiment was a short distance still further east, guarding the crossing of Bear Creek. We were just in time to take part in the maneuvers which preceded the battle of Iuka, and which culminated in the battle of Corinth. Almost immediately we marched back to Corinth, as it was thought Van Dorn was heading for that place. We were only comfortably encamped when General Price, with a large rebel force, occupied Iuka, driving out the garrison we had left there.

General Grant immediately resolved to try to capture or destroy Price. Rosecrans was to approach Iuka from the south, while another column under Ord was to attack from the west. One of Rosecrans' divisions had to make a round-about march, and on the night preceding the battle was several miles behind the place of rendezvous. This led Grant to fear that Rosecrans could not reach Iuka in time to carry out the original programme. So he instructed Ord, who was not strong enough alone to fight Price, to await the sound of Rosecrans' guns before attacking. The wind blew from Ord toward Rosecrans, and the former heard nothing of the fierce battle which Rosecrans had all to himself, not more than four or five miles away to the south of the town. The Ohio Brigade, to which Smith belonged, formed the rear-guard that day, and was only ordered to the front just as the darkness suddenly grew so dense that Rosecrans ordered us, after getting into position, to wait for aiming light.

The next morning, when we moved forward, Price was gone; and when we had advanced into the town, had come

to a halt, and had stacked arms, Ord's forces were seen approaching from the west with drums beating and banners flying. Rosecrans asked Ord, as soon as that general rode forward, why he did not come to time in accordance with the mutual understanding—why he, Rosecrans, had been left in the lurch. Ord answered by showing Grant's order to postpone the attack. This miscarriage was the beginning of a misunderstanding which grew into positive dislike between Grant and Rosecrans—a breach which was never healed.

The division to which Smith's regiment belonged (Stanley's) followed Price for ten or a dozen miles to the southward, then marched to the westward, keeping between the army of Price and Corinth. After resting at Rienzi for a day or two, we moved by the roundabout way of Kossuth to Corinth.

Rosecrans by this time knew that Price had rejoined Van Dorn, and that their united forces were moving in a northerly direction; but whether they were aiming for Bolivar and Jackson, or would first strike Corinth, he was waiting to see.

On the 2d of October, Colonel Smith was ordered with his regiment and a section of artillery to Kossuth; but during the night, Rosecrans, now satisfied that Corinth was Van Dorn's objective, ordered every thing to concentrate there. So Smith had hardly bivouacked when he received orders to countermarch. Though very weary with so much marching, Smith was too good a soldier to delay, and the next morning at ten o'clock he rejoined his brigade.

The firing was already rapid and heavy to the west of the town, but Corinth itself was not threatened until late in the afternoon. Then the division of General Davis, greatly out-

numbered, fell back to the line of woods not far from and in full sight of the town itself.

The Ohio Brigade was ordered to the crest crowned by Battery Robinet, to resist any further advance of the enemy. Van Dorn, however, postponed his grand assault until morning, and during the evening each army was formed in position for the morrow's strife. The lines of the Ohio Brigade were not over two hundred yards from the spot where the rebels planted Tobin's battery, and all night we could plainly hear the preparations the enemy was making. Moreover, the skirmishers were so close that any slight movement on either side was instantly followed by the sharp crack of the rifle. Colonel Smith's regiment was formed on the left of Battery Robinet, facing to the west; the other regiments of the brigade were to the right of the battery, facing to the north.

During the night the brigade commander called Colonel Smith to accompany him while making the rounds, to suggest any thing which might have been overlooked, to guard against any surprise. The chat we had together that night was the last I enjoyed with him. He was cheery as ever, and joked in low tones with as much unconcern as though the rebels were miles away. "Colonel," said he, "where did you get forage for your horses to-night? I don't know whether mine smells the battle afar off, but he keeps singing out 'Ha(y)! Ha(y)!' and I think he made a remark about oats."

Before the first glimpse of day on that memorable morning, October 4, 1862, the enemy opened with several batteries which he had planted during the night. Smith lost a few

men, but his position was not at first much exposed, as the enemy's guns were mostly aimed at the town. As soon as it was light enough to see, our own batteries drove the rebels back. About 11 o'clock the enemy's columns were seen moving to attack the troops stationed on our right. As the Ohio Brigade occupied the crest of a ridge near the center of Rosecrans' line of battle, we had a magnificent view of the enemy as he came out of the woods in fine style, and marched over and through the obstructions with such noticeable gallantry. Our guns were all turned in that direction, and, though many gaps were made in their ranks, they closed up without a moment's delay, and moved forward in splendid style. We saw the rebels drive back a portion of our line; saw them climbing over the light intrenchments; saw them moving onward to the town. Soon after, we saw them going back again, followed by our boys in blue. A struggle occurred at some points on the line, but the rebels were giving way, and most of them were running backward to the woods, when our attention became wholly occupied with the movement in our own front.

Another division of the enemy was coming through the woods, directly toward us. Their banners waved gayly, and, on reaching the edge of the woods, they halted a few seconds, as if to perfect their formation, and then bore down upon us. The column in the road, meeting little or no obstruction, was soon far in advance of the others. Captain Lathrop, of my staff, was sent to order Colonel Smith to "change front forward." This maneuver Smith proceeded to execute just as if his regiment was on parade, aligning his right company on the markers before giving the order for the other companies

to advance. This movement was not fully completed when Smith was shot down. A column which advanced along the west side of the road got close to the battery, and the men, sheltering themselves behind stumps and logs, were firing sharply. "Those fellows are firing at you, Colonel," said one of the Forty-third's men. "Well, give it to them," answered the colonel, and immediately thereafter fell from his horse. When the column in the road had been driven back by the point-blank fire of the Sixty-third and Twenty-seventh Regiments, fearing another and perhaps stronger effort would be made to drive us from the crest, I ran back to near the railroad to bring forward the Eleventh Missouri to a position directly behind the Sixty-third Ohio. This regiment did not belong to my brigade, but it was the nearest at hand, and very promptly moved up to the position assigned. The commander of the brigade to which the Eleventh Missouri belonged had mistaken the rebel skirmishers for ours, and had been taken prisoner by them some hours before; and General Stanley, our division commander, had gone over to the right, when it seemed all the fighting was to be done there, and had not yet returned. While I was bringing up the Eleventh Missouri, glancing over my left shoulder, I saw some men picking up a wounded officer whose face was stained with blood. I did not then know it was Colonel Smith, but directly after I saw his adjutant Heyl, ride up to that group, and with a futile effort to steady himself, by grasping his horse's mane, fall also to the ground.

By this time the enemy's battalions were coming along the Chewalla Road again, and my attention was wholly absorbed by their gallant charge. Their leader, Colonel Rogers, of

Texas, was unhorsed soon after leaving the cover of the woods, but he advanced fearlessly on foot at the head of his column. When his color-bearer was shot down, Rogers picked up the flag and deliberately carried it forward until he fell, a few feet before reaching the ditch of the little fort. The rebel column pushed forward until it began to trample on the dead of the Sixty-third Ohio, still lying where they fell, when it was charged by the Eleventh Missouri, the Twenty-seventh Ohio, and a remnant of the Sixty-third. This charge smashed the head of that column, and drove its rear backward to the woods.

To go back a few minutes, when Colonel Smith, his adjutant, and others of the Forty-third were shot down, that regiment seemed dazed, and liable to confusion; but Lieutenant-Colonel Wager Swayne immediately began to steady the ranks, and General Stanley galloped up just in time to help. Stanley was a host in battle, and always seemed to be where the strife was fiercest. Just as our boys were moving for the charge, which broke the rebel column in the road, I was astonished to see Stanley rushing in between the file closers and the line of battle of the Eleventh Missouri, his arms outstretched, to touch as many men as he could reach, pushing them forward to strike the head of the rebel column. I wondered how he got there; for, only a minute or two before, he was with the Forty-third, making it hot for the rebels to the left of the battery.

Very soon after the charge—when the exultant shout of victory was so quickly followed by that revulsion which came with the whispered names of the dead—occurred the scene

thus touchingly referred to by General Stanley in his official report of the battle: "I have not words to describe the qualities of this model soldier, or to express the loss we have sustained in his death. The best testimony I can give to his memory is the spectacle I witnessed myself, in the very moment of battle, of stern, brave men weeping like children, as the word passed, 'Kirby Smith is killed!'"

It was nearly an hour after he was shot when Smith became conscious, and word came to us from the hospital that his wound was not mortal. I jumped upon a fallen tree in rear of the Forty-third and sang out to them that Colonel Smith was not killed, but would recover. This was repeated by Swayne and others, and the cheer which followed, taken up by the men of other regiments also, would have gladdened our Kirby's heart. From the moment that consciousness returned, Colonel Smith never forgot he was a soldier, never failed to receive us with the customary salute, never allowed any complaint or signal of pain to escape him.

It seemed a singular coincidence to us, and I think also to Smith, that his wound was identical with that which struck down his honored father, years before, at the gates of Mexico. A shot entered just under the right nostril, passing somewhat upward, until deflected by a bone, when it passed out at the left ear.

That evening I went with General Stanley to the hospital. It will be readily understood that the nature of Kirby's wound prevented speech; but as soon as he saw us he indicated a desire to write. I took out a memorandum book and pencil, when he immediately wrote: "How did my regiment

behave?" General Stanley commenced to write a reply, when a quizzical look of the colonel's reminded us he could *hear* well enough, and Stanley answered, "Most gallantly." This seemed to please Smith greatly, and he at once acknowledged it with one of his graceful salutes.

When Stanley had passed on, to speak to others, I sat down at Kirby's side, and expressed a desire to do any thing for him that I could. Would he like to have me write to his mother? A nod said "yes." Was there any one else he wished me to write? He made no sign in response, but seemed hesitating about something he felt loth to drop, and kept looking at me with a steady gaze. "Shall I write to Miss ——?" naming the lady to whom he was betrothed. A pleasant smile and nod together was his answer, and I said I would do the best I could. The next morning, before we started in pursuit of the enemy, I rode back to see him again. I found him so cheerful, and apparently so much better, that I said: "My dear fellow, you will be able to write your own letters before we get back." I thought he felt so, too.

During the eight days we were absent, frequent letters advised us that Colonel Smith was better, and when we reached camp near Corinth, we received word that he was still improving—was walking about the room a little, making people laugh at the quaint things he wrote and the comical gestures he made; in short, seemed like himself again. So I did not go into town that evening (we were five miles away), but waited until morning, when the brigade would march in.

About noon I rode to the house where the colonel was

lying, and saw, almost at a glance, that all hope of his recovery must be fast fading out. I was greatly surprised, after so many accounts of improvement, to find him so feeble, so cold, so drowsy. I could hardly suppress my disappointment. Poor Kirby, however, did not observe much. He put out his hand before I could reach his cot, and, grasping mine, made a feeble effort to shake it. In response to my question, "How are you, my dear fellow?" he took a pencil, and in my memorandum book slowly scrawled two words, "utter exhaustion." Soon thereafter he took my hand again, and held it until he fell into a troubled sleep. The surgeon of his regiment did not think the case so hopeless as it seemed to me. He thought the colonel would rally to-morrow, and even if he did not recover, thought it probable he would linger for several days. "He was not in this condition yesterday," said the surgeon, "and I think it is only temporary."

Just after supper that evening, Colonel Swayne came to my tent and said that he had been sent for. Colonel Smith was worse. We sent immediately for Dr. Thrall to accompany us, and, as soon as horses could be saddled, all rode over together to see if, in any way, we could contribute to his comfort. We were too late. As we entered, we noticed that the room had been freshly swept, and we saw a white sheet covering something on the cot, now moved back against the wall, which told us that he was gone.

There is one other word to say, which I could wish were said by some one better fitted to say it. Colonel Smith was more than a soldier; he was a Christian. He never made a

parade of his religious ideas. No man ever saw in him the **least** particle of cant. Yet in and through the soldier, there **shone** forth in the life of our Kirby Smith the evidence of **that** life which is eternal.

Read March 2, 1887.

THE LOYALISTS OF TENNESSEE IN THE LATE WAR.

BY WILLIAM RULE,

Late Adjutant Sixth Tenn. Inf., U. S. V.

On the first day of May, 1769, a young farmer started out from the banks of the Yadkin River, in the State of North Carolina, accompanied by five stalwart hunters. It was about the time that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts were denying themselves the luxury of tea, rather than pay tribute to a tyrant king. About the same time, the House of Burgesses was dissolved by the colonial governor of Virginia for having dared to pass resolutions condemning the Stamp Act; and Governor Tryon, of North Carolina, was serving his royal master by oppressing the patriots of that colony. The name of the young farmer was James Robertson, the founder of the first colony in Tennessee; and one of the hunters who accompanied him was Daniel Boone, whose daring exploits have been read by every school-boy and school-girl in the land. They went, as did the messengers sent out by Moses of old, to spy out a land beyond the distant Alleghenies, where they and those who sent them might live free from the restraints and oppressions of British rulers. A year afterward a colony was established beside the swift-rushing, limpid waters of the beautiful Watauga River. It was composed of men and women of heroic mold, filled with inspirations of patriotism,

resolved that their abiding place in the wilderness, surrounded by savages, should be "Freedom's home or Glory's grave." The descendants of these patriots who thus fled from British oppression, and were the pioneers in the settlement of East Tennessee, form the basis of my remarks this evening; they have made honorable records on the battle-fields of every war in which their country has ever engaged, from King's Mountain to Appomattox.

There were more than one hundred thousand white men in the Union army from the rebellious states, fully thirty-five thousand of whom were from Tennessee. It is of these of whom I shall speak chiefly, because I know more of them; though, in passing, I will not fail to pay tribute to those of other sections in the state, and other states in the South. Nor will I forget the thousands of colored men who enlisted from the rebellious states, and did gallant service for the Union cause on many a hotly contested field, and who demonstrated that a black skin is no barrier to manly courage. How to deal with the loyal contingent in the Southern Confederacy was one of the questions that gave the Confederate authorities a great deal of trouble from the outset. When voluntary enlistments became too slow to meet the exigencies of the Confederate service, a sweeping conscript law was passed; and when its enforcement was attempted in East Tennessee, it drove five men into the Union army for every one secured for the Confederate ranks.

The people of this "Switzerland of America" were peculiar in many respects. Living, as they did, about the center of the border slave states, a majority of them were opposed to slavery. It has been stated—and, so far as I

know, never denied—that the first abolition paper published in the United States emanated from a press in Jonesboro, in Tennessee.

Among the first abolition societies ever organized in this country were those of Eastern Tennessee. In the year 1816 the Manumission Society of Tennessee held a meeting at Greenville, and issued an address advocating the abolition of slavery.

When Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and South Carolina and other Southern States proceeded in hot haste to sever their connection with the Union, Tennessee was utterly averse to taking such a step. The secessionists urged that if the slave states would make a common cause, and go out of the Union promptly, the government would not attempt coercion, and the secession movement would be carried out successfully. It was gravely insisted that the northern people were too fond of making money to go to war; and if perchance they did make up their minds to fight, one southern man would prove more than a match for five "Yankees." But a majority of the people of Tennessee were willing to at least wait until the new President committed some overt act that might afford something like a pretext for secession.

The governor of the state, however, was an uncompromising secessionist. He sent a message to the legislature, urging that body to provide for holding a convention for the purpose of passing an ordinance of secession, which was done. The legislature provided that, while electing delegates, the voters might at the same time say whether or not the convention should be held. As a result, the proposition to hold a con-

vention was voted down by an overwhelming majority. In the counties of Eastern Tennessee, in an aggregate vote of forty-three thousand, the majority against holding the convention was more than twenty-three thousand. This was in February, 1861. But this did not satisfy the leaders of the secession movement, who had determined that they would not accept a negative answer, and that, if necessary, force should be used to drag the state out of the Union. They redoubled their diligence, and did every thing possible to arouse the prejudices and the passions of the people. In April, a blow was struck at Fort Sumter. Then came the sounding of trumpets, the rattle of drums, the Confederate recruiting officer in his bright gray uniform, and soon armed Confederate troops were marching upon the streets of the towns and cities.

The governor convened the legislature again in extra session, and sent in a lurid message, full of dire prophecy as to what was going to happen if the State of Tennessee failed to cast her lot with her sisters of the South. That body, under the excitement of the hour, was induced to pass an ordinance of secession, without awaiting the formality of holding a convention composed of delegates fresh from the people. An election was ordered to be held on the 8th of June, which every body knew would be a farce, as it was certain that the people would be overawed by the military force of the Southern Confederacy. The election was held, and the state was declared out of the Union. The people of East Tennessee, still true to their principles and loyal to their government, gave a majority of twenty thousand against the ratification of the so-called ordinance of se-

cession. The flag of the Union still floated defiantly over their homes, and they now sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and other national airs with an unction they had never known before.

Anticipating the result of this 8th of June election, a convention of Union men had been called to be held at Knoxville on the 31st day of May. That section of the state had been thoroughly canvassed, and the leaders had advocated the cause of the Union upon the stump, at the peril of their lives. This convention met just eight days before the election, when the town was full of armed Confederate troops. It was presided over by Hon. Thos. A. R. Nelson, then representative in Congress from the first district. It remained in session two days, and adopted resolutions denouncing the act of the legislature in passing the ordinance of secession as a gross and wicked usurpation. It then adjourned subject to the call of the president. On the ninth day after the election it assembled again at Greenville. On this short notice more than three hundred delegates, representing all the counties in that section of the state, responded to the call and were present at the convention. While it was in session, a regiment of Louisiana Confederate soldiers, known as "The Tiger Rifles," on their way to "take Washington," stopped at Greenville. The commanding officer made a speech, in which he denounced Johnson, Brownlow, Maynard, and other Union leaders as Tories and traitors. This only embittered the Union men toward the cause of secession, and made them more determined than ever. The convention adopted a declaration of grievances, in which it was emphatically declared that the result of the recent election, ratifying the ordinance

of secession, was not binding upon the Union people of East Tennessee. Three commissioners were appointed to memorialize the legislature for permission to form a separate state out of the counties in that section of the state and such other adjoining counties as might desire to co-operate in the movement. An election was also ordered to be held, at which delegates were to be chosen to a convention to be held at Kingston for the purpose of drafting a constitution, and taking the preliminary steps necessary to the formation of a new state. The date for holding the election was fixed, and it was ordered, but never held, for reasons that will fully appear as we proceed.

The two months preceding the dates of these conventions were pregnant with stirring events. Personal collisions were frequent, and already blood had been shed and lives lost. On the 7th day of May, 1861, a Union flag was publicly raised in Knoxville, and a strong Union speech made by the late Judge Trigg. Charles S. Douglass, a courageous but indiscreet Union man, became involved in a quarrel with a Confederate major named Morgan. Morgan went away and armed himself. Returning, he commenced firing upon Douglass, who was unarmed, inflicting a slight flesh wound. Douglass was a dangerous man, and Morgan and his friends determined to get rid of him. The next day, two companies of Confederate troops were paraded in front of a hotel nearly opposite to where Douglass lived. He was attracted to the front of his residence, and while looking upon the soldiers was shot down by the side of his wife by some one concealed in an upper room of the hotel. A business man, who resided in the town, in writing

a private letter to a friend in New Haven the next day, related the details of Douglass' assassination. The letter was printed in a New Haven paper, with the name of the writer suppressed. It found its way back to Knoxville, and was republished in the local secession paper with bitter curses heaped upon the writer. The real author was suspected, and the first notice he had of the publication of his private letter was a deluge of anonymous notes coming to him through the post-office, filled with threats of vengeance. He is yet living, one of the leading business men of the South, and owes his life to the exercise of good judgment and a high order of courage in that particular emergency. His only offense was speaking the truth and calling things by their right names. These things are mentioned as a slight illustration of the condition of affairs in East Tennessee at that time.

In one month after the Greenville convention, the first battle of Bull Run was fought with its discouraging results. It served to arouse the people of the North to the magnitude of the great rebellion. To the Union men of East Tennessee it was doubly disheartening. Their leaders were being arrested on a charge of treason against the Southern Confederacy, and there was now no telling when deliverance would come, and the flag they loved again wave in triumph over their mountain homes; but their principles remained unchanged, their purposes inflexible, and their devotion unwavering.

About the first of August, 1861, they began to cross the Cumberland Mountains into Kentucky at points not guarded by Confederate troops, and to organize loyal East Tennessee

regiments. Among the first to go was Joseph A. Cooper, of Campbell County, who now resides in the State of Kansas. He became Captain of Company A, in the First Tennessee Infantry. He was afterward Colonel of the Sixth Infantry. While marching with Sherman through Georgia, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and at the close of the war he was a major-general by brevet, in command of a division in North Carolina. In a few weeks the First and Second Tennessee Infantry were organized at Camp Dick Robinson, with Colonel R. K. Byrd commanding the former and Colonel Carter the latter. By the first of the following April, six regiments of infantry were organized and in the field, two more were in process of organization, and three regiments of cavalry were partially recruited.

Leaving the loyalists of the Southern Confederacy now already in the field, let us go back for a moment to their homes within the Confederate lines, and see what is going on there. On the night of the 8th of November, 1862, an event happened which startled the whole Southern Confederacy. Three bridges were burned on the line of the railroad between Chattanooga and Bristol. In the language of one of the publications of the times, it was the work of "Lincolnite traitors," being a preconcerted movement entered into by East Tennessee loyalists, the purpose of which was to obstruct the transportation of troops to, and supplies for, the Confederate army in Virginia. The situation is described in a letter from Colonel Wood, commanding the post at Knoxville, to the Adjutant-General of the Confederate States at Richmond, who wrote: "The whole country is in a state of rebellion. They [meaning the Union men] must be pun-

ished, and some of the leaders ought to be punished to the extent of the law. Nothing short of this will quiet the country. . . . I felt it my duty to proclaim martial law, as there was a large majority of the people sympathizing with the enemy and communicating with them by the unfrequented mountain paths, and to prevent surprise and the destruction of commissary and quartermaster stores."

When this report was made by this Confederate colonel, there was not a Union soldier nearer than one hundred miles of his head-quarters. On the 12th of November, 1861, the day after Colonel Wood wrote that letter, A. G. Graham, a prominent secessionist at Jonesboro, wrote to Jefferson Davis, saying that civil war had broken out in Tennessee, and that the hostile element would "neither abate nor be conciliated." Speaking of the loyalists, he said: "They look confidently for the re-establishment of the Federal authority in the South with as much confidence as the Jews look for the coming of the Messiah; and I feel sure, when I assert it, that no event or circumstance can change or modify their hopes." He evidently understood the situation, and as a remedy he urged the Confederate President to take steps to send Union men north with their families, saying that, with their families there, they could do no great harm.

This bridge-burning was wholly the work of civilians. Those who participated in it were scattered over a wide territory nearly two hundred and fifty miles in extent; yet they acted in concert, without betraying their secrets, except to a faithful few. The history of this event is imperfectly understood, and never can be fully written, for the reason that the parties who were engaged in it were pledged to the

strictest secrecy at the time, which pledge was kept with remarkable fidelity; and the additional fact that a majority of them are now dead. Every man engaged knew perfectly well that if he should be exposed and arrested, his punishment would be an ignominious death; yet what was done was without fee or hope of reward, solely because it was believed that it would advance the Union cause of the Union. As a result, five men were arrested by the Confederate authorities and hung. Many others were arrested on a mere suspicion that they had some foreknowledge of the act, and, without the slightest proof, were cast into prison. Martial law was proclaimed, and the Union people disarmed as far as possible. A reign of terror prevailed, and it really seemed as if the devil had been turned loose and was having every thing his own way.

I can never forget the Sunday evening following the burning of the railroad bridges. A rumor prevailed in Knoxville that a thousand "Lincolmites" were marching upon Strawberry Plains for the purpose of burning the bridge over the Holston River at that place. Then there was hurrying to and fro. The "long-roll" aroused the soldiers in the camps, and soon they were marching double-quick to the depot, where a special train was waiting to hurry them off to the scene of action. Officers on swift chargers were dashing about the streets as if they believed that the safety of the Confederacy depended upon the celerity of their movements. With bated breath, brave men and fair women hoarsely whispered, "The Yankees are coming." But the cause of all this alarm and excitement was only a story, without foundation, that a few citizens unfriendly to the Confederacy were

about to make a second attempt to burn a railroad bridge. A few days before this time, the late Wm. G. Brownlow, editor and proprietor of the Knoxville *Whig*, the last Union newspaper published in the Southern Confederacy, had closed out his paper, at the same time announcing that he expected to be arrested on a charge of treason. I was an employe in his office at the time. He had gone out into the country a few days before, and when the bridges were burned his name was frequently connected with the act, and threats were freely made as to what would be done with him if caught. On the eventful Sunday evening some of his friends held a consultation, and decided that he ought to be made acquainted with the situation. It was further decided that I should go as a special messenger to carry him the information. The edict had gone forth that no one should go beyond the limits of the town without a pass from the Confederate authorities, to procure which it was necessary to take an oath to support the Southern Confederacy. Later on, one's conscience might have become elastic enough to take the oath with a mental reservation, but I decided that I would not, and would go without asking permission. Through the kindness of Mr. E. J. Sanford, now one of the leading business men of the city, I was furnished with a small boat and a skilled man to row it. We embarked in the boat within a few rods of the rebel pickets, and rowed as noiselessly as possible across the Tennessee River, arriving safely on the other shore. At the home of Mr. Caleb Baker, a good Union man, I procured one of his best horses for my journey. Riding that night and part of the next day through the mountains of Wears Cove, I arrived late in the afternoon at the home of Valentine Mat-

tox, at the base of the Great Smoky Mountains, where I found the "Fighting Parson." During the day I had seen hundreds of farmers and their sons armed with sporting rifles and shot-guns, prepared to give a warm reception to any Confederate troops that might come in that direction in search of the bridge-burners. I found Mr. Brownlow free from excitement, and seemingly perfectly indifferent to the threats being made against him.

The eyes of the loyalists of East Tennessee had been turned longingly toward the Cumberland Mountains for two months, from which direction it was believed that the Union forces were approaching. The burning of the bridges was accepted as positive evidence that the day of deliverance was at hand. The Union men gathered in armed bands at various points. Near Chimney Top Mountain in Greene County a regiment had been regularly organized. An armed Confederate force was sent out to disperse this regiment, and, finding that the arrival of relief was delayed, the command was disbanded, and the men looked to their own safety, each one taking care of himself. Most of them went immediately to Kentucky and enlisted under the three years' call in the Union service, while many were arrested and imprisoned.

History furnishes no parallel to the manner in which these loyalists of the Southern Confederacy enlisted in the army of their choice. Their recruiting stations were not decorated with waving banners nor enlivened by the soul-stirring strains of martial music. Like criminals fleeing from justice, they stole away from their homes, relying for protection upon the friendly darkness of the night, their own strong nerves, sinews, and will, and the mercies of an ever watchful Provi-

dence. In some mysterious way—one can hardly tell how—the news would be whispered around that on such a time and at such a place there would be a gathering of those who wished to “go to Kentucky.” The time was always after nightfall, and the place some secluded spot, removed from the frequented public highways. Then there was a day of busy preparation. Patriotic women, with heavy hearts, were preparing rations for sons, husbands, and brothers who were about to leave them, and upon whose faces they might never look again. When the sun had gone down behind the western hills, hasty good-byes were said, farewell kisses were imprinted on baby’s cheek, as it peacefully slept in its plain crib, perchance in the log cabin or cottage home, and hot tears expressed the grief of loved ones where language failed. Frail women, with burdens too heavy for mortal flesh to bear, were sustained, God only knows how. Then stalwart forms stole silently away, through forest and field, and a company of unconquerable spirits, whom the power of the whole Southern Confederacy were impotent to subdue, were on their way, seeking a place where they would have the privilege of fighting—perhaps dying—for the flag they loved, and for a freedom which was their proud birthright. If the history of these silent marches across the valleys and rugged mountains could be accurately written, it would make a volume of more thrilling interest than was ever produced in fiction’s most fertile field, and a story more wonderful than was ever wrought out by the liveliest imagination in its loftiest flights.

My own experience as one of the “renegade Lincolmites” of the period is very tame compared with most others, but

it may serve as a slight illustration. One beautiful evening in the early autumn I set out with six others, not knowing whether our destination was the Union army or a Southern prison. One of the first obstacles to overcome was the Tennessee River. We got across by the aid of an old colored man, whom we knew would not betray us. Crossing the valley west of Knoxville, we kept off the road until we reached Beaver Creek. Here, to avoid wading the creek, we ventured to take the road for a short distance, and cross over a bridge. The venture proved a dangerous one. After crossing at the bridge, we were passing through a lane, with a field of ripened corn on either side, when suddenly we heard a clattering of hoofs and clanging of sabers. Looking ahead, we saw a company of Confederate cavalry riding rapidly toward us. Jumping over the fence, we lay down quietly in the field of corn, and fortunately had not been seen. Our brothers in gray rode quickly on, much to our relief; for, whatever may have been our intention about fighting the Southern Confederacy, we were not ready to begin there, especially as we were unarmed, and the other side greatly superior in numbers. Before the dawn of morning, we had reached what is known as the Bull Run Hills, on the north side of the creek of that name, and lay down in the leaves for rest and sleep. We traveled a part of next day, being careful to avoid the roads as far as possible, and to keep under cover of the woods when we could. Our next serious obstacle was Clinch River, the Confederate authorities having given orders to destroy all boats, canoes, etc., to prevent escaping Unionists from using them. Here

Daniel Ridenour came to our relief. He gave us a good supper, which was greatly relished, and then set us across the river, two at a time, in an old canoe with one end knocked out, which the Confederate authorities had doubtless concluded was too frail for practical use. It was a risk to attempt to cross in it, but one we took in preference to that of being picked up by the ever vigilant Confederate cavalry, and sent off to Castle Thunder or some other of the numerous Southern prisons. That night we crossed Powell's Valley in a cold rain, and then began to ascend the Cumberland Mountains above Big Creek Gap. Daylight next morning found us on the north side of the mountains in "the promised land," free from danger, and feeling that really and truly we were in "God's country." Often those who crossed went as many as two hundred or three hundred together, in which case the suffering and inconvenience was much greater. Many were overtaken by the enemy and some were shot down, their names going to swell the long list of martyrs to the national cause in the rebellious states.

After the organization of the first two or three regiments of loyal Tennesseans, recruiting officers made frequent trips into East Tennessee, carrying on their operations in a clandestine way. It was a hazardous piece of business, in which not a few lost their liberties, and some their lives. While on such an expedition, Captain Spencer Deaton was arrested. He was charged with being a spy, of which he was innocent, and taken to Richmond, where he was condemned and hung. Captain David Fry took hundreds of men across the mountains, and spent some time in a Confederate prison. Captain Shade T. Harris was arrested and kept in prison until he be-

came a mere shadow of his former self. Seth Lea, an old man of more than three score years, was arrested while carrying mails from the soldiers to their friends at home, and was confined for more than a year in Confederate prisons. The list might be multiplied by scores. I myself had a brief experience as a recruiting officer in the enemy's country. It was in the fall of 1862, soon after General Geo. W. Morgan had been forced to retreat from Cumberland Gap, an event very discouraging to the East Tennessee soldiers in the field and to their friends at home. Starting from Louisville, Ky., after passing Crab Orchard, I traveled on foot to a point near Knoxville, more than one hundred miles, almost the entire distance after night. In about ten days after my arrival in that vicinity, the Confederate authorities having been informed of my whereabouts, a squad of cavalry was sent out to accomplish my arrest. While sitting in my father's house one afternoon, five of them rode up to the gate. A sister responded to their call, and their first inquiry showed her what they wanted, and at the same time that they were not fully posted as to the precise locality of their game. She gave them a misleading answer, and they soon rode on. While they were talking with her, I was thinking rapidly. Being well armed, I had determined that I would not be arrested to be taken to a southern prison—perhaps to the gallows—without fighting; and I was sure that in a fight the casualties on their side would be greater than on mine, as they were exposed, while I was under cover. Thanks to a sister's promptness in grasping the situation, and tact in its management, the test did not come. After being gone a short time, the Confederate soldiers returned and searched

the house from cellar to garret; but the humble object of their search had found it convenient to be elsewhere. The attempted arrest interfered somewhat with the recruiting scheme, but nothing more. I soon recrossed the mountains and rejoined my regiment at Murfreesboro, just after the battle of Stone River, fully satisfied to leave recruiting to others who might have a taste for that kind of work.

I have incidentally alluded to the private mail line established between the soldiers in the field and their friends within the Confederate lines. The recruiting officers often carried such mails. They were known as "pilots," from the fact that they piloted the Union refugees across the mountains. But some men made it a business, and often the East Tennessee soldier paid a greenback dollar note for carrying a letter to his wife, mother, or sweetheart in "Dixie." This would now be considered a high rate of postage, but the men who carried the letters earned every dollar they received. It was a perilous thing to do, and required the exercise of wisdom as well as courage.

The day of relief came at last, In July, 1863, General Sanders, with a force of mounted men, crossed the mountains, and penetrated as far south as Knoxville. Consternation seized hold of the Confederates—the Union men were greatly rejoiced. In the September following, General Burnside, at the head of a gallant command, entered Knoxville, and there was rejoicing every-where. Old men and women wept for joy when they once more beheld the flag they loved proudly borne aloft by men who were their friends. The name of Burnside is still held in reverence by a large number of people in East Tennessee, and up to the day of

his death he had their sympathies in his every movement and aspiration. The sympathies and aid of these people were of great service to him when he and his troops were gallantly resisting the approach of General Longstreet to Knoxville, and especially when they were being besieged within the narrow limits of that city. Hundreds of the brave men who participated in that memorable campaign never saw their Northern homes again. More than three thousand of them sleep in the national cemetery at Knoxville, and from the windows of my home I look out every day upon the flag which floats over the sacred city of the dead, and see the white stones which mark the spot where their ashes repose, far from kindred and friends. On some of these the names of deceased patriots are inscribed, while others have lost their identity in the confusion incident to war, and their names are unknown. They were from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and elsewhere. These East Tennessee people have not forgotten that they died for freedom's cause, and in defense of their homes. On each 30th day of May, following a beautiful custom, while the graves of soldiers every-where in the Union are being decorated with nature's sweetest and choicest offerings, the people of East Tennessee leave their farms, shops, offices, factories, and counting-rooms; gather together on the spot where sleep the nation's dead; and fair hands strew beautiful flowers upon the graves of the men who died that they and their children might be free—that the Government might be saved and the Union of States forever perpetuated. Though they sleep far from homes made disconsolate by their absence, they are nevertheless in the midst of friends,

who take a mournful pleasure in paying tribute to their memory.

No history of the great civil war is complete that does not contain a chapter devoted to the noble, patriotic women of America. One of our most popular American poets has said:

"The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!
The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of honor!"

When the first six regiments of Tennessee loyal troops organized, were compelled to turn their backs upon the homes they loved, and retreat from Cumberland Gap in the fall of 1862, it appeared as if all were lost. The command under General George W. Morgan fell back to the Ohio River, and was for a few weeks on Ohio soil. There are hundreds of them yet living, who can never forget the cheering words of welcome and encouragement spoken and the kind deeds done by the patriotic women of the Buckeye State. God only knows what the wives, mothers, and sisters of men who braved

the perils and hardships of war did endure. The sufferings and sacrifices of those of East Tennessee were beyond description. A majority of the men were plain farmers, and I know of instances where wives were left with from three to six children, for whom they not only made bread, but spun and wove the cloth for their clothing, and then cut and made it into garments. This was kept up in many instances for two years, up to the time of General Burnside's entry into East Tennessee. After that the soldiers could send their money home to be used in support of their families; before, it would have been in the nature of treason to use the green-back money if they could have had it. It is no wonder that the approach of General Burnside with his boys in blue brought tears of joy to the eyes of so many thousands of those East Tennessee women.

In a section where the people were divided upon such a question at such a time, bitter strife might of course be expected, and fatal fueds. As a result, excesses were committed on both sides. Many thrilling stories might be told of the times, showing that truth is stranger sometimes than fiction. In the summer of 1861, it was generally rumored among the loyal people that the government had deposited arms at Cincinnati, or somewhere in Kentucky, for the use of such loyalists of East Tennessee as might choose to enlist in the Union army. Communication by mail with the loyal states had been cut off, so that there was no means of verifying this rumor, except by a special messenger sent over for that purpose. A gentleman, who afterward became a field officer in one of the Tennessee regiments, decided to go and see for himself. He crossed the Cumberland Mountains one night at

an unfrequented place on horseback. The next morning, as he was riding down Elk Valley, now traversed by the Knoxville and Ohio Railroad, he passed by a number of persons at work on the public highway. He knew some of them, and, stopping his horse, held a brief conversation. Most of them were Union men, but among them was one rebel, who grew insolent, and, while not addressing himself directly to the gentleman in question, swore that if he could have his way Union men riding about the country where they had no business would be "hung up to the limb of a tree." The hero of my story, who is a proud-spirited man, was stung to the quick, and his first impulse was to draw his revolver, shoot the man who had wantonly insulted him, and then make his escape to the Union lines. The Confederate troops were stationed near, and he quickly reflected that, while he could be easily revenged, others might become involved, and a whole community perhaps suffer. So he took no notice of the insult, and rode on, but swore in his heart that time at last would "set all things even."

His mission across the mountains was successful, and in a few weeks he, with hundreds of others, recrossed and entered the Union army. He became adjutant of his regiment, which was one of the first organized. The following spring a detachment of his own regiment and two companies of Kentucky cavalry went over into Powell's Valley as a reconnoitering party. As they came upon Jacksboro, they surprised a detachment of Confederate cavalry, and charged upon them. Just the day before he had come into possession of a strong and spirited horse. He started to charge with the cavalry, and by some means the curb-chain of his bridle was

broken, and his horse was unmanageable. He went dashing on, and was soon considerably ahead of the cavalry, and rapidly gaining upon the Confederates. Two Confederate officers dropped behind, and the adjutant drew his revolver, and began firing upon them. After firing four out of the six shots of his revolver at them, one of the officers, who afterward proved to be a surgeon, reined his horse aside, threw up his hands, and surrendered. Still pursuing the other, and his horse rapidly gaining upon him, he reserved his fire until, when only a few rods away, he took deliberate aim and fired; but the officer rode on apparently unhurt. He had only one shot left, and he could see in a moment he would pass the object of his pursuit, who would then have the advantage of him. So he made up his mind to reserve his final shot until in the act of passing the Confederate officer, when he thought he could make sure work of it. As he was about to fire again, he noticed blood running out of the officer's throat, and could see that he was seriously wounded. And the strange part of the story is, he saw that it was Captain G——, who had insulted him in Elk Valley less than a year before. The adjutant was avenged after the circumstance had doubtless passed out of his mind. He is a brave man, and did what he could to make the last hours of his dying antagonist as comfortable as possible. But the story does not end here. He was promoted, and became major of his regiment. In one of the numerous engagements in East Tennessee, in 1863, he and a large part of his regiment were captured. He was sent off to Libby Prison, in Richmond. He received orders one morning to report to the commandant of the prison. Obeying, he was asked his name and regiment, and on reply-

ing, was asked further if he did not murder Captain G— near Jacksboro in the spring of 1862. Being a frank man, he told the whole truth. He was sent back to his quarters, and never heard of the matter again. He is yet living, a leading business man, and universally respected.

Hundreds of Union men fell martyrs to the cause, as dear to them as life itself. Some were killed outright, while Thornburgh, Pickens, Trew hitt, and a score of others died in southern prisons. At the end of the four years of terrible strife, there was scarcely a household that did not mourn over a vacancy in the home circle, or the loss of a near and dear friend. The ugly wounds made by the hands of "grim-visaged war" in this section healed slower, and unsightly scars were visible longer, than in other parts of the country, where the people were either all for the Union or all for the rebellion. But, happily, the bloody chasm has been bridged over, and the men who wore the blue live fraternally with the men who wore the gray. Peace has come hand in hand with prosperity, and in this goodly land, which was the scene of so much strife, there are none left to color with rage or turn pale with fear when it is said, "the Yankees are coming." In those days every one who wore the blue was, in the vernacular of the period, a "Yankee." Not a few who went down there during the war remained with us, and many others have made their homes there since. At one time, many of us longed to see them come, while others stood ready to welcome them "with open arms to hospitable graves." Now all want the "Yankee" to come, whether from the land of "baked beans," or from the great pushing, driving, restless North-west; and the more of him the better. The flag that he followed, thanks

to his prowess, patriotism, and perseverance, is our flag, and his country is our country. Now, instead of the flashing flames from burning cottages, log cabins, and more pretentious houses, which lit up the hills and valleys of this "Switzerland of America," we can show a far more pleasing picture. We can show dense clouds of black smoke curling aloft from hundreds of smoke-stacks, that mark the location of busy manufacturing establishments, the products of which are the contributions of the New South to the Nation's wealth. The sullen roar of artillery on bloody fields where hostile armies meet in deadly conflict; the shouts of contending foes mingled with the rattle of musketry; the ominous crack of the assassin's rifle and the shrieks of his victim, are sounds no longer heard. The music which now greets our ears every hour in the day and night is the shrill whistle of the locomotive, the ponderous blows of the trip-hammer, the clinking of the quarryman's drill, the rattle of looms, and the hum of thousands of spindles, making a grand melody, which brings perpetual gladness to the hearts of the children of men. Time works great changes, and the people of whom I have spoken are perhaps losing something of their individuality, and becoming more cosmopolitan in their character. Many who participated in the stirring events of the war period have gone into bivouac with the silent battalions on the other shore. As the years go by, others will answer to the roll-call of the pale messenger, until not one will be left to tell the story of anxious days and sleepless nights, and of that long deferred hope which maketh sick the hearts of men.

But the events of this most eventful period in American history have been told time and again, around hundreds of

firesides, and are still being repeated to youthful but ever interested listeners. The spirit which animated fathers and mothers in the trying times of the past, is impressed upon the children; and if in the future the flag of our restored Union should be insulted, or the liberties of the people threatened, strong men will be found in these mountain homes ready to respond to their country's call, to follow where duty leads, and to make any sacrifice necessity demands, in defense of freedom, justice, and equality.

Read April 6, 1887.

CARE OF PRISONERS OF WAR, NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY ASA B. ISHAM,

Late First Lieutenant Company F, Seventh Michigan Vol. Cav., and for seven months a prisoner of war in rebel prisons.

From the immense armies called into the field, and the extended sphere of military operations during the great civil war, there necessarily accrued to the charge of each belligerent large contingents of prisoners of war. The Confederates who fell into the hands of the Union forces amounted, men and officers, to 476,169; whilst 188,145 Union men and officers were made prisoners of war by the Confederate troops. Not all, however, of these two enormous masses were held as captives of war. Of the Confederates, 248,599 were paroled on the field, leaving 227,570 who suffered confinement in prisons as prisoners of war. And one-half of the Federal prisoners, it is estimated, were paroled, leaving 94,072 who actually underwent confinement in the prisons of the South. The care of such large numbers, the safe-keeping and proper maintenance, in regard to shelter, food, clothing, and hygienic environment—according to the laws of modern warfare, and as demanded by the civilization of the age, as well for prisoners of war as for those who may fall to the charge of the state, under whatever circumstances—was a matter of no light moment. It involved the establishment of special bureaus, of camps and quarters, of an immense commissariat, of a considerable of an army for a guarding force; and em-

ployed an immense transportation equipment, a legion of contractors, special agents, and spies. In short, to make suitable provision for the sustentation, the well-being, and security of the captives, a burden was imposed but little inferior to supporting an active army of equal numbers in the field. How the obligations incumbent upon them toward the prisoners of war in their hands were discharged by the North and the South is a part of the history of the struggle, which, while it may not be the most pleasant for consideration, in all its aspects, is not of secondary importance to any of the greatest affairs of the war.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS AT THE NORTH.

At the North blind prejudice was rapidly fading away under the effulgent light diffused by the common school system, whose steady rays had about dispelled the ignorance and bigotry which had subjected helpless fellow-creatures, under popular disfavor, to the most brutal ferocity. No longer anywhere north of Mason and Dixon's line, by general sanction, could there have been a recurrence of such scenes as were witnessed at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1692, or in New York City in 1741. Universal education had not only confirmed the immortal declaration that "all men are created free and equal," but it had also inculcated the sentiment that all men had claims to care and regard, and that, while they lived, whatever may have been their derelictions, they were not to be deprived of any of the common necessities or consolations of life with which it was possible to provide them. Animated by such feelings, the men of the North did not war against those of the South as against "hell-hounds," or





PRISON BARRACKS FOR REBEL PRISONERS, JOHNSON'S ISLAND, LAKE ERIE. FROM A WATER
COLOR SKETCH EXECUTED ON THE ISLAND IN 1864, BY A PRISONER.

“baboons,” or “hellish brutes;” but as against misguided men, seeking to destroy the life of the Nation. The columns of blue, marching southward under the panoply of war, were terrible to behold; yet few hearts there were beneath the glorious colors they bore which could not be touched by human suffering, or moved by appeals of woe. In the shock of battle stern determination heeded not death, or wounds, or physical agony; but when the conflict of arms was over no resentment was cherished to be expended upon defenseless captives which the fortunes of war had delivered over.

Prisoners captured by the Federals were not murdered, robbed, insulted, or subjected to harsh treatment. Isolated instances where rough usage was experienced very likely did occur. But such treatment was rare, and was bestowed, generally, in retaliation for wrongs perpetrated by the rebels upon their comrades or upon Southern Unionists. After capture, instead of meeting with violence, abuse, and jeers, the rebel prisoners found their captors kindly disposed toward and interested in them. They generally bear testimony to the fact that rations were shared with them, and such generous offices of relief and assistance as were not inconsistent with their position as prisoners were freely rendered, where the need existed. When not to be immediately paroled or exchanged, the captives were sent to some of the large prison camps at the North which had been prepared for their accommodation. The largest of these were located at Indianapolis, Ind.; Columbus, Ohio; Chicago, Ill.; Elmira, N. Y.; Fort Delaware, Del.; St. Louis, Mo.; Finn’s Point, Md.; Point Lookout, Md.; Rock Island, Ill.; Johnson’s Island, Ohio; and Alton, Ill.

Many of the above camps had been in use as places of rendezvous for Union troops until they were in readiness to take the field. They were all selected with a special view to salubrity, and for the facilities they afforded to meet the wants of large bodies of men as regards water, fuel, and supplies. The quarters provided for the prisoners were precisely the same as for United States soldiers, and consisted, generally, of wooden barracks, arranged with bunks, well heated with stoves, and plentifully supplied with bedding of clean straw and blankets. To some extent tents had to be brought into requisition, but they were always fitted up with stoves for cold weather, and the Federal soldiers engaged in guard duty were quartered in all cases the same as the prisoners. Cook houses, with full capacity and every convenience for preparing well cooked food, existed in every camp. The cooks were selected from among the prisoners themselves, so that if the cooking was not to their satisfaction, it was in their power to rectify it. The food was the same as supplied to United States soldiers, and was ample in every respect. The prisoners were arranged in divisions, with chiefs of their own, who attended to the distribution of rations, allotting to each man his proper share. Hospital buildings were fitted up the same as for Union soldiers, and the dietary and service accorded the prisoners were every bit as good as to our own troops. It is the testimony of Miss Dix, whose great good deeds in the interests of afflicted humanity are every-where known, that, in several hospitals for rebel prisoners which she visited, there was even a greater abundance of all that tends to comfort and sustain the sick than in the hospitals for Union soldiers.

Not only the sick, but also the prisoners generally, were permitted to receive food and clothing from friends and sympathizers. All money in the possession of prisoners, or sent them by their friends, was, in order to prevent bribery of guards and escape, taken charge of by the prison authorities. It was placed to their credit, and could be drawn upon to purchase any thing in the sutlers' stocks. The prisoners received the full benefit of it. Any surplus was turned over to them at the exchange, or in case of death it was transferred to the hospital fund for sick prisoners. They were supplied with newspapers, periodicals, and books, by private individuals and charitable organizations at the North, and in a number of prisons they had the advantage of circulating libraries secured to them through the efforts of the prison officials. Vegetables, fruits, and delicacies were sent in by outside parties in no unstinted measure; indeed, they were oftentimes so liberally ministered unto as to cause serious discontent among the guards, who were neglected, and confined to the army rations. Clothing of all kinds required by a soldier was issued in accordance as a need for it was manifested, and the rebels, while prisoners of war, were better and more comfortably clad than while serving the Confederacy in the field. Facilities for the observance of personal cleanliness were within the reach of all. The consolations of religion were not denied them. Chaplains were appointed to every camp; and ministers, and all who went in the name of religion, were given ready access at all appropriate times. No restrictions were put upon the prisoners as to speech or action, so that they were not dis-

orderly, and did not crowd together in certain portions of the camp so as to excite apprehensions of an organized attempt at escape. The drainage of all camps was well looked after, the grounds were kept thoroughly policed, and accumulations of dirt and offal were removed daily. On admission to the hospital, patients underwent a thorough ablution, were arrayed in clean garments, and placed in comfortable beds, while their cast-off clothing was thoroughly renovated and held in waiting for their recovery. In case of death, the body was interred in a decent, plain wooden coffin, and buried in a grave numbered and marked with the name of the deceased. So carefully were the interments made, that, out of 30,716 Confederates who died in Northern prisons, only 726 sleep in unknown graves—the most of these at Alton, Ill., where, from some unknown cause, 662 graves bear no marks by which they can be identified.

Notwithstanding the generous treatment they received, it is not surprising that the Confederate prisoners did not regard their confinement at the North as the most blissful period of their lives. Although they had a sufficiency of space, shelter, food, and clothing, with every thing held requisite to meet the ordinary demands of existence, yet they were deprived of liberty, under the strictest military supervision, annoyed by daily roll-calls and inspections, wearied by the same unvarying daily routine and associations, depressed by unfavorable intelligence, or none at all, and heart-sick from long disappointed hopes. It is not at all improbable that many suffered from extremes of cold or heat. There were few soldiers of the Union, in field or quarters, who did not likewise experience discomfort when the mercury was carried to either extremity

of the thermometric scale. There was some danger, too, of being shot by guards. While but a very small percentage were shot, and the guards did not indulge in reckless or unwarrantable shooting, there were prisoners who would sometimes make a bold break for liberty, and those who disregarded the repeated orders of the guards, thus drawing upon themselves the fire of their guns. In some of these instances bullets flew wide of the mark, and prisoners who were in no wise concerned in such breaches of prison rules were wounded or killed. Disease was also present within the prison walls, for the most part brought in by the prisoners themselves. They bore about with them small-pox, malarial disorders, diarrhea, dysentery, consumption, and fevers. The ratio of disease, however, constantly decreased with the length of stay in prison, but the grim reaper garnered a rich harvest in the place where his coming is most unwelcome, although he sets the prisoner free.

The average mortality among all the rebel prisoners at the North was $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, or $13\frac{1}{2}$ out of each hundred. The highest death rate was at Elmira, N. Y., 2,980 dying out of 12,147 confined there—a mortality of 25 per cent, or 25 out of each hundred. No other northern prison approached anywhere near to it. Even this very large mortality was less than one-half of the average mortality of Union prisoners in the South, which was 53 per cent, or 53 out of each hundred. The greatest mortality among the rebel prisoners, with the solitary exception of those at Elmira, occurred during the first months of confinement, the health constantly improving, notwithstanding the prevalence of small-pox, after the first few months; in this respect differing from the

rebel prisons, where the mortuary rate increased with duration of confinement.

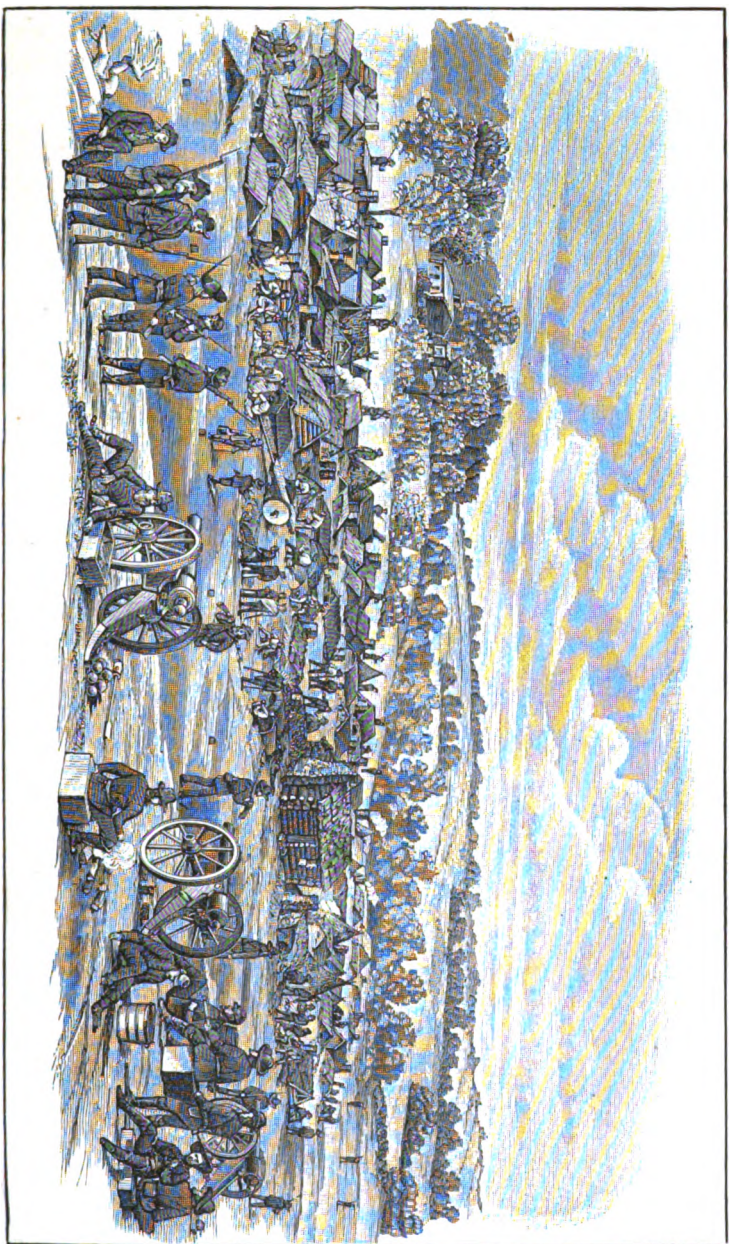
Undoubtedly hardships were experienced through inadequate hospital accommodations at the period of greatest mortality at Elmira and some other points, affording some basis of fact for the condemnation which writers on the southern side have bestowed upon prison management at the North. But that there was culpable neglect or inhuman treatment of inmates is not borne out by the statements of prisoners entitled to credit. The same complaints find expression every-where in regard to municipal hospitals and public institutions in times of great and unexpected increase of the sick list. The reports of starvation, cruel treatment, and brutal punishments published through the southern press are mere fabrications, invented to offset the true statement of Union soldiers concerning the horrible prison hells of the Confederacy. There are scores of former soldiers, now residents of Cincinnati and surrounding country, who, during their time of service, were assigned to guard duty over rebel prisoners of war at prisons both East and West. What has been here stated in reference to the conduct of these prisons they corroborate in every particular. These men as citizens, in social and business life, stand upon so high a plane as to admit of no questioning the positive statements they make concerning the prison management of which they have personal knowledge. Less numerous, perhaps, but not less reliable, are those in this community who were formerly prisoners of war at the South. They affirm that the returned rebel prisoners they had the opportunity to meet at the South during and at the close of the war, made willing acknowl-

edgment of the very best treatment in every respect of Confederates while they were held captive at the North. Not only this, but with their better feelings touched by the objects of pity all about them, they confessed their shame and humiliation that human beings should have been brought to such a pass upon Southern soil as the Union prisoners there paroled or awaiting parole.

In only two instances were measures of retaliation put in operation against any considerable number of rebel prisoners for all the terrible inflictions visited upon the Union prisoners by the Confederate authorities. One of these cases was where General Butler placed Confederates in the works at Dutch Gap, to check the forced employment of Unionists upon the rebel fortifications around Richmond. The other was at Charleston, when United States officers, prisoners of war, were placed under fire by the rebels, General John G. Foster exposed an equal number of rebel officers on Morris Island to the fire of the rebel guns. In both these instances the desired result was accomplished. The Confederates stopped their objectionable proceedings. It is true, that in November, 1863, Secretary Stanton ordered the United States Commissioner of Exchange "to subject the rebel prisoners in our hands to treatment similar to that which our men receive in rebel prisons." The commissioner replied that human nature would not submit to such treatment under an ordinary system of guards, and the order was never executed. Union soldiers and officers could not have been found so destitute of all the common attributes of humanity as was requisite for such work.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS AT THE SOUTH.

In a Confederacy, founded upon servile labor, the leaders held all labor as degrading, and the worker as but little superior to a brute. They affected to hold in contempt the population of the North, which allowed to every individual the greatest freedom of action consistent with the general good, held honest toil in the highest respect, recognized the universal brotherhood of man, and were unequaled in intelligence and industry upon the face of the globe. The free people of the North were denominated "mudsills," "hirelings," "serfs," "boors," "cattle," declared groveling by nature, brutal through instinct, hellish in propensity, and possessed of peculiar organs of bodily development belonging only to the brute creation. This sort of stuff filled the Southern prints, and was proclaimed from the rostrum and pulpit, until quite a large portion of the population of the South, honest enough, but uninformed, and accustomed to implicit reliance upon their leaders, actually believed that they were in political alliance with a species of ogres. President Lincoln was pictured as a hideous ape, and Vice-President Hamlin as a thick-lipped, woolly-headed "nigger." When the general government, after the ordinance of secession had been passed, and an overt act of war committed by the seizure of United States property, prepared to re-establish its authority, the chiefs of rebellion, while manifesting a pacific disposition in the expression of a desire to be let alone, were nevertheless active in inflaming their people to a white heat of passion. It was announced that their soil was about to be invaded by "vandals," "spoilers," "ravishers," "fiends," who were to



CAMP SOCKHUMB, COLUMBIA, S. C., PRISON CAMP FOR UNITED STATES OFFICERS, ESTABLISHED
OCTOBER 7, 1864. HOVELS ERECTED BY THE PRISONERS THEMSELVES.

be "welcomed with bloody hands to hospitable graves," but accorded no rights of belligerents. Long tyranny over a slave population had so brutalized their natures, that not a few of the public men and journals of the South boldly advocated the policy of hoisting the black flag—that is, showing no mercy to prisoners, but killing all whom fate might deliver over to them—wounded, or sick, or well. The infamous treatment which unfortunates of war in the South subsequently experienced is fully foreshadowed in the utterances of politicians, press, and pulpit, and in letters to Jefferson Davis and members of his cabinet, now among the captured rebel archives at Washington.

As the legitimate outcome of the feeling engendered, as above outlined, when Union prisoners were taken they were most generally threatened, insulted, or violently dealt with. First, upon the battle-field, they were beaten, shot, or bayoneted, made the recipients of the most vile and blasphemous epithets, and robbed of personal property, jewelry, money, pocket articles, mess utensils, blankets, overcoats, hats, coats, pants, or boots; in not a few instances stripped nearly naked. The journey to a receiving prison not rarely occupied from several days to a week. The guarding force was usually cavalry. The prisoners were hurried along by their mounted escort, the sick and wounded spurred along with the rest; and when the physical strength was spent beyond resuscitation by any kind of goading, so that they fell out of the line unable to keep up, they were shot, cut down by sabers, or brained by clubbed muskets, and left for dead by the wayside. Sometimes a rope was tied around the body of a disabled captive, the free end made fast to the saddle of a guard, and thus

the life dragged out of the poor victim. Very little food, if any, was supplied upon such marches. Rebel troops encountered upon the journey still further despoiled and abused the prisoners. Where railroad transportation was included in the route, box cars, in which cattle had been transported, were provided. Very often the cars were in the same condition in which the cattle had left them. Into such conveyances the prisoners were packed so thickly that, stow themselves as snugly as they could, there was not seating room upon the floor for all. The doors were only left open about two feet, which space was obstructed by guards, excluding air and light. The prisoners were kept back from the openings, so that they were reduced to the level of animals going to the shambles, except that the latter were not so closely packed that they could not lie down, and have some little freedom of movement. The sufferings of such a passage may be imagined; they may not be here described.

Upon arrival at the receiving prison they were drawn up in line to be searched. Here money, jewelry, and articles of use which had escaped the observation or desires of the captors were taken from them. Where it was suspected the clothing contained articles of value concealed, they were stripped naked, the lining and seams of the clothing ripped out, and, in this condition, it was tossed back to the owners to be put in shape for use again as best they might. Nothing was ever returned, nor was any thing given to take the place of knives, forks, spoons, plates, cups, clothing, or blankets, of which they had been despoiled. Protests were responded to by blows, and even by shooting to the death. The search over, installment in prison quarters followed.

The prisons of Richmond and Danville, up to the spring of 1864, held the great bulk of prisoners in the Confederacy. The prisons of Richmond, with the exception of Belle Isle, were old tobacco warehouses, all three stories in height with an attic; and they differed only in size, Libby Prison being the largest. In 1863, they were all crowded to their full capacity. An account of Smith Prison will serve for Pemberton, Scott, Castle Thunder, and the rest. Each floor of Smith Prison had an area of 2,400 square feet, and it was so packed with prisoners that they had only four square feet each, just sufficient for standing room. There were no stools, benches, or bunks upon which to rest themselves—nothing but the bare floor and walls. In order to be able to lie down, rows had to be formed lengthwise across the room, and, the first row lying down upon their sides, the second row followed, interlocking legs with the first, and so with the other rows, until the floor was every-where covered with a compact mass of humanity. The space did not permit lying upon the back. After being thus welded in, it was impossible for an individual to turn over without the whole two rows did likewise. Water was furnished in pipes to each floor, and faucets and sinks were located at one end of the rooms in each story. There were no receptacles for water beyond a wooden tub at the faucet, which economical provision, together with the close packing of the prisoners, rendered general bathing and washing of clothes an impossibility. From overflow at the sinks, and spilling of water by jostling as it was carried in cups to sick or disabled men in various parts of the room, the floor was kept constantly wet, so that the captives were ever present in a cold, foul, moisture-saturated atmosphere. No approach

was permitted to the windows; for, if the guard below caught sight of a prisoner he was immediately shot. No stoves or any means of warming were furnished for cold weather, and to keep warm the guests of Confederate prisons must tramp around and slap themselves day and night. Death was busy among them, and would soon have made sufficient floor space had not fresh prisoners been continually added. "Lice were in all their quarters." The prisoner who would keep himself measurably clear of these pests had his hands never idle.

The rations at Richmond and Danville were issued cooked. They were essentially the same at all the prisons in the Confederacy—with the exception of Savannah, where sufficient food of good quality was furnished—and consisted of eight ounces of bread and two ounces of yellow, maggoty bacon, or, in place of the bacon, a proportionate amount of fresh beef. The bread was generally corn-bread, made from meal ground corn and cob together, simply mixed with salt and water and baked hard. Sometimes a thin decoction called soup was served, made up of water and long worms, bugs, and brown beans in about equal proportions. Occasionally, too, a tablespoonful of rice per man added luxury to the fare. If any escapes had been made, or a board of the prison floor ripped up, the provisions were withheld for a day or two, nor was the deficit ever made good. Upon such diet the weight and strength rapidly declined. As the body became thinner the angularities and protuberances of the bony skeleton grew into prominence. This interfered with rest on account of the difficulty of comfortably adapting the many equalities of a lean human body to the plane of a hard, level floor. An almost continual shifting of position told that it was impos-

sible to equalize pressure long in any situation suitable to wholesome slumber. Soreness and aching took hold on the more salient osseous projections all over the frame. Sleep only seemed to add more cruel pangs to the hunger which consumed whilst awake. The sleeper always dreamed of excursions in quest of food, or of gorgeous banquets, at which he never failed to become surfeited. Awakening, with the vision of abundance before him, the cravings of starving tissues gnawed with tenfold intensity. It was impossible to keep still; there was an aimless walking up and down, searching with the eyes every inch of the walls, ceilings, and floor, although it was perfectly apparent that plain brick walls and floors, and open, unplastered joists, which had been thoroughly explored numberless times before, could not change their appearance; could show no hiding-place or secret passage; could afford no succor, comfort, or any hope of escape.

Belle Isle was an island in the James River, opposite Richmond, just above the Danville Railroad Bridge. The upper part was high ground covered with trees, but the lower portion was a sand flat, unprotected from the scorching sun of summer or the cutting winds of winter. This barren spot was surrounded by a deep, wide ditch, and earth-works, and an average number of five thousand prisoners were there confined. Some old rotten Sibley tents were given for shelter, but with the utmost crowding they were not sufficient for one-half the prisoners. No stoves being provided, the inmates built chimneys of mud, which, however, afforded them little comfort, since the wood issued per day was not sufficient to last more than an hour and a half with the most careful use. In the severe winter of 1863-4, when the river was frozen

over and the ground often covered with snow, the starving captives upon this bleak sand waste were in terrible straits. The great majority were without shoes, stockings, or shirts. Many, too, were without coats or pants, and the clothing possessed by the most fortunate among them was simply tattered rags. To husband the warmth of their famishing bodies, they dug pits in the damp sand, and lay piled upon one another in them like hogs, the outside layers changing to the inside when they could no longer withstand the cold. Every night there were a number who ceased to change places, and morning found them cold in death. The living, to cover their own necessities, took the clothing from the bodies no longer in need of it, and every thing went on as usual. Though water flowed all around them, they were denied its free use. Only six were allowed to pass to the river at a time during the day, and none at all at night. In consequence, to procure a sufficiency of this vital fluid, they had to dig holes in the camp, which filled up with water; and, although foul from camp pollutions, inexorable necessity forced its use. In the full view of Richmond, under the eye of Jefferson Davis himself, these men died off like plague-stricken sheep. Food and clothing sent them by the United States Government and by relatives at the North, they derived little benefit from, since nine-tenths was appropriated by the rebels. The only advantage which the sick had over the others on Belle Isle was in the thin layer of straw which covered the ground under the hospital tents.

At Danville the prisoners were quartered in old tobacco warehouses—packed together as at Richmond. Their condition was even more deplorable at Danville, since they had

to procure their water supply from the Dan River, some distance removed, carrying it in buckets. Hence they suffered greatly from thirst, besides being wholly unable to obtain enough for washing purposes. From insufficiency of sink accommodations they were obliged to live and sleep in their own filth. It may be said of the prison hospitals at Richmond and Danville, that, by comparison with other such places in the Confederacy, they were entitled to be considered luxurious sick quarters. Not that any delights were ever experienced by the sick there which the memory would fondly linger over, but they were provided with bunks and beds, enough straw, old blankets, and quilts to afford them warmth, together with enough wheat bread, and soup hash, made up of meat and potatoes, to support life in a well man, however much unsuited such a diet might be to the wants of the sick.

Time does not permit more than a passing reference to Salisbury, N. C., a Golgotha where 12,121 soldiers of the Union perished, as at Belle Isle, from starvation and exposure, a mortality of fifty per cent, or one death out of every two prisoners confined there. The record of horrors which Salisbury discloses is scarcely less appalling than is furnished by the prison stockade at Andersonville, Ga., which inclosed within its portals more of human misery, more of human endurance, devotion, patriotism, and heroism, than was ever exhibited upon any other equal area of surface upon earth.

In December, 1863, while erecting the stockade at Andersonville, Captain W. S. Winder said that he was "going to build a pen that would kill more damned Yankees than could

be destroyed at the front." The original inclosure included about fifteen acres, which was enlarged to twenty-five acres in August, 1864. The only internal improvements the rebels had arranged for the reception of the prisoners were a dead line, and some old tents for hospital purposes in one corner of the pen. All else was in a state of nature, except that the trees had been cut away. The first few thousand prisoners from Belle Isle, installed in March, 1864, were allowed, under guard; to bring in wood from the forest, with which they constructed rude hovels like primitive pig pens, but capable of shielding them from the weather. No such privilege, however, was extended to those subsequently turned in, a large percentage of whom were old prisoners from Richmond and Danville. Thrown thus upon their own resources, some dug burrows in the ground, some piled up circular banks of earth, which they covered over with blankets, coats, or shirts, and crawled beneath; others molded clay into the shape of bricks, dried them in the sun, and, by inclining the walls together, made adobes of beehive form, into which they could creep; while many too weak or disheartened to resort to such shifts for shelter, remained wholly unprotected from sun, and dews, and storms.

A swamp about four hundred feet in width occupied the center of the pen, through the middle of which coursed a brook four feet wide by two feet deep. This stream furnished the water supply for the prisoners for all purposes. The rebel camps were located on it just above where it passed into the stockade, and, as all their camp waste was discharged directly into it, the water was already polluted when it entered the prison inclosure. From the edge of the swamp,

upon either side, the ground rose very considerably, carrying all the drainage to the swamp and stream. The stream thus became an open sewer, and the vile sewerage flowing through it, the fluid with which 31,000 men must slake their thirst and use in place of pure water for all cleansing offices. If a prisoner reached under the dead line to obtain a purer drink than could be obtained inside of it, he was at once shot by the guard, ever on the watch for the shadow of a pretext to do a murderous deed. It is true that some of the prisoners dug wells, from which they obtained water of fair quality; but for the general mass there was no other alternative than to employ the disgusting compound of the brook, until the latter part of August, 1864, when a never-failing spring of crystal water burst forth in the stockade, and it was hailed as a direct gift from God. After heavy rains the whole marsh overflowed, forming a lake of excrementitious matter. The evaporations from this gave rise to nauseous, noxious vapors, which were a source of annoyance to even citizens for miles around. The subsidence of the waters left the surface of the morass covered over with a mass of reeking filth, quivering with the movements of the lowest forms of insect life. At night, pestilential fogs arose from the bog, filling the whole inclosure with a saturating, sickening, oppressive mist. Men enfeebled through starvation and disease, in crawling to the stream for water, became mired in the horrible ooze of the swamp, and thus yielded up the ghost.

The dead and dying were every-where. In the holes which they had dug, to be revealed only by the odors of decomposition; half buried in the terrible grime of the swamp;

while all over the stockade, exposed to the scorching rays of the noonday sun, in all their ghastly hideousness, were skeleton forms whose light had flickered out for want of fuel to feed it. The dead, bare of clothing, were piled like cordwood into army wagons, hauled out to the cemetery, thrown side by side into a long ditch, and a layer of dirt shoveled over them. The same wagons, uncleansed, containing putrid remnants of their former freight, brought in the rations to the living. Great swarms of flies hovered about them, and announced their coming by a hum which filled the air, and muffled all other sounds. To one-half the camp the rations were issued cooked, and to one-half uncooked, alternating with each issue. The wood furnished was pitch-pine, but not more than one eighth of what was requisite for the proper cooking of the food. When ignited, it gave off a dense oily smoke, which begrimed the prisoners like soot, and which, for lack of soap, they were unable to remove. The whole skin became blackened, the Saxon features and straight hair forming the only points of distinction from the negro. Deprived of cooking utensils, pieces of tin, bits of chips, and stones, were the only available substitutes for pots and kettles. From the crumbling of the meal, however, but one side could be heated with such miserable appliances, so that, at best, the ration was not more than half cooked, and thus had to be eaten. Many were destitute of even a chip or a stone, and were forced to ingest their food raw. With famine pressing harder and harder, numbers of men lost all moral sense, and thought only of self-preservation. They openly robbed weaker men of rations or possessions, and murdered stronger ones while they slept, in

order to obtain any thing, of even the slightest value, they might have upon their persons. Words fail to paint the horrors of the place. The very soil seemed to crawl from the swarms of vermin upon it. Here and there throughout the squalid skeleton throng were the subjects of diarrhea and dysentery in process of dissolution. Wallowing in their own refuse, the vermin crawling and rioting upon their flesh, tumbling into eyes, ears, and open mouths, while maggots fed beneath the skin where scurvy sores had broken open. The ravages of gangrene were to be seen upon every hand, the flesh eaten from the limbs, exposing ligaments and bones, and the great worms reveling in the putrid flesh. Scurvy had fixed its seal upon nearly every prison inmate, and most horrible are its aspects in its extreme stages. Those nearly naked shapes of men, with glassy, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, parchment skin, and with bones projecting bare of tissue through scurvy-destroyed structures, conveyed to the mind the idea of life after death, as though they had been resurrected after long burial, and had the breath of life infused. Here, too, groped blind men whom scury or gangrene had robbed of sight, begging most piteously for food—food, the want of which was graven on every lineament of the whole mass, whose intense yearning, although it broke not forth in articulate accents, was none the less powerful and plaintive. Gaping idiots, with their lusterless orbs fixed upon vacancy, wandered aimlessly around, until their undirected steps crossed the dead line, when the fatal bullet sped them to their rest. Reason had fled—small wonder—from those poor wretches, who tore their rags, gnashed their teeth, howled,

and muttered, and cursed, and precipitated themselves upon their fate as they made an insane rush for the stockade. The tents, which it were a mockery to call hospitals, presented a spectacle of monumental wretchedness without parallel in ancient or modern history. Three thousand men were lying there upon the bare ground, uncovered by any thing except the filthiest rags, which were saturated with purulent matter and green with mold. They had been placed there to die. As they rotted away, tortured with intense pain, the dead flesh dropping from their bones upon the sand, with swarms of flies and vermin preying upon them, and hideous worms, too greedy to wait till life was extinct, tumbling, and reveling, and rioting in the putrid mass, all that escaped their lips was the low, moaning, pleading cry for food.

Thus these martyrs for the Union died, and were buried, like pest-stricken animals, without benefit of clergy. The Protestant clergy of the South generally passed by on the other side. There were, of course, individual instances of generous conduct; but no class in the South was more bitter in its hatred, more devoid of charity toward Northern soldiers, than the Southern clergy. They were swift to furnish certificates of immaculate Christian character to the fiends who starved and tortured thousands of Federal prisoners, but few acts of mercy toward the sufferers has the recording angel credited to their account. In marked contrast was the conduct of the Catholic clergy at Andersonville and elsewhere. Only hearts into which had been poured the fullness of divine love were endowed with the courage and grace to be God's messengers in those fearful prison hells. Such divine seal bore the Sisters of Charity at Charleston, and the Rev. Wm.

J. Hamilton and other priests at Andersonville. Crawling into the burrows, swarming with insect pests and reeking with corruption, these devoted men administered the last consolations of their church to the skeleton creatures with the agony of death upon them. Not only spiritually minded were they, but they were also practical Samaritans. Turnips, potatoes, onions, radishes, were secreted in their clothing, which they furtively slipped into the hand of one and another scurvy-ravished wretch, so as not to attract the attention of the guard.

The brutal punishments, the shameful indignities, the systematic, studied efforts to destroy the loyalty and wholly crush the spirits of these men, must be passed over without comment. It is sufficient to say that no equal body of men in such woful straits could have been more faithful, patient, undismayed, and uncomplaining. With flaming posters upon the stockade, and recruiting agents every day mounted upon the parapet, offering abundant food, clothing, and pay to all who would accept service under the Confederacy, only 580 of the famished, pestilence-smitten multitude at Andersonville were seduced from their allegiance to the stars and stripes. Out of the whole number of pitiably distressed prisoners in the Confederacy, only about 3,000 held their lives more sacred than their soldierly honor, and enlisted in the rebel army. Most of these, however, were soon returned back to their prison quarters, since they were ever seeking opportunities to get within the Union lines.

Rebel prison treatment occasioned the death of 50,000 Federal soldiers. Some of these deaths must naturally have occurred, and allowing for these $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent (the average

mortality of rebel prisoners at the North), the mortality should have been 12,592 for the 94,072 Union prisoners, leaving 37,508 who were the direct victims of starvation, overcrowding, and exposure. Of the whole who died, 43,000 repose in Southern soil, and 7,000 died during transportation North, or in hospitals shortly after arrival. The total number killed upon the Union side in all the engagements of the war was 44,238, or 5,762 less than were destroyed in rebel prisons! The average deaths for all the rebel prisons is thus 53 per cent, or 53 deaths out of every 100 prisoners. Nearly one-half of this mortality is due to Andersonville. While the interments at that place number but 13,705, yet the prisoners confined there were distributed to Florence, Charleston, Millen, Blackshear, Eufaula, Cahawba, Savannah, and other places; so that the mortality at these prison stations, as pertaining to old prisoners at Andersonville, may properly be added. 40,611 Union soldiers passed through the portals of that infamous pen, of which number 23,000 perished, a mortality of 59 per cent, or 59 out of each 100. Of 94,072 Union prisoners held by the rebels, 50,000 died. Of 227,570 Confederate prisoners held by the United States, 30,152 died. To have attained a mortality rate in the northern prisons equal to that in the southern prisons, there should have been 120,602 deaths out of the 227,570 Confederate prisoners, instead of 30,152.

The people of the South, generally, may be absolved from willing complicity in the heinous system of treatment, which, through the most cruel torments, deprived 50,000 men of life, and made physical wrecks of thousands more. Citizens in the vicinity of all prisons sought to alleviate the condition of

the inmates, but they were roughly repulsed by the authorities. Letters protesting against the atrocious prison management, as a crime appealing to God, were sent to Jefferson Davis by citizens and guards, and he was urged to set the prisoners free if it was not possible to give them what they were entitled to as human beings. To the members of the rebel congress, and governors of states, who remonstrated with him concerning the treatment of prisoners, he justified it solely on the ground of "policy." In carrying out this infamous policy, he found a fit agent in his particular friend, General John H. Winder. Early in 1864, when Winder left Richmond to assume charge at Andersonville, the Richmond *Examiner* thus editorially hailed his departure: "Thank God that Richmond is at last rid of old Winder. God have mercy upon those to whom he has been sent." In a report upon Andersonville, August 5, 1864, Colonel D. T. Chandler, of the Confederate inspector-general's office, after characterizing the prison as "a disgrace to civilization," with horrors surpassing description, advises the removal of General Winder as one wholly devoid of feelings of humanity, who "deliberately, and in cold blood," advocated leaving the prisoners in their overcrowded condition until death had so thinned them as to give sufficient space. Jeff. Davis responded by promoting Winder to the control of all prisoners east of the Mississippi. When the fiendish creature Wirz was brought to trial for his crimes, Jefferson Davis, then in Fortress Monroe, and James A. Seddon, in Fort Lafayette, with visions of the halter before them, had no more to say about "policy," but pleaded a state of famine throughout the South in extenuation for the starvation of prisoners. They summoned to their relief that master

of deception and trickery, Robert Ould, whose keener mental acumen saw that a defense could not be rested upon a poverty of supplies alone, in the light of letters from the South—among the captured archives—begging them to set the prisoners free, and he boldly proceeded to shift the responsibility for the destruction of Union prisoners upon the United States Government, by the preposterous claim that he had offered to turn over these prisoners, without equivalent, to the Federal Commissioner of Exchange, who had neglected to provide transportation, according to his agreement. This was unequivocally denied by the Commissioner, and Ould, while acknowledging that his proposition was not written, only verbal, sought to substantiate it by statements from one and another in the South—among others, General Lee—that he (Ould) had told them, some time previously, that he had made such a proposal. This invention of Ould, at that time to create a diversion in favor of the guilty heads of the rebellion and save their necks, accomplished its purpose; and rebel apologists ever since have put it forward as an established fact. Even as late as 1876 General Imboden, and another genius, “to fortune and to fame unknown,” have had the cool effrontery to affirm, that, to their positive knowledge, large bodies of prisoners were sent to posts within the Union lines to be turned over upon a receipt from the post commander, which, being refused, no alternative remained but to return the prisoners again to their pens. No such thing ever happened. Had it been so, with a desire to be relieved of these prisoners, they would have turned them loose to take care of themselves, upon their individual paroles. The dire responsibility for the starving of prisoners is not to be shirked by any

sort of fabrication, however ingenious. It is no matter what caused the cessation of exchange, it is no matter if *all* overtures for exchange were refused by the Federal Government, provided the Confederacy possessed the ability to feed the prisoners in its hands. That supplies were withheld, which could have been readily furnished, appears from the following facts:

1. It is the testimony of rebel surgeons at prison camps, and of Catholic priests who visited them, that they were not permitted to carry in articles of food to the prisoners. Also of rebel citizens that they were not allowed to minister to their necessities, although they made attempts to do so.

2. A plentiful food supply was offered to all who would enter the Confederate service, and it was given to those who did.

3. The great bulk of the supplies sent by the United States Government and citizens was appropriated by the Confederate authorities, and but little reached the prisoners themselves.

4. An abundant ration, of good quality, was issued to prisoners at Savannah at the very time it was claimed there was nothing to give the prisoners at Andersonville.

5. There was no wholesale starvation of citizens or negroes.

6. General Sherman subsisted his army upon the country in the neighborhood of the rebel prisons, and found supplies in profusion.

One feature of the exchange question may be alluded to, since it has been urged that the rebel authorities would not wish to destroy their prisoners, as in that event they must rob

themselves of their own soldiers, prisoners at the North, for whom they would have no exchange equivalent. It was always insisted upon by the Confederate commissioner of exchange, when the balance of prisoners was against them, as a basis of a general exchange, that all surplus prisoners should be turned over, under parole. Thus, to whatever verge they might reduce Union prisoners, in any agreement for a general exchange they were always sure of receiving back all their own.

However harrowing the sufferings and death of the true soldiers of the Republic in Southern prisons, they lived and died not in vain. They kept back from the lines confronting Grant and Sherman nearly three to one of their numbers of able-bodied veteran rebel soldiers. According to General Grant, the very salvation of the country depended upon them; for, if the host they held at bay was added to the hostile ranks, as it would have been in case of a general exchange, regardless of the obligations of parole, repeatedly violated before when the urgency was not so great, the armies of Grant and Sherman might have been overwhelmed, and a Southern Confederacy established. And there is left as a rich legacy for all time, the sublime heroism they displayed in their unswerving devotion to the flag they loved, under whatever inflictions or temptations, and the declaration, sealed with their lives, that they were content to rot and die if the interests of their country demanded it.

Upon Jefferson Davis and his advisers rests the fearful weight of responsibility for the ruthless sacrifice of these men. Winder, Seddon, and Wirz have gone to their account. Jeff. Davis still lives, a phenomenal monument to the mercy of a

benignant government and a long suffering Providence. He chews the cud of bitter disappointment, a thousand-fold intensified by the unscrupulous efforts he put forth to achieve success. A burden to the South, over which he exercised an absolute dictatorship, with the design of perpetuating it in name as well as in fact, whose people he impoverished and whose best blood he wasted, grown garrulous and more rancorous with age, he stands upon the brink of eternity. With the light fading out from the twilight, with what apprehensions must he turn his vision toward the great unknown; what forms of starving, tortured victims must beckon to him from out the impenetrable shades.

Read October 5, 1887.

CARRYING THE NEWS OF LEE'S SURRENDER TO THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.

BY AUGUSTUS J. RICKS,

Late First Lieutenant One Hundred and Fourth O. V. I.

The month of April, 1865, was momentous in its events relating to the War of the Rebellion. The veteran armies of the West and East were marshaling in Virginia and North Carolina for the last great struggle. The Army of the Ohio, transported from the field of its recent victories in Tennessee, had assisted in opening the ports of the Atlantic, so that supplies could be accumulated at such points as Sherman might find it necessary to touch, in his march from Savannah through the Carolinas. Having secured Wilmington and moved up the coast to Goldsboro, where food and clothing and munitions of war were sent from Newbern, we heard the thunders of Sherman's guns at Bentonville, and, marching toward the sound of the artillery, effected a junction with the lost army and restored its communications with the armies in Virginia and with the National Capital. In quick succession, great events were transpiring, and associated with them was an incident with which I was conspicuously connected. Its character is such that I will be pardoned, I am sure, if I use it to-night to entertain you for a few moments, and enable you to recall with me those stirring scenes connected with the close of our army life.

On a bright day in April, 1865, Major-General J. D. Cox,

commanding the Twenty-third Army Corps, with his staff and escort, was riding leisurely at the head of the marching column on the road to the capital of North Carolina. The latest news we had had from Grant was of the fierce struggles about Richmond, its evacuation, and Lee's flight toward Central Virginia. We were pushing on toward Raleigh to prevent a consolidation of Johnston's and Lee's armies; and though hourly expecting news of important movements, we had no expectation of decisive victory. As I was riding by the general's side, speculating with him as to Johnston's probable movements, an orderly rode slowly toward us, bearing a message. General Cox opened it in the usual business-like manner, and read it over as he would have done an ordinary official communication. There was nothing in the manner of the messenger to indicate that he was the bearer of any unusual or important news, and he sat listlessly on his horse while a receipt was being written for the message. Happening then to cast my eyes toward the general, I noticed his face suddenly brighten, and in great animation he turned and directed the escort and staff to be drawn up in line, that he might read to them a message from General Sherman. It was done in a hurry, and with head uncovered he read a brief dispatch stating that General Lee, with his entire army, had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. It was the message long looked for, long fought for, and though it came to us on the roadside so unexpectedly, its full significance was at once appreciated. It meant home, and wife, and children, and happy meetings, throughout the land. The cheers that rang through that North Carolina pine thicket from the headquarters' staff and escort of a battalion of cavalry were

spirited enough to fill the whole dome of the heavens above us. Before the message was read, General Cox ordered all hats off and throats cleared for three rousing cheers. Our horses' reins were loosened and thrown on their necks, and hats were off as fast as ready hands could catch them. As the cheers rang out, prompt and sharp, my horse, becoming frightened, whirled quick as a flash, and before I could gather my bridle-reins to check him, was at full speed, headed toward the approaching column. I had hardly slackened his rapid strides, when the thought flashed upon me that it would be a glorious thing to carry such news to the twenty thousand men of the Twenty-third Army Corps, who were marching on the broad road before me, all unconscious of the glad tidings that awaited them. It needed no second thought. If any additional incentive had been needed, I had it in the clatter of horses' hoofs behind me. Accompanying the corps on the day's march were two correspondents—one of the *New York Tribune* and one of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. They noticed the rapid dash of my horse toward the marching troops, and with the quick instinct common to men in their calling, guessed that it was my purpose to carry the news to the brave men of the Army of the Ohio. Thinking, perhaps, that it was an unwarranted intrusion in their line of business, they both put spurs to their horses to overtake me and make the ride famous as the achievement of the special correspondent of the *Tribune* or the *Gazette*, whichever should first secure the right of way. But my horse was too fleet for them. Spurring and giving free reins to the excited animal, he flew over the ground like a greyhound, seeming to know that a ride of unusual significance was before him. Soon I

came in sight of the head of the column, Major-General Couch and staff leading the Second Division. They had heard our cheers, and as they saw me coming down the road at full speed, with hat off, waving for a clear road by which to pass to the rear, they parted ranks to the right and left, and opened a clear passage in the center of the highway. As soon as I was within shouting distance, I cried out: "Lee, with his whole army, has surrendered to Grant. Make way for the bearer of the glorious news!" Then their wild cheers rang out to swell those of the staff and the headquarters' escort, which could still be heard at my rear. But a few rods back of General Couch and his staff was the head of the infantry column—the One hundred and Eleventh Ohio Regiment. The men saw how the right of way had been quickly given to the horse and rider by General Couch and his escort in front of them, and as I waved to them to open ranks and give me the roadway, they responded with a will, and, breaking to the right and left, gave me a straight, open road to the rear. Into this living lane, skirted with lines of anxious faces, I dashed with a quick gallop, leaving my pursuers behind, surrounded by the confused ranks of a wild army, to whom their pleas for right of way were of such utter insignificance as not to even secure them notice. The last I saw of my newspaper friends they had taken to the fields and were trying to get in advance of me in that way; but fences and woods impeded them, and at last, in despair, they stopped to see me forging ahead, followed by the plaudits and tears of a grateful soldiery. At the head of each regiment, with horse at full speed, and as often as I could repeat it to the anxious listeners, I cried out, with the waving of my hat,

"Lee has surrendered, with his whole army, to Grant." Onward I pressed my way through the surging ranks—before me the open road, lined on each side with excited men leaning forward to catch the first sound of the good news they were all so impatient to hear—behind me, a wild, tumultuous crowd of soldiers suddenly touched with the lunacy of joy, if they were to be judged by their actions, pounding each other with knapsacks, waving blankets on the points of their bayonets, pounding canteens with belt buckles, and making a pandemonium of sounds and a circus of tumbling and vaulting. It was news that needed no explanation. It carried indescribable joy and relief to those brave men, upon whom the long suspense of weary marches and indecisive battles were fast taxing patience and exhausting strength. It meant a speedy end of marching under a hot southern sun with heavy knapsacks, and a happy reunion at home. It meant but few more, if any, bloody battles, with the chances of war leaving them crippled or dead upon the field, and the wild plaudits of a grateful people released from the throes of war. It meant good-bye to tent and camp, and the wild exultation of the homeward march through streets filled with joyous friends, and under banners flaunting from every house-top and window in the dear old home town, whence messages of love and prayers for safe return had followed them from the first day of enlistment. It meant but few more nights on picket duty, and a happy final reunion around the old hearth-stone, where home and all its blessings awaited them. This was the meaning of those brief words that I cried out with such wild excitement to 20,000 men; and for eight long miles, through ranks of infantry regiments, through batteries of artillery, by

the ambulance and hospital trains, rode the one man to whom every ear was turned—the one bearer of tidings whose voice filled every heart with joy and gratitude. And do you wonder, companions, when I say to you to-night, that I look back upon that incident as the happiest and most eventful one of my army life? I wish I had the gift to tell you of all its striking points, of how differently strong men gave expression to their joys. Some were too much overcome to speak; some shouted themselves hoarse, while others cried; some were wild with their demonstrations, while others were calm and thoughtful, and secretly breathed a prayer for their safe deliverance from the long series of dangers to which they had exposed.

The scenes, so long as my ride carried me through divisions and brigades of marching men, strong in step and toughened by the exposures of years of active service, were altogether inspiring and joyous, unalloyed with any misgivings or fears for their ultimate and speedy reunion with loved ones at home. But when I came to the hospital train, moving slowly and guardedly along, quite a different scene awaited me. The poor men who filled the ambulances, watching impatiently for the bearer of the news to reach them, wearily leaned their heads out of the curtained sides to catch the earliest glimpse of the approaching messenger. As I reached them, I slackened my pace and repeated my message to the occupants of each ambulance. Their pale faces beamed with joy, and slowly, but with all the energy and strength they could summon, they waved their thin hands and tried to join in the shouts and the demonstrations of their hardier and more fortunate comrades. The news was too late for some of them—

too plainly the mark of death was upon them; and sad indeed it was to think, that just as the whole Nation was delirious with joy over the long looked for Angel of Peace, the shadow (not the light) of its spreading wings was to fall upon their last hours. To die almost within sight of home, and almost within hearing of the welcome greetings of loved ones, was a sadder fate than to have gone down amid the storm and fury of the battle-field.

Passing on from this sad part of my ride, I witnessed scenes of a more enlivening nature.

At the top of a hill, as I neared the end of my long ride, I saw a general, well known to all regiments in the Army of the Ohio, anxiously looking for the bearer of the good news; for, long before I could be seen, the men could hear the wild cheering from the head of the column gradually growing louder and nearer, and therefore knew that news of unusual importance was coming by the hands of some bearer. As I came within hailing distance he recognized me, and cried out: "Ricks, what is it—for God's sake, what is it?" I had grown so hoarse from constant repetition of the message in the midst of such great noise and confusion that I could scarcely speak aloud; but when near enough I again repeated: "Lee has surrendered with his whole army to Grant." Quick as a flash, and with the agility of a boy, he clapped his heels together, and with a wild yell turned a complete somersault in the road and ran back to his command—a part of the Third Division—which had just drawn off from the road for dinner. The assembly was immediately sounded, and beginning with the field officers and the band of the first regiment, and followed by the line officers and

color-bearers, we marched down the front of the regiment, and so along the front of each succeeding regiment of the division, the bands playing and colors waving, the triumphal procession being greeted by the men of each command in line with cheers and salutes suitable to the occasion. Before we reached the last regiment we had a royal procession of officers, and bands, and color-bearers that in itself was an extraordinary spectacle.

The quick wit of the soldier is proverbial, but I never heard a more striking proof of it than on the occasion I am describing. In one of the regiments, as I was sweeping through the ranks, I caught the bright face of a soldier leaning out beyond the lines as far as possible to catch the first sound from my lips. "What is it? what is it?" he anxiously shouted. "Lee has surrendered with his whole army to Grant," was the reply. Clear and loud, above all the voices, and quick as the message fell upon his waiting ears, was his answer: "Great God! You're the man I've been looking for, for the last four years." What a world of meaning there was in that prompt answer! True enough, that was the news a whole Nation of wearied people were waiting for—that was the message the whole army had been looking for through long campaigns of hard marches and desperate battles; but it took the quick wit of a bright soldier to express it tersely and aptly. Near the rear of the corps I found the One Hundred and Fourth Regiment O. V. I., of which I was a member. Some children living near by, attracted by the novel sight of men suddenly springing to their feet, jumping on knapsacks, battering canteens against each others' muskets,

throwing hats in the air, and playing foot-ball with haversacks, jumping at leap-frog and frantically embracing each other, had run over to watch the strange antics and find out what it all meant. Their mothers, in great distress, went after them, as much perhaps to hear the news as to rescue their children from the "Yankee" soldiers. When they heard the cause of all the excitement, they were as much overcome as the "Yankees" themselves; and one of them, with her long hair streaming in the wind, knelt down in the road, and, clasping her children, thanked God again and again that the dreadful war was over, and their father would soon be home. I asked her in which of the rebel armies her husband was serving, and she said: "Oh, with Lee, with Lee." The touching scene so impressed me that I took the trouble to inquire afterward about the father, only to learn that he had been killed in one of the last battles about Richmond. Her expressions of gratitude at the news of the close of the war hardly died on the ear, until it gave way to the grief and despair of a home desolated by the ravages of war, and robbed of a husband's and father's care and love.

And here, having galloped for over an hour, through eight miles of marching troops, I reached the end of my ride, repeating my message for the last time to old companions, and closing the exciting incident, watching with fresh interest the same wild demonstrations I had seen repeated in every regiment of the corps. But as soon as the reaction from the great strain under which I had made the ride came, both horse and rider needed the kind help which willing hands offered. I found myself so hoarse that for days I could not speak above a whisper. My horse, now covered with foam

and dust, no longer spurred by the wild shouts that had filled his ears through the excitement of his long gallop, was quickly surrounded by an admiring throng, all anxious to give him the grooming he had so richly earned.

After a little rest, I started to slowly retrace my steps toward head-quarters, which I did not reach until late in the day. The ride through the corps, though free from the excitement of the one in the morning, was full of interest, and coupled with incidents always to be recalled with the greatest pleasure. The feeling uppermost in the thoughts of all was that the war was over. All restraint and discipline were for the time abandoned. The strain of four long years of anxiety and suspense was suddenly thrown off, and the few hours of tumult and exultation that had intervened since I had brought them the most welcome news of their lives, had already given place to the more serious considerations of the returning responsibilities of their muster-out, so unexpectedly confronting them. To the large majority of the people throughout the North the day was one of unalloyed joy and relief. The dark clouds of uncertainty that had enveloped their country and business had only to lift, and let the sunlight fall upon their homes, without a vacant chair. While they had shared in the general anxiety for the preservation of the government and the risks that made every business venture during that period attended with unusual care, they could now feel the new impulse, which restored confidence and rapidly returning prosperity sent into every channel of trade. There had been no break in their family circles, no disarrangement in business relations, and now in the glad day of peace there were no uncertainties for them. But all through the ranks

about me, in the midst of the most unstrained revelry, I could catch enough of their conversations to know that already these men were anxiously discussing the chances that awaited them when they returned to the duties of civil life. There were young men among them who had left their schools and colleges, who were now too old to return to them to finish their education. The day was therefore at hand for them, when their life work was to be chosen. There were men of years and families, who had hastily left valuable situations. Others had taken their places, and the chances of their returning to such positions were being discussed. There were men who had left important business interests which others had taken during their absence, and the probabilities of new ventures were to be considered. They had gone out from their peaceful pursuits untrained to the duties of the soldier and unaccustomed to the dangers and privations of army life. They had passed through the perils of battles, the hardships of marches, the exposures of the camp, and had in their respective spheres contributed to the great triumphs of the mightiest volunteer armies ever organized. Some of them, rising to the full measure of the opportunities presented, had demonstrated the wonderful capabilities of the American citizen soldier, and were sure to return to their homes to receive the highest honors and rewards a grateful people could bestow. And so, slowly retracing my steps amid these happy and buoyant men, I learned of their anxieties and expectations for the future. I had been with most of their regiments from the earlier days of their organization, and knew the story of their service. I knew they were the same men whose voices I had heard filling the pine forests of Georgia

with hurrahs, when Hood's army stole out from Atlanta and left it a dismantled fortress in September, 1864. They had followed Johnston and Hood from Chattanooga; furrowed Northern Georgia with one hundred and seventy-five miles of trenches and earth-works, and left a fortified camp to mark every night's tenting place from May to September. They had measured bayonets with the best Confederate army ever marshaled in the West, at Resaca, New Hope Church, Utoy Creek, and all the struggles for the possession of Atlanta. These were the men whom Sherman had left to guard Tennessee and Kentucky from raids, while Hood was followed to the sea. They were the men, however, upon whom it devolved to fight that desperate army, which, instead of trailing after Sherman as he marched through Georgia, turned the head of its columns toward the Ohio, and with resolute valor and rapid marches was thundering with its batteries in the heart of Tennessee before Sherman had tramped half way to Savannah. These were the men who, with the unbridged Harpeth River behind them, and Hood's picked regiments in far superior numbers before them, stood with such heroism to their guns as to pile up in the bloody trenches before them, in proportion to the troops involved, more dead and wounded men than fell in any other single conflict of the war, and made the battle of Franklin, for the numbers engaged and the issues at stake, one of the bloodiest and most decisive victories of the war. It was, when looking down from higher ground upon their thin lines, just before the battle, that Hood said to General Cleburne and his other division commanders: "We have but to drive that half-whipped army into the river, and our march to the Ohio will be rapid and easy." The desperate

resistance at Franklin, and the glorious victory at Nashville, prevented Hood from marching to the gates of Cincinnati, and made the great results of the March to the Sea possible. And having thus, with their comrades of co-operating armies, saved Indiana and Ohio from a rebel invasion in the fourth year of the war, and driven Hood's army, broken and dismembered, south of the Tennessee, they had come to help open the Atlantic ports, and were now marching in high glee toward Raleigh to share in the glory of the final surrender.

To this gallant little army, and to men of such illustrious services, I had carried the greatest news of all the war. Their ringing shouts for deliverance from the perils of the field still sound like sweet music in my ears; and the radiant faces of strong men, wearied with the strain of hope deferred, who saw suddenly unfolding to their brightening vision the scenes of a speedy reunion with loved ones at home, is a picture I shall carry in memory long as life shall last, and makes forever precious to me the recollections of how I carried the news of Lee's surrender to the Army of the Ohio.

Read November 2, 1887.

THE SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY AND THE
CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR IN NORTH
CAROLINA.

BY JACOB D. COX,

Late Major-General commanding Twenty-third Army Corps.

When the surrender of the Confederate army in North Carolina under General Joseph E. Johnston had been agreed upon at the final conference between that commander and General Sherman, at Durham Station, the details of the business of receiving the arms and munitions of war and of issuing paroles were committed to General Schofield. The Confederate troops were mostly concentrated about Greensboro, upon the railroad from Richmond through Danville to the southwest along the eastern base of the Alleghany Mountains. At that place was also the junction with the railroad running west from Raleigh, where the National army was now assembled. Outposts of the two armies held the country between, but no collision had taken place since the truce established by Sherman and Johnston at their first negotiation. As soon as the surrender had been definitely agreed, General Sherman arranged to leave General Schofield, with the Army of the Ohio, in command of the Department of North Carolina, to which Schofield had been assigned by Grant in the winter, and to move the rest of the grand army by easy marches to Washington. Schofield, in turn, made a military district of the western half of the state, and assigned me to the command of it, with my corps (the Twenty-third) as the occupying force.

In pursuance of this arrangement, and perhaps in anticipation of the formal orders, I was directed to select a well-disciplined regiment, and to accompany General Schofield by rail with this escort to General Johnston's head-quarters at Greensboro. The object was to have force enough to guard the arms and stores surrendered against petty pillage or destruction, but not enough to provoke a collision with the larger organizations of the Confederates. Johnston himself had requested that prompt action be had, as there was danger of informal disbanding and disorder when the fact was known that the Confederate military authorities gave up all expectation of further resistance.

The final conference and agreement between the two commanding generals was on Wednesday, the 27th of April, 1865. On the Saturday following, having completed his preliminary arrangements and given directions to the Armies of the Tennessee and of Georgia to march northward, Sherman himself started southward, going to Charleston, nominally to inspect that part of his command, but really to avoid visiting Washington in the irritation he still felt at the treatment he had suffered on account of his first provisional convention with Johnston. Schofield also hastened his arrangements, and on Monday we took a train westward to meet General Johnston. I had chosen the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio to accompany us, a regiment which had won high praises in the review at Raleigh for its splendid form and discipline, and which was an orderly, reliable body of men in battle or on parade. We took along, also, an excellent brass band and drum corps, for I meant to have the military duties of a garrison performed in the presence of the Confederates, with all the honors. At

Hillsboro, we were met by Lieutenant-General Hardee and some members of his staff, representing General Johnston, and as the train started again we passed through a body of Confederate cavalry, and were "within the enemy's lines." I confess it was with a curious, half-uneasy sensation that I thus for the first time found myself on the wrong side of the Confederate outpost without having driven it in by a hostile advance. It was not easy to orient oneself at once with the new condition of things, and it would hardly have been a surprise to find that we had been entrapped by a *ruse*.

This soon wore off, however, and Hardee made the journey a very agreeable one to us. He had been commandant of cadets at West Point just before the war, and had from the first an "inside" view of the rebellion. His "Tactics," adapted to our army use from the French, had been the authoritative guide of our army drill, and by that means his name had been made very familiar to every officer and man among us. His military career had been among the most distinguished, and he had commanded a corps in front of us during the whole Atlanta campaign. There was, therefore, no lack of subjects for conversation, and the time ran rapidly away. Hardee was in person and bearing a good type of the brilliant soldier and gentleman. Tall and well formed, his uniform well fitting and almost dandyish, his manner genial and easy, his conversation at once gay and intelligent, it would be hard to find a more attractive companion, or one with whom you would be quicker put at ease.

Our mission naturally led us into a review of the war, and we asked him what had been his own expectation as to the result, and when had he himself recognized the hopelessness

of the contest. "I confess," said he, laughing, "that I was one of the hot Southerners who shared the notion that one man of the South could whip three Yankees; but the first year of the war pretty effectually knocked that nonsense out of us, and, to tell the truth, ever since that time we military men have generally seen that it was only a question how long it would take to wear our army out and destroy it. We have seen that there was no real hope of success, except by some extraordinary accident of fortune, and we have also seen that the politicians would never give up till the army was gone. So we have fought with the knowledge that we were to be sacrificed with the result we see to-day, and none of us could tell who would live to see it. We have continued to do our best, however, and have meant to fight as if we were sure of success."

Amongst many other things, our talk turned upon the Atlanta campaign, and he told some interesting facts in regard to Hood's obstinate holding on at Atlanta when Sherman was executing the movements around the place on the south. It happened that my own division held the pivot point close to the works of the city on the south-east, and Hardee's corps occupied the lines in front of us. He said an old woman had been brought to him, who said she had gone to General Cox's head-quarters to beg some provisions, and the general had told her she could have none, as the soldiers had not enough for themselves. I had no remembrance of such an incident, and such applications were hardly likely to reach a general officer, unless he wished to catechise the person for information's sake. But a laugh was raised at my expense, as Hardee, in telling the story, repeated some profane camp expletives

as having added emphasis to the refusal, according to the old woman's account of it. Schofield merrily rallied me on a change of habits of speech when not with my usual associates, and refused to credit my protestations that the story only proved that she had seen some wicked commissary of subsistence. Hardee helped the fun by pretending to think of other proof that the woman was right; but he went on to give the matter real historical interest by telling how he had taken the woman to Hood, that he might learn what she said she had seen and heard. On her repeating the expression about our not having rations enough for ourselves, Hood exclaimed: "There, Hardee! It proves that it is just as I told you. Wheeler (his cavalry commander, who was on a "raid") has broken Sherman's communications; he is short of provisions, and is retreating north by the Sandtown Road. The troops that have moved from the north of the city have gone that way."

The Sandtown Road was a well-known road going northward from the Chattahoochie River at the place named, which was some miles west of the Chattanooga Railroad. It was a plausible explanation of Sherman's movements as far as they then knew them, but had no better foundation than Hood's own hopes and wishes. Yet, Hardee said, Hood stuck to this view till, in our swinging movement to the south, we broke his railway communications with Jonesboro. Then came his hasty evacuation of Atlanta, the destruction of his stores, the explosion of his ammunition, and the night march to reassemble his army at Lovejoy's Station. He confidently believed that the siege was raised till Sherman's army was astride of his

principal line of retreat, and it was only by the most desperate exertion that he escaped from utter ruin.

On reaching Greensboro, we were at once escorted to General Johnston's head-quarters, the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio being ordered to remain near the station till more complete arrangements were made. The general had declined the hospitality of citizens of Greensboro, partly from a motive of delicacy, as I suspect, fearing he might compromise those who would thus be indicated as his friends, though his usual custom was to live under canvas rather than in a house. His tents were pitched in a grove in the outskirts of the town, and he awaited us there. It seemed to us, as we approached, that the little encampment was not quite so regular and trim as our own custom required. The wall tents did not sit quite so squarely upon the ground, and the camp was not laid out with regularity. The general indirectly apologized for some of these things by saying that we could not expect the discipline in his army to be fully maintained when all knew that it was on the eve of being disbanded. Indeed, our presence there with a detachment of our own troops was, as I have already said, partly the consequence of the tendency to disintegration and the consequent breaking down of discipline which was rapidly going on. We learned that the officers of the staff had for several nights stood guard over their own horses, efforts to steal them having been successful in one or two instances. The general himself was the only one who had been exempt from guard duty. The soldiers knew that the war was over, and that there was in fact no superior power to enforce military subordination. They were anxious to make their way homeward, and fearful that they might be treated as prisoners of

war if they remained. A horse or a mule was too valuable a prize not to be a great temptation, and they naturally thought that, as there was no longer a Confederate States Government, the men to whom arrears of pay were due had a right to whatever they could seize, and they were not disposed to distinguish between public and private property. The guards set to protect the commissary stores would wink at the pillage of them, or assist in it, and the men were disposed to defy any authority exercised in the name of the Confederacy. They remembered the relentless character of the conscription which put them in the ranks, and were kept together chiefly by the assurance that they should all be promptly paroled and allowed to go home. The strongest consideration was, perhaps, the announcement that the parole would be a necessary protection to them against subsequent arrest. It was a curious fact, that the moment the blue-coated sentinels began to pace the "beats" around the warehouses, parks of artillery, etc., the submission of these men to the United States authority was most complete. They were scrupulously respectful in their bearing and language, and the groups of them who gathered about with an earnest sort of interest, would obey the slightest direction of the sentry with a cordiality and alacrity which was in singular contrast with the sort of ostentation of defiance they showed toward their own officers.

I have anticipated a little in order to give some idea of the condition of things in Johnston's army, and will return to our interview with the general himself. He welcomed us with dignity, though there was a little reserve in his courtesy that was naturally due to the gravity of the responsibility and

the duty imposed upon him. Hardee, as a subordinate free from this burden, could afford to give way to a natural *bon-homme*, and the difference of situation emphasized the distinctive traits of the men. Johnston was a smaller man than Hardee, his uniform showed less care for appearances, his manner was quieter, but no one would for a moment fail to see that he was the commander. His quiet tones were clear, his gravity was full of conscious power, and the deference shown him by his subordinates was earnest and respectful.

The preliminary details of our task were soon settled. General Schofield was prepared to promise rations to the Confederate troops whilst awaiting the issue of the certificates of parole, and on their way home; to give them railway transportation as far as railroads were running; and to carry out Sherman's offer to let the Confederate horses and mules be distributed as far as they would go, to assist the men on their way, and in putting in a crop for their families' support as soon as possible. When the necessary business was disposed of, the conversation became more general.

The question was asked what was the number of officers and men to be paroled. Johnston replied that he could hardly be definite as he would like to be. His morning report of "effectives" gave only the men answering to their names with arms in their hands in the line of battle. It would not include stragglers, or men detached or on special duty. His last return of effectives showed, as he said, about sixteen thousand men. Wade Hampton, with much of his cavalry, had refused to come into Greensboro to be paroled with the rest, and were supposed to be either disbanded, or to be making their way southward. Johnston thought the place

of these might be made up by the classes not enumerated in the return of effectives, and that there might therefore still be about sixteen thousand in camp who would present themselves to be paroled. He then added that their regular returns and reports were not kept up as promptly as he knew they were with us, and that as commander he relied for practical use upon a summary of the morning report of "effectives," paying little attention to the slower but more full returns that might be prepared later. There could be no question as to his complete frankness and sincerity in this. The inquiry was made with a view to the printing of a proper number of blank certificates of parole, and it was a matter of common interest to get this work completed with as little delay or interruption as possible. It has important significance, however, as has been more than once pointed out, in showing the wide divergence between the Confederate return of "effectives," on which they almost uniformly based their estimates of the relative strength of the opposing armies, and the numbers actually assembled and who might be in line when an engagement occurred. The number of officers and men actually paroled at Greensboro turned out to be over thirty thousand, besides some seven thousand paroled at Salisbury and Charlotte, or more than double General Johnston's own estimate. The issuing of these paroles was under the immediate charge of Colonel Hartsuff, of General Schofield's staff, with a considerable detail of clerks. The record of the company, regiment, etc., in which each man belonged, was carefully taken, and the numbers stated are from the official reports.

Johnston was very warm in his recognition of the soldierly qualities and the wonderful energy and persistence of our

army and the ability of Sherman. Referring to his own plans, he said he had hoped to have had time enough to have collected a larger force to oppose Sherman, and to give it a more complete and efficient organization. The Confederate government had reckoned upon the almost impassable character of the rivers and swamps to give a respite till spring—at least they hoped for this. “Indeed,” said he, with a smile, “Hardee here,” giving a friendly nod of his head toward his subordinate, “reported the Salkehatchie Swamps as absolutely impassable; but when I heard that Sherman had not only started, but was marching through those very swamps at the rate of thirteen miles a day, making corduroy road every foot of the way, I made up my mind there had been no such army since the days of Julius Cæsar.” Hardee laughingly admitted his mistaken report from Charleston, but justified it by saying that all precedent was against such a march, and that he would still have believed it impossible if he had not seen it done.

All the Confederate officers from Johnston downward were very earnest in impressing upon us their confidence that the army gave up the struggle without bitterness, and that we could rely, not only upon their keeping their paroles in good faith, but in their anxiety to become again good citizens of the United States in every sense of the word. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln was spoken of as both an odious crime and an extremely great misfortune to the South, tending to involve the future in gloomy doubt by reason of the probable effect upon northern public sentiment and upon the policy of Congress and the new administration. Hardee said that, for himself, he thought he should go abroad for a time, till the heated and exasperated feeling at the North should subside, and then

return to his home and his private affairs. I do not remember that Johnston opened his mind on this point, and think he was gravely reticent, scarcely choosing to show with strangers in our relation to affairs, the deep anxiety he must have felt. Hardee's means were understood to be more ample than most of the Southern officers possessed, and a course that was feasible for him was not so for most of them. The task of winning a mere livelihood was by no means a promising one for men left without a profession and without property in a country that seemed to be irretrievably ruined.

When we closed the interview, I am very sure that we of the National side had already formed a very high opinion of the personal character of the distinguished officers we had met, and had begun to feel a sincere sympathy with them in their manifest purpose to meet honorably and manfully the demands of the new situation. I recorded at the time my own feeling that I had rarely met a man who was personally more attractive to me than General Johnston. His mode of viewing things was a high one, his thoughts and his expression of them were refined, his conscientious anxiety to do exactly what was right in the circumstances appeared in every word and act, his ability and his natural gift of leadership showed without effort in his whole bearing and conduct.

General Schofield and myself passed the night at the house of Ex-Governor Morehead, who had urged us to do so. Our host had been one of the leading Whigs of North Carolina in the *ante-bellum* days, and with his friends and neighbors, Gilmer and Graham, had opposed secession at the beginning; but, with the instinct of politicians, they had striven to lead

the current they could not stop, when once it had carried them away. The house was a comfortable villa in the Italian style, with a tower overlooking the rolling country for a long distance. The architecture was simple but effective, and the house had evidently been a home of comfort and ease in better times. We were frankly and cordially welcomed, and allowed to see the mixed feelings with which the re-assembled family accepted the collapse of the Confederacy. Among the young people was a son of the governor, who had been desperately wounded, but had recovered. The rebellion had had their devoted support, but they said, "That is all past now," and seemed eagerly desirous to get into accord with the new order of things. The young man told of his army adventures, and compared notes with us as to camp life in the different armies. We were struck with the strong comparison he made in speaking of his wound. A bullet had entered his mouth and passed out at the back of his neck, and he said it felt, for all the world, as if a city lamp-post with its cross-bar had been dragged through his head. I have no doubt this gave as good an idea of the sensation as possible, for I have often heard wounded men speak of the feeling of having received a terrible blow from some big and heavy thing when hit with a musket ball. The ladies entertained us with half-gay, half-pathetic stories of the way home life had run on during the long campaigns, and of the ingenuity they were obliged to use to supply the place of tasteful articles of dress or adornment when the blockade had become stringent, and when each little community was thrown almost wholly upon its own resources. The head of the house discoursed more gravely of the situation of the country at large, and tried to forecast the future.

Now that the surrender was made, he was anxious that the army should be disbanded and sent home as soon as possible, for the disposition of the Confederate soldiers to pay their arrears by pillage made him fear that his own farm would be stripped bare before they got away. There is no doubt that there was a good deal of cause for such anxiety, especially for leading men whom the private soldiers were disposed to hold largely responsible for all their woes. It was no slight test of character and good breeding, under such anxieties, for the family to pay delicate and courteous attention to the comfort of their guests, and to keep as far as possible in the background every thing that might betray their own troubled feelings.

On Tuesday, May 2d, General Schofield returned to Raleigh, leaving me in responsible command of the district. By administering the parole to the troops by companies and regiments, keeping a number of officers at work and using abundant clerical assistance in verifying the copies of rolls, the task was completed in a couple of days, and General Johnston began to move his men southward. General Cheatham, with the Tennessee troops, marched across the Great Smoky Mountains, but the others were ordered to rendezvous at West Point, in Georgia, which was a central point for all who lived in the Gulf States, from which they could most readily reach their homes. While they remained together they were fed by us, and we furnished rations sufficient to sustain them on the journey. Our ration, too, was quite a different thing from theirs, and the men seemed more affected by this bestowal of unwonted and abundant supplies than by any other incident in the surrender. They said it seemed hardly possible that

men who were but yesterday arrayed in deadly hostility to them could now be supplying their wants so liberally.

Whilst they stayed, they seemed never to tire of watching our men on duty and on the various parades. Our guard-mounting was particularly a show affair. From the moment the music struck up on the parade ground, and the detachments for the guard from the different companies began to file out and march into place, there was always a large concourse of the men in gray, making a deeply interested body of spectators. The smart appearance of the men, the rapid inspection of arms, of haversacks and knapsacks, the march in review, the assignment to posts, the final marching off the field, all seemed to give them great enjoyment. They said they had not paid much attention to the formalities which so greatly relieve the drag and labor of military life even in the field, and they were ready with cordial and appreciative praise of the discipline and finish in drill which they saw.

An incident which occurred at the time General Johnston left Greensboro, is striking proof of the scrupulous exactness he was determined to exercise in carrying out the terms of the surrender. He had gone southward as far as Charlotte, to superintend the last movement of his forces as a body and the final disbanding, and before parting with the members of his staff learned that one of them had preserved as a relic a little cavalry guidon of silk, in the form of a national flag, scarce larger than a handkerchief. The general immediately reclaimed it, and afterward sent it back under the provision of the surrender which agreed that all captured flags in the hands of the Confederates should be restored. He apologized for the staff officer, saying that he knew no wrong had been

meant, and the little flag had been regarded as a trifling but interesting relic; yet he felt that there should be no limitation on their part in carrying out strictly the terms agreed upon. The manner in which all this was done, quite as much as the thing itself, showed the earnestness and sincerity of his purpose to do every thing in his power to enforce the spirit as well as the letter of every promise he had made for himself and his army. He had returned to his home at Danville, Virginia, before he had been able to send this flag to us, and his solicitude in regard to it, even in the midst of anxiety in regard to his family, was shown by a note which accompanied the parcel. It ran as follows:

DANVILLE, *June 5, 1865.*

General:—I have requested Major Shackford, Provost Marshal of this post, to forward to you a small box containing the color, standard and guidon, which I mentioned to you in Greensboro.

I beg you to explain to Major-General Schofield that they were not in my possession when we were in Greensboro, nor until I reached Charlotte, and that they were not sent to him from that place because I expected to visit Raleigh, and there deliver them to him. This visit was prevented by the condition of my family. You may remember that the same cause, as I explained to you orally, prevented my delivering them to you in person.

Most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

MAJOR-GENERAL COX,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

U. S. Army.

As the Confederate troops left Greensboro, I concentrated my own corps there, sending one of the infantry divisions to Salisbury, and Kilpatrick's cavalry division to posts still farther toward the south-west. A visit of inspection which I made to Salisbury, gave me the opportunity of examining the site of the recent prison camp there. The treatment of our prisoners by the Confederate authorities is a repellant subject, and I would gladly pass it by, and say nothing discordant with the tone of high honor and respectful good-will which marked the conduct of the leading officers of the Confederate forces in the field. We may fairly admit that the resources of the Confederacy had been so taxed that food and clothing were hard to procure, and that their armies in the field were ill-fed and in rags. There is, however, a limit beyond which a government calling itself civilized may not go; and, as the public opinion of the world, crystallized into what we call international law, will not permit the wholesale decapitation of prisoners, as might be done by a king of Ashantee or Dahomey, so it forbids the herding of captive men in a mere corral, leaving them utterly without shelter of any sort, through the sleet and rain of winter, near the North Carolina mountains. It forbids starving them to death, or leaving them to rot with scurvy because they are not supplied with wholesome food and medicines. It is the plain duty of a civilized government to parole and send home military prisoners who can not be fed or sheltered. If controversies as to exchange existed, such conduct would have been the surest way to shame us out of any position that was wrong; and the public opinion of the world would have been powerful in making it the more profitable way, as it was the only one not

utterly barbarous. I speak with a solemn sense of the obligation to avoid every railing accusation when I say that it would have been humane and civilized in the comparison, if the prisoners at Andersonville and Salisbury had been shot down by fusillades, or quickly poisoned by wholesale (as Napoleon was accused of doing at Jaffa), instead of subjecting them to death by starvation and exposure, which swept them away at a rate no plague ever rivaled or approached. I have seen too much of the Southern people in arms in the field, and in their homes, to believe for one moment that they would knowingly approve the treatment our prisoners received. But their own reputation before the world makes it their duty to fix the responsibility for a great crime upon those whose commands or whose criminal negligence caused horrors which are among the most odious things in the world's history.

I had seen, at Wilmington and Goldsboro, the condition of train-loads of these released captives. Their situation has been surgically and medically recorded in the Surgeon-General's official returns. There is no room for dispute. They were men reduced to idiocy, and to the verge of the grave, by the direct effects of hunger and exposure, and the diseases that are necessarily connected with such suffering. They were not of the dregs of humanity, who might be said to fall into animality when the restraints of society and of discipline were removed. They were, many of them, men who had respected positions and refined surroundings at home. These were the victims who looked vacantly with glazed eyes, and could mumble no intelligent response when

asked their names, where was their home, what was the name of the mother that bore them.

At Salisbury, the pen in which part of the prisoners had been kept was still to be seen. There were, as I remember it, two levels or "benches" in it, and in the little "bluff" or slope from one to the other were still to be seen the holes the poor prisoners had dug to make a little cave in the earth that would drain itself and give some shelter from the winter weather. I talked to women of the place who, with tears upon their faces, told of the efforts some of them had made to have the worst of the treatment corrected, or to procure some mitigation of the want and hardship. The evidence seemed conclusive that any marks of common sympathy or Christian pity were repelled by the officials in charge of the prisoners, and treated as indications of disloyalty to the Confederate government.

The Confederacy was full of places where the almost limitless forest afforded timber without end, and the labor of the prisoners themselves, under the same guards that garrisoned the prison, would have comfortably housed and warmed them, and then the scant and wretched rations would not so soon have been the cause of emaciation and disease. The risk of escape could not have been great, and I doubt if as many would have got away as in fact managed to do so in the actual circumstances. The almost certainty of sickness and death nerved many a man to incredible exertions to be free who would have waited more patiently for an exchange if his condition had been less intolerable or less sure of a fatal result. But, even if there had been some more escapes, it would be no argument in favor of the horrible system which was adopted.

There is no resemblance between the situation of prisoners in a pen and that of soldiers in bivouac. The latter build shelters of rails or of brush-wood, if they have no shelter-tents, and they are very rarely stinted in firewood. Their active life helps to preserve their vigor. To liken these to men without shelter of any kind and without fire enough to cook by, herded inside a ring-fence, in winter weather, is an abuse of words. Enough of the shocking subject!

As soon as head-quarters baggage could be brought up, I established my own camp in the northern edge of Greensboro, in a grove which was part of the grounds attached to the mansion of Mr. Dick, since that time judge of the United States District Court. The first impression of the people was that all government was now in the hands of the army, and we had no little difficulty in correcting it. The policy of the government was to recognize the ordinary courts and local magistrates, and to support their authority in preserving the peace, punishing crimes, and determining ordinary civil rights. The political organization of the state was left subject to such changes or conditions of reconstruction as might be prescribed by National statute. The army, however, was the present palpable fact. The muskets and the cannon were physical engines of power that everybody could see, and everybody well knew that the commandants of department and district could use them if need be. There was therefore a natural tendency, both in civil magistrates and in the people, to refer all sorts of questions to the military authorities. I tried, in good faith, to make it understood within my own district that we were averse to meddling with local affairs, and wished the ordinary current of civil administration to run on

in its accustomed channels till it should be replaced by that which should have the new authority of a reconstructed state under acts of Congress. I not only promulgated this through the military channels, but I accepted several invitations to address the people at different points and explain our attitude and purpose during the interregnum, and to give them serious advice as to their conduct in the very trying circumstances in which they were. It need hardly be said that the gist of this advice was to recognize the absolute death of the system of slavery, to deal with the freedmen with perfect sincerity as free laborers who were at liberty to make the best bargain they could for their labor, and to confine for the present their political activity to the duty of keeping alive such local magistracies as would prevent the community from falling into anarchy. There was a wistful solicitude noticeable in people of all classes to know what was to become of them. Their leaders had educated them to believe that the success of the National arms would mean the loss of every liberty and subjection to every form of hateful tyranny. Yet they almost universally showed a spirit of complete resignation to what might come, and a wish to conform obediently to every thing enjoined by the officers of the occupying army. It was the rarest thing in the world to meet with any thing like sullen resistance or hostile or unfriendly utterances. My own stay in North Carolina did not extend into the period of the provisional governments authorized by act of Congress, and I was not personally witness to the varying phases of sentiment among the people at that time.

The political character of North Carolina during the war had been different from that of the Gulf States. We found

very few indeed who were known as "original secessionists." The "Old Whigs" had given the tone to public sentiment, and the community, as a whole, had sincerely desired that the Union might be preserved. Yet a society based upon slavery had such community of interest with the states further south that it was soon dragged into the secession vortex. When once war had begun, the growth of hostility against what was regarded as their "public enemy" was rapid, and in every state a war party in time of war has a great advantage over the opposition. The charge of "giving aid and comfort to the enemy" is too powerful a weapon against the minority, and the outward appearance was soon that of almost complete unanimity in the desperate struggle to make secession a success. Party leaders were borne along upon the current and vied with each other in extravagant professions of devotion to the Confederacy.

In such circumstances, the men who were at heart opposed to the war thought they were doing all that was wise or prudent in making what they called a constitutional opposition to the Davis government, professing to acquiesce in the Confederate organization, but urging the negotiation of peace on the best attainable terms. In the fever of actual conflict, the following of such men was small, although it seemed plain to me that a majority of the people of the state sympathized with them at heart.

The outspoken Union men were, almost as a matter of course, treated as traitors, and lived under a reign of terror. In the mountains, where their numbers were considerable, they were the victims of a relentless guerrilla warfare, as the

same class was upon the other slope of the "Great Smokies" in East Tennessee.

Out of these classes came the elements of new struggles for political power. The minority naturally felt that their time had now come, and were not altogether patient with the principles of our democratic constitution which require that a majority shall not be disfranchised, and which therefore make it practically impossible that a minority shall rule. At the time I am speaking of, these elements were quiet in the first stunning effect of the collapse of the Confederacy; but we could see the tendencies to antagonisms that were to agitate the state during the next decade.

The negroes were, of course, of none of these parties. Very few of the whites were in favor of emancipation on principle, though all accepted it as the inevitable result of the war. Tacitly or avowedly they all admitted that the fate of the "system" had been the real issue at stake, and that the surrender meant universal freedom. But the colored people were ignorant, and had cherished strange illusions as to the change which was to come to them. It was a common belief among them that the whites were to be stripped of all property, and the land to be given to them. We had heard curious discussions among them, around the camp fires, in which they had apportioned the real and personal property among themselves. The faith that they were each to have "forty acres and a mule" was of a little later growth. The first noticeable thing among them, after the surrender, was the almost universal disposition to quit work. It would have been very natural that they should wish for a great holiday, and try to realize their freedom by extending it at their own

will, and thus prove to themselves that no man was their master. But, in addition to this, they seemed to fear that any continuance of the relation of laborers for their former masters would cover some waiver of their right to freedom. Yet, as they had hopes that the real estate would be given to them by the National government, they were disinclined to leave the old home. The outcome was, that for a time they occupied their old quarters, and asserted a kind of proprietorship in them, whilst they "struck" from labor.

When it is remembered that the kitchen of Southern houses is a detached building, of which the servants have exclusive occupation, it will easily be understood that the situation was any thing but comfortable for housekeepers. Oftentimes they could neither hire cooks, nor get access to the open kitchen fire and the rude utensils which the colored people appropriated as their own. According to my observation, the Southern white women were very systematic and thorough in the supervision of household work, but were necessarily ignorant of the actual manipulation. They knew what flour and other ingredients to weigh out for a batch of bread, but they had never done the baking. Some of them tried their first experiments over the open fire with "Dutch ovens," and other primitive implements, whilst a group of colored women sat around, commenting drolly but most exasperatingly upon the results. As a temporary compromise we were obliged to "clear the kitchen" by military authority, making it known that that was part of the "house," and that if the mistresses of the mansion had to do their own work, it was not necessary that it should be done before such an "audience." Such a social crisis is always short, but it is very severe. No doubt

those who have gone through it look back upon it as one does upon the "day after a fire," when the wretchedness of dirt and destruction seems hopeless, but, like other mundane things, soon pass away, and it is spoken of as all "part of a life-time."

A delicate and amiable lady, whose fortune at her marriage had been of that ample sort which was measured in Southern parlance as "a hundred negroes," herself told me, with a mixture of tearful pathos and recognition of the comic side of it, of her own first efforts to make a batch of soda biscuit for her husband and children, after she got possession of her kitchen. She knew all about the rule, but in new practice the rule didn't work. The ingredients got wrongly mixed; the fire was too hot, or not hot enough; some biscuits were burnt to a crisp, some were not cooked, and none were eatable, and her heart was ready to break at the prospect of her family's condition till something could be done to remedy the trouble. In more than one household our officers' messes helped to tide over the painful interval by giving camp hospitality and friendly assistance to their new neighbors. We frequently heard housekeepers say that if they only had the snug ranges of Northern kitchens within the house, they would have made light of the labor; but their "out-door" kitchens, and primitive methods, which produced appetizing results in the hands of colored cooks who had been brought up to them, were killing upon those who had been delicately reared.

We saw more of the domestic form of this social anarchy than of farm labor, for the outdoor work could wait, whereas the indoor work could not. The same difficulty was every-

where, however, and the intelligence of the community soon hit upon temporary expedients. Such men as Mr. Gilmer and Judge Dick took the lead in advising their colored people to avoid the apprehended risk of compromising their freedom, by hiring out temporarily to work for others than their old masters. By thus changing about, the consciousness of working under a voluntary contract was stronger, and the uneducated brain was less puzzled to tell whether any change of situation had really come. We did our best to dispel the notion that wealth and idleness were to follow emancipation, and to encourage the freedmen to resume industrious labor as the foundation of real freedom and independence: The peaceful character of the colored people was shown even in what they supposed was a great revolution in their favor. There was no rioting or angry disturbance—no effort to accomplish any thing by force. They abandoned for the time their usual employments, and congregated in their quarters or in groups about the streets, waiting for some great thing to happen. There was, of course, plenty of talk, and some excitement, but even this gradually diminished, and, as they began to realize that without work there would be no food, they made such bargains as suited them, and the affairs of the plantation and of the house began to move on. The owners of property did not hope for profits, they expressed themselves earnestly as anxious only that such crops might be raised as would save the community, white and black alike, from absolute destitution. I know of prominent examples of well-known men offering the farm-hands all that they could raise for that season if they would only go to work and plant something which could still ripen into food. The season was ad-

vancing, and a little delay was very dangerous. The last chance for a crop in that year would soon be gone. The influence and advice of sagacious and prudent men was never more useful, for society seemed to be resolved into its original elements where all authority but the military went for nothing. As soldiers we refrained from meddling in civil affairs, but it was understood that we should preserve the peace, and allow no force to be used by others. It was a time when every body felt the need of being patient and conciliatory, and the natural authority of known character and wisdom asserted itself. Every body soon went to work to make a living, and the burning problems of political and social importance were postponed.

A serious inconvenience was immediately felt in the lack of a circulating medium. The Confederate currency was at once made worthless by the failure of the rebellion, and there was nothing to take its place. The extent to which its depreciation had gone was amusingly shown by a printed notice and list of prices I found posted in a country tavern, already some months old. In it the price of a dinner was put at ten dollars, and other meals and accommodation in proportion. Still this currency had served for business purposes, and it being gone, the community had to go back to primitive barter for the time. We had opportunity to notice to what great straits the people had been reduced for two years in the matter of manufactured goods of all kinds. Factories of every sort were scarce in the South when the war began, and resources of every kind were so absorbed in the war that there was no chance for new ones to spring up. Carriages, wagons, and farm implements went to decay, or

could only be rudely patched up by the rough mechanics of the plantation. The stringent blockade shut out foreign goods, and the people were generally clothed in homespun. In many houses the floors were bare because the carpets had been cut up to make blankets for the soldiers. Ladies made their own shoes of such materials as they could find. They braided their own hats. They showed a wonderful ingenuity in supplying from native products the place of all the articles of use which had formerly been imported from foreign lands or from the North. Taste asserted itself perhaps all the more in such discouraging circumstances, and the feminine refinement and love of adornment worked marvels out of the slenderest materials. A home-made straw hat, ornamented with feathers of barn-yard fowls and domestic birds, was often as jaunty and as pretty as any Parisian bonnet. Simple dyes were made to give to coarse cotton stuffs a lively contrast or harmony of pure colors as effective as the varied and elaborate fabrics from the European looms. In some respects, this self-dependence heightened the personal advantages of those who excelled in ingenuity, in taste, and in skill; for the clothes indicated better the character of the wearer than those which are made on one pattern in the shop of a fashionable mantua-maker.

Adversity has such uses and such compensations that I should hardly reckon the poverty of the Southern States during 1864-65 as a burden greatly felt in private life. All such things are comparative, and where all the people undergo the same privations, the odious comparisons and jealousies between richer and poorer disappear, in a measure. A simple

life full of great enthusiasms is one a philosopher may find much satisfaction in, and has, many a time, been pictured as an ideal calculated to bring out the best qualities of men and women, and therefore to make life more truly enjoyable. I greatly doubt if Southern men and women, in looking back on the war time, find any thing to regret in the simple fare and plain dress of the enforced economy of that period. The real griefs and burdens, if I am not mistaken, came from other sources. Among thoughtful people, there must have been, from the summer of 1863, serious doubts of the possibility of a successful outcome of their struggle, and a growing and unhappy conviction that the fearful waste of life and treasure would be in vain. They must have had grave misgivings also as to the righteousness of a cause which championed an institution condemned by the whole world and in conflict with the general progress of Christendom. To see their best and bravest consumed in the fire of successive battles, and to be waiting only till the slaughter should make it impossible to keep armies in the field, must have been a grief and a suffering which made all physical deprivations seem small indeed.

I think I can not be mistaken in the judgment I formed at the time, that to the great body of the Southern people it was a relief that the struggle was really over; that they breathed more freely, and felt that a new lease of life came with peace. They had been half conscious for a good while that it must end so, and they were in the mood to be at least resigned, if not readily to profess the pious conviction that "it was all for the best." With the reactions and political exasperations that came later, I have here nothing to do. My

purpose has been to reproduce, as far as my memory serves, the scenes and the surroundings of that last military duty of the great war. Why it was that the mellowness of spirit which seemed then so prevalent could not have ripened without interruption or check into a quicker and more complete fraternization belongs to another field of inquiry. The military chronicler stops when he was "mustered out."

A summer ride, which a party of us took to the battlefield of "Guilford Old Court-House," may be worth noting as an encouragement to believe that our descriptions of the scenes of our own engagements need not become unintelligible even in the distant future. Among the combats of our Revolutionary War, Guilford Court-House ranks high in importance, for the check there given to the invading British army, under Lord Cornwallis, by the Continental forces under General Greene, was the turning point in a campaign. Greensboro is the present county-seat of Guilford county, and the "Old Court-House," a few miles distant, has disappeared as a village, a few buildings, almost unused, being the only mark of the old town. Natural topography, however, does not change its material features easily, and in this case a cleared field or two where the forest had formerly extended seemed to be the only change that had occurred in the past century. With General Greene's official report of the battle in our hands we could trace with complete accuracy every movement of the advancing enemy and his own dispositions to receive the attack. We could see the reasons for the movements on both sides, and how the undulations of surface, and the cover of woods and fences, were taken advantage of by either commander. Military principles being the same in all times, we found ourselves

criticising the movements as if they had occurred on one of our own recent battle fields. It brought the older and the later war into almost startling nearness, and made us realize, as perhaps nothing else could have done, how the future visitor will trace the movements in which we have had a part, and, when we have been dust for centuries, will follow the path of our battalions from hill to hill, from stream to stream, from the border of a wood to the open ground where the bloody conflict was hand to hand, and will comment upon the history we have made. It pointed the lesson that what is accurate in our reports and narratives will be recognized by the intelligent critic, and that the face of the country itself will be an unalterable record which will go far to expose the true reasons of things—to show what statements are consistent with the physical conditions under which a battle was fought, and what, if any, are warped to hide a repulse or to claim a false success. Nature herself will thus prove the strongest ally of truth.

Read December 7, 1887.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PECULIAR SERVICE.

BY GEORGE C. ASHMUN,

Late Second Lieutenant Seventh Independent Troop, O. V. C.

The account I have here to present is so simple among annals of the war that it seems to lack essentials of interest. There are no plans of campaign; no "critical movements," "drawn battles," or "decisive victories;" no exhibitions of valor or endurance of great suffering; none of the stock elements of the genuine "war story"—only a simple sketch of a somewhat unique company's service.

While Governor David Tod was in Washington during October, 1863, and in frequent consultation with Secretary Stanton upon the raising of troops, and other questions of mutual interest and anxiety, the secretary expressed great concern for the personal safety of President Lincoln; not so much when he was in the White House and attending to office business, but in his drives about the city and vicinity, and while away from his family and secretaries.

Whether this anxiety was aroused by any definite information Mr. Stanton had received in regard to the source and form of danger, or only sprang from his guarding watchfulness, which grasped so many of the possibilities entering into the problem I do not know. But certain it was that both secretary and governor were impressed with a sense of danger to the life or liberty of the President, in his movements about the city, during the autumn of '63. And, indeed, we know

there had been anxiety much earlier than this, for in addition to the company of infantry standing guard about the house, a detachment of cavalry known as "Scott's Nine Hundred," had for a time been on duty as an escort to the President. However this detachment had been removed and none other had been assigned its place, so that upon the expression of anxiety in this direction on the part of Mr. Stanton, and a wish that some such escort were again at hand, Governor Tod offered upon his return to Ohio to recruit, organize, mount, and equip a cavalry company or troop, of selected men and forward them to Washington for such duty. (These reasons for raising this troop were given me by Governor Tod.)

Accordingly, upon the Governor's return to Columbus, he immediately began the work of securing suitable men for this new company—the last of his recruiting during his official term. He decided that it should number one hundred men including officers, and be representative in its character and composition. To this end he sent a letter to each county military committee having in charge enlistments, asking them to furnish a man to represent their county in a cavalry company designed for special service. And in the letter the wish was expressed that men would be selected who had already seen some cavalry or other army service, if possible, and that they be of good character and education and not less than six feet in height! The nature of the service was not made known to the committees, other than that it was to be "cavalry" and "special." If every county had responded there would, of course, have been eighty-eight men furnished in this way; but, owing to enlistments for other branches of

service already going forward in some counties, or from failure to secure a satisfactory representative in others, only sixty-five counties answered the governor's appeal and forwarded men of the desired standard. But after some weeks' delay enough men of lesser height were received to complete the number, although a few counties were not represented at all. And on the 23d of December the company, known on the roster as the "Union Light Guard," Seventh Independent Troop, Ohio Cavalry, mounted on the best black horses the state could find, started for Washington and arrived there three days later. The captain in command was George A. Bennitt, who had been sent to Governor Tod by Secretary Stanton for the purpose, and who had seen similar service in Scott's Nine Hundred.

Quarters had been prepared for the troop about thirty rods south of the south front of the treasury building, and facing Fifteenth Street in the tract which then, as now, was unoccupied by other buildings. These quarters were about five minutes' walk from the White House. The horses had brick stables on the other side of Fifteenth Street.

During the remainder of the winter of 1863-4, there was little call on the troop for duty as an escort, and the time was utilized in individual and company drill. The horses received especial attention, both as to grooming and the saddle, for coming as they did from various forms of team service, they were not in good cavalry form. To some of the men who had completed partial or full courses of collegiate education, there was little glory or other satisfaction in two or three hours a day of rubbing the coats of those black horses! Enlistment for "special service" had meant something more

than this! But the horses enjoyed it, and showed the good effects so that when the time came, their fine condition and appearance usually attracted much more attention than the men sitting them!

In the June following the President and his family changed their residence from the White House to the cottage near the Old Soldiers' Home, four miles north. And *then* the mounted escort which Ohio by her governor had furnished, was called upon to begin the duties of its organization, by accompanying the President on his drives from White House to cottage and return. It was the summer during which General Early came up to almost the very edge of the north side of Washington, threatening the city. The Soldiers' Home being situated on that side of the city, was particularly exposed in case Early made the attempt expected of him. For most of three days he was there, and every night as we went out with Mr. Lincoln Secretary Stanton would send word to be especially vigilant, lest some knowledge the rebels might possess in regard to the President's residence being so near their lines, might tempt a daring raid, the spot be reached, and disastrous results occur.

For more than a year previous, Company "K," of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, had been standing guard about the White House and during the summer were about the cottage also in the same capacity. But the two companies combined would have proved insignificant, probably, had any considerable force of determined men made a sudden dash upon the place. And I can account for their failure to do so, and also to have burned Washington at this time only on the ground of wanting definite information as to the num-

ber of troops available for defense. For beyond question, in my judgment, both objects could have been successfully accomplished, especially on the first day of Early's arrival in that position. Whether his force so employed could have escaped afterward might well be doubted, but the loss inflicted would have been beyond estimate.

It was in the early autumn of that year, when, one morning in our ride from the Soldiers' Home to the White House, "Tad" Lincoln, who alone was riding with his father demanded that the carriage be stopped, and that one of the escort should climb a tree by the roadside and get him some persimmons. Mr. Lincoln acquiesced, and while the boy's wish was being gratified, the President turned to those nearest him, and remarked upon some plowing being done near by, and concluded by saying: "I hope to see the day when our western prairies will be plowed by steam, and I believe it will be done. I have always felt a great interest in that subject."

The daily order of escort duty at this time was to leave the White House with the carriage in the latter part of the afternoon or evening, remain near the cottage all night and return in the morning. The hour for going or coming varied from day to day as the President might require. Occasionally after reaching the cottage, urgent business would make it necessary for Mr. Lincoln to return to the White House, but *late* night trips were rare. Every morning on the way in two stops were made—the first at the residence of Secretary Seward, who would come out to the carriage and sit, usually, from five to twenty minutes in earnest conversation; the second at the War Department Office, where Mr. Stanton

would come out to the carriage in the same way. Often these morning conferences would appear very animated to the escort, drawn up at a respectful distance, and interpreting the nod of those heads and the gestures of those hands as imagination might choose.

During that summer of 1864, while General Early was in position to the north of Washington, the escort was hastily summoned one afternoon, and following the carriage containing the President we were led to one of the forts located to the north and west of the city. Arriving it soon became apparent that Mr. Lincoln had come out to see a battle, or, at least, the movements of troops which would decide whether a battle would be necessary. He dismounted from the carriage and took a position on the embankment near where guns were already firing at the rebel line.

In a very short time it was evident that some one from the other side had given this point some attention, for "thud," "thud," came balls into the earth near by. These shots came from sharpshooters stationed in a house about half a mile away. It appeared that this house was owned by Hon. Montgomery Blair or some member of the Blair family, and on this account the gunners of the fort had not disturbed it. But after urging the President to retire to a less exposed position, about which bullets came faster and closer, and the fact of ownership had been stated to him he gave orders, or at least permission for the guns to be directed against the house, which was done with such accuracy that the second or third shot sent a shell through the roof and men could be seen fleeing from it in all directions.

It was the afternoon when the Sixth Corps had arrived at the

wharf more than four miles away, and without rest or delay and in plain view from his position at this fort the President saw their line advance straight up to and after the rebels, who disappeared from sight so quickly that the thinness and weakness of their line was very apparent.

It was also during this summer that Mr. Lincoln for two or three weeks took his trips to and from the Soldiers' Home, as a cavalry-man. The horse I had ridden was selected for him on account of its proportions—a tall, leggy animal, rather nervous and willful. This horse the President rode a few days, but finding it rather fatiguing and requiring too much attention, a quieter beast was found for him, the riding of which he appeared to enjoy greatly. For some reason my horse would never afterward carry me quietly or comfortably! The pace of company or carriage was objectionable to him, so that after a time of trial to himself and rider he was returned to the Cavalry Bureau *without prejudice*.

As season and presidential campaign of 1864 progressed to October and the President's family remained at the cottage Secretary Stanton communicated to the escort and guard a great and especial anxiety in regard to the safety of President Lincoln. Neither officers nor men were informed as to the nature or source of danger, but all were constantly cautioned to be vigilant by day and night. And Mr. Stanton emphasized the necessity for caution along the route from House to cottage. On this account when passing back and forth in the twilight or darker, it was the order to completely cover the carriage with the bodies of men and horses, and to maintain such positions throughout the trip that no person or missile could reach the carriage without encountering obstacles. The

coachman, Burke, who is now "captain of the watch" in one of the department buildings in Washington, was instructed to take such a pace as he could well keep up the entire four miles, and on no account to slacken speed or stop throughout the trip.

It was on one of the trips at this time, one evening after dark, and while riding very close to the side of the carriage that a saber scabbard came in contact with the spokes of one of the carriage wheels, causing Mr. Lincoln's face to appear at the window with a questioning look. And I have always supposed that this incident partially gave rise to the report that Mr. Lincoln was more afraid of his escort than of any one else!

All through the autumn pickets were placed at night on all the roads and paths about the Soldiers' Home, and the whole escort company was kept under arms with horses saddled, ready for any call. One beautiful Indian summer night about 12 o'clock, in the midst of this period of anxiety and watchfulness, as I was returning across a field from a visit to one of the pickets who had fired at something that would not halt when challenged, I saw a man walking alone and leisurely across the path I was taking, and as I came up to him I saw it was Mr. Lincoln. At an earlier hour I should not have addressed him but thinking that I ought to know all going on at that hour and place, I said: "Mr. President, isn't it rather risky to be out here at this hour?" He answered: "Oh, I guess not. I couldn't rest, and thought I'd take a walk." He had passed the inner infantry guard and was forty or fifty rods from the cottage, and certainly in some danger from our men if from no other on account of the anxious tension they were

under. You will, perhaps, recall that this was about the time of which it was afterward learned a plot had been formed to abduct the President. And if at any time during its term of service the company of which I speak performed service of value, it probably was during the six weeks preceding Mr. Lincoln's second election.

About ten days after that election the family returned to the White House for the winter. The actual return took place one evening after dark, and the escort was on duty with the carriage. It was during this evening of the coming back that I received my first strong impressions of Mrs. Lincoln's qualities and character. For some reason she was especially anxious and timid on coming back to the House again, and requested as a favor that some men from the escort be detailed to spend the night there in addition to the regular guard. In compliance with her request at between eight and nine o'clock I took five or six men there, and upon inquiry as to what disposition was to be made of them she called me aside and told me of her fears in regard to Mr. Lincoln's safety, especially fearing that parties might have either gained access to the house and secreted themselves, or had planned ready ways of access to be used when they returned. The men were stationed about the halls and family rooms, with a "relief" resting very comfortably on carpets or sofas, and this arrangement continued several nights. But from what I saw and heard of Mrs. Lincoln that night and at some subsequent times, I was convinced of her entire devotion to her husband, and that in her place she had great anxieties and cares pertaining to her day and time there.

From the time of the return of the family in November

until the following March there was little of escort duty performed by the troop. A detachment of eight or ten men were usually on duty in some capacity at the receptions of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, a service extremely unpopular with the men on account of the apparent "lackey" element in it.

On the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration on the fourth of March, 1865, the escort was notified to attend his carriage which was assigned a place in the line of procession or parade of the day, from White House to Capitol and return. This procession was to begin its movements at eleven o'clock so as to reach the Capitol at twelve. The escort was at the house promptly at nine o'clock, drawn up in front of the veranda in full enjoyment of the honors and a soaking rain; so that white gloves, polished boots, and equipments were sadly soiled, and spirits badly depressed. Promptly at eleven o'clock Mrs. Lincoln, Robert Lincoln, and his future father-in-law Senator Harlan, entered the carriage, and proceeded to the west gate of the grounds fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, where after waiting about twenty minutes with no place or sign for the central carriage of the parade in the tangled mass of troops, fire-engines, and other material in the street Mrs. Lincoln became impatient. At last she inquired if a way could not be cleared for the carriage to pass out and on. Being assured that it could be done she gave the order to proceed at once, which was done at a gallop but at the expense and in spite of loud protests from marshals and aids, whose plans and efforts were thus demoralized. The carriage slackened its speed only when the Capitol was reached, where Mr. Lincoln had already been for hours signing bills, made necessary by the closing of Congress and his first term. Not

only were the marshals and aids discomfited but the escort, coachman, horses, and carriage were in such a disgraceful plight of muddiness, from the thin coating on the pavement that it was fortunate indeed for the sake of appearances, an hour or more elapsed before the oath of office and inaugural address were finished and the return begun.

When at about 1:30 o'clock, the President had finished speaking, and was placed in his carriage for the ride back to the White House the sun had come out, the air was mild and wonderfully clear; and as Mr. Lincoln rode along the wide avenue lined with well nigh worshipers, the escort came into position behind the carriage, the stains of the morning removed and sharing in the enthusiasm of the hour. Somewhere on the route it was discovered that the planet Venus was in sight, although then only about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the first and only time most of us ever saw the star at that hour of day.

The inauguration came on Saturday, and the President held a memorable reception that evening. Some of the incidents of that reception were strongly impressed on me. The gathering was large and began to mass early. It was an insistent crowd; one that, mostly, had come long distances and proposed to omit nothing on the bills. The doors of the entrance were to open at 8 o'clock, and the platform (of size and form then as now) in front of the entrance, the walks and drives back of the avenue, were packed with people long before that hour.

After consultation it was arranged that the district police, who were, of course, government officers should manage the people inside the house, and the military force take care of them outside. In order to prevent a crush within it was decided

to open the doors and let the house fill, then close them and keep them closed until the police had moved the people on and mostly out of a separate place of exit. The difficulties in this plan were to cut off the stream at the doorway long enough to close the doors, and then to pacify those kept in waiting for the next opening. Occasionally a lady would faint or become terrified and have to be rescued by taking her out of the mass over the heads of men, for they were packed so closely that they could not move or be moved to permit any other way of escape. From the midst of this compressed mass on that platform at the entrance I heard a voice and saw the hand of a tall naval officer waved toward me, with the call: "Can't you get us out of this?" After a hard struggle he was reached and at his side a much shorter man in full uniform was standing, whom I had not seen until then, and who proved to be Admiral Farragut utterly helpless. His face shone with great good feeling at being released from a very uncomfortable position, to say nothing of the delay in reaching the President. Soon after this event I was called inside the house to see what could be done for a gentleman who complained that he had been refused admission to the President by the chief usher. I soon found him to be Mr. Frederick Douglass, and the usher had checked his progress on account of his color. This was in accordance with long-established custom, but was finally compromised by finding a place in which Mr. Douglass could remain until a later hour, which he did, but not without some expression of injured feelings.

The reception lasted until 11 o'clock, three hours of most rapid and continuous hand-shaking, and it was definitely as-

serted by some of the newspaper men present that over six thousand persons shook hands with Mr. Lincoln in that time.

It is probable that Mr. Lincoln never wished for a military guard or escort. At all events every call upon either for services came from others than himself, so far as I ever knew. The question has been asked many times: "How did it happen that with a guard and escort provided, he should be at Ford's Theater that eventful night unprotected?" I would say that it had never been thought necessary for him to be guarded or escorted, when going out for an evening in that way. It was understood that he preferred not to be accompanied in such fashion when mingling with the people in such places. And in some way the alarm felt during the autumn before had become largely allayed. At least the escort heard nothing of any especial apprehensions, and were as unprepared for the attack upon him as people here in Ohio. It is true, however, that at almost any time a person with Wilkes Booth's reckless determination could have reached and killed the President at the White House, or in his walks to the War Department building, for it was an almost daily sight to see him walking alone, and leisurely, to and from his interviews with Mr. Stanton, and it would have been easy for such an assassin to have met him there.

When the final funeral services were held at the White House, and the body removed to the Capitol there to lie in state for three days, the escort and guard companies were ordered to appear without arms, simply in the capacity of mourners—packed solidly into the little "blue room," and filling it completely saving only a passage about two feet

and a half wide, along which passed to their places in the east room President Johnson, General Grant, members of the Cabinet, judges of the Supreme Court, foreign ministers and others all oppressed by the event, the presence of the dead body, and the sense of National lamentation. And as we marched behind the remains to the Capitol, every man felt it to be one of the most memorable days of his life. Arriving there the casket was carried to the center of the rotunda, where in a few moments was presented the most solemn and impressive scene I ever witnessed. None were admitted to the rotunda except the clergy officiating, the members of the family (Mr. Robert Lincoln only, I believe), the members of the Cabinet and a few general officers. This little group gathered close about the casket and was completely encircled by the two companies, while the final *family* service was completed. The place, the silence, the grief in each man's heart and face, the centering there of a Nation's woe, all of which could be felt in every fiber combined to make the moment supreme in its impression. I doubt whether that old rotunda will ever again hold so simple, grand or oppressive a scene as presented that day when Rev. Dr. Gurley, standing at the head of that casket invoked the support and benediction of God upon the people sustaining such a loss! I never enter the rotunda since then without finding that picture there, more clearly defined than any of those upon the walls. No words can fitly describe it, or imagination reproduce it.

The troop remained nominally the President's escort after Mr. Lincoln's death, but I believe never appeared upon the street in that capacity for any other.

The days of "Grand Review" for the all-conquering armies

came, but this troop could only share in bestowing honors to those who had fought and won. To this end we erected a platform nearly directly across the avenue from the reviewing stand, for Ohio ladies in the city to welcome Ohio soldiers. To this platform great quantities of flowers were brought ready to be showered upon the Ohio men as they passed. But soon, during the first day, when Meade's army was fairly in motion it was found practically impossible for the ladies to distinguish Ohio regiments as they came along, and the flowers failed to reach many for whom they had been provided. Flags were torn and soiled, and all other markings were difficult to read. On the second day, and in Sherman's army, the difficulty was still greater and, as a last resort bushels of bouquets were taken to General and Mrs. Sherman, who stood beside her husband, with the request that they bestow them to Ohio regiments. It is possible that even General Sherman may have found it difficult to place the bouquets exclusively to Ohio men, but they served the purpose of the occasion. And of the persons reviewing the armies those two days—President Johnson, his cabinet, foreign ministers and generals of our own armies, none were cheerier than the Ohio ladies, and members of the escort company who ran their bidding.

This troop remained in service until about the middle of September, 1865. Eight of its enlisted men received commissions to other commands. At three different times requests were made by its officers for the troop to be placed in the field and be allowed to engage in the great struggle, but each time were told they were needed where they were. And in estimating their services it is only just to remember that

none of the men enlisted knew at the time of their enlistment what or where their service was to be.

A troop of little direct service of value, probably, but a most willing one.

Read February 1, 1888.

CHARLESTON IN THE REBELLION.

BY ALVIN C. VORIS,
Late Brevet Major-General U. S. V.

The paper I am about to read is as much a story and moral of the rebellion, its follies and failures, illustrated by the State of South Carolina and its chief city, as a narrative of the military operations before Charleston; and intended as much to give prominence to the calamities that wrong political action may bring upon a people, as to glorify the wonderful heroism of the men who enacted the surprising feats of valor before that city.

South Carolina had been a conspicuous leader in the disquietudes that led to the war of the rebellion—her conduct being frequently ostentatiously offensive, at times grossly treasonable.

The immediate steps that led to the bloody drama, a few incidents of which I am about to relate, began to develop officially in this wise. In the presidential contest of 1860, four party candidates were put in the field. The extreme slave party supported the ticket headed by J. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky; the conservative element of the Democratic party by Stephen A. Douglas; the Know-Nothing party by John Bell, of Tennessee; and the Republican, or Free Soil, party by Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois; the latter getting 180 electoral votes to 123 for all the other candidates. The great spirit manifested in the canvass by the supporters of Lincoln

awakened especially the fears of South Carolina that the coming election might give the national administration to the party supporting him.

On the 5th of October, 1860, and before the October elections, Governor Gist, of that state, dispatched by special messenger a confidential official letter to the governors of the cotton States, asking an interchange of opinions, which he might be permitted to submit to a consultation of leading men of his state. The letter contained the statement "that South Carolina would call a convention as soon as it was ascertained that a majority of Lincoln electors were chosen. If a single state secedes, she will follow her; if no other state takes the lead, South Carolina will secede, in my opinion, alone, if she has any assurance that she will be soon followed by any other state or states." It will be perceived that the special grievance lay in the election of Lincoln. This threat that she would disrupt the Union if the Free Soil party should elect the candidate of their choice for President was impudent and treasonable, and grated harshly upon the ears of free men.

The election on the ensuing 6th of November resulted as before stated. In the meantime, the legislature of South Carolina had been elected with special reference to the fitness of its members for revolution, and pursuant to the wish of the leading conspirators of that state, had been called in special session to meet on the 5th of November, the day before the presidential election—to whom Governor Gist sent a defiant revolutionary message, and recommended calling a revolutionary convention, and purchasing arms and material of war. On the 6th, the legislature cast the vote of the state for Breckinridge electors, and adjourned over to the 7th, to await

the result of the elections of the other states, and take such action in the crisis as the great men of South Carolina might think best. Whatever of surprise was felt at the turn of public sentiment at the North, indicated by the results of the election, was more than surpassed by the extraordinary action immediately taken by her general assembly, which ordered a convention, made appropriations to carry on overt acts of treason against the Government of the United States, passed military bills, and prepared the state for forcible revolution.

The election for delegates to the convention was held on the 6th of December, and the convention organized on the 17th at Columbia, the state capital; but, as if needing the inspiration of the more congenial spirits of Charleston, adjourned to meet the next day in that city, and in four days unanimously passed what is called an ordinance of secession.

Commencing with the 7th of November, military companies enrolled themselves in the city of Charleston; organizations of minute men sprang up all over the state; drills, parades, and meetings set mad with treasonable harangues and stirring songs; processions headed with palmetto flags and revolutionary emblems were put in motion; fire-arms and munitions of war were purchased in great quantities; and Charleston was given over to the folly of cursing the American Union, inflaming the rabble to become active participants in treason, and forcing the state out of the Union. This may not have been so surprising after all, for South Carolina had the taint of treason in her very being. As early as 1832, she undertook to nullify the acts of Congress for collecting the National tariff duties at the ports of South Carolina. It is significant that the then revenue system was organized so as to give pro-

tection to American free labor. She then threatened to set up for herself and dissolve the Union, if the United States undertook to enforce her revenue laws in South Carolina. The nerve and loyalty of Andrew Jackson gave the marplots of that time and unsavory locality a back-set—stretched hemp or obedience were his alternatives. They, of course, declined the hanging, and slunk back into place again, and took consolation thenceforth in denouncing the Federal Union, sowing seeds of disloyalty and treason in the susceptible minds of the young men of all the states, and debauching the public men and politics of the Northern states. Too wary to take the responsibility of overt acts of treason, they insidiously cultivated the heresy of state superiority to the Union, till the active and aspiring men of the South adopted it as the fundamental doctrine of their respective states. So meekly did we yield to this delusion and its dangers, and so completely had the spirit of "Old Hickory" died out in our Presidents, that little South Carolina felt that she was larger than the Union, and that her statesmen could subordinate the United States to a back seat among the nations of the earth.

In 1850, her legislature proposed to convene a Southern Congress, for the purpose of instituting measures looking to the defense of the South, that is, the slave-holding interests. The object aimed at was distinctly announced to be the formation of a Southern Confederacy, in other words, the dissolution of the Union. Acts essentially treasonable. Perhaps there then was more of bluster in these efforts to coerce pending measures in Congress than real intent. She quieted down on the passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, a measure that burned with shame in the face of every

American citizen who had the sense of self-respect in his nature.

In the order of sequence, Governor Pickens, having in the meantime succeeded Governor Gist, on the 24th of December, officially proclaimed his state to be an independent nation, organized his cabinet, sent his envoys abroad, and even had the impudence to send commissioners, who had been selected by the convention, among whom was James L. Orr, of whom you will hear more further on, to go to Washington to treat with the Government of the United States for terms of adjustment over the robbery she was then compassing; and at once put the state on active war footing, which thenceforth exhibited all the airs of a nation at war. On Christmas Day of 1860, she was under full sail, so far as the acts of her people were concerned, as an independent political power, coquetting for foreign recognition and favors, and a place in history.

Governor Pickens ate his holiday turkey, and rinsed down his shrimp, the chief of a new-born, paper nation, and poor, cowardly, vacillating, hesitating, partisan James Buchanan sat shivering in the White House, in mortal fear lest he should be written down in history as the last and most ignoble of the Presidents of the United States. His last fear was realized. Both lived long enough to see what unspeakable asses they made of themselves. Poor Buchanan went to his grave more despised than any open conspirator or traitor of the South—a mere form of humanity, whose memory is but a reproach to the people who honored him, and whose life is a staring monument of the retributions that follow at the heels of infidelity and pusillanimity. He was a truckling politician, who wor-

shipped at the shrine of mere party, and died a martyr to its basest demands.

The manifest feeling of Charleston had become so intensely hostile to the Federal authorities, and the garrison occupying Fort Moultrie, under Major Robert Anderson, that he withdrew his little force of 125 men, on the night of December 26th, from the fort, which was readily approachable from the land side, and securely placed it in Fort Sumter. This fort was so situated in the bay as to afford most favorable conditions for defense. This act of fidelity on his part called upon himself and his government unmeasured abuse, and was made the pretext for setting on foot at once active hostile military operations, on a grand scale, for the reduction of Sumter. Fort Moultrie was immediately seized by South Carolina troops, and put in condition for offensive operations. Strong batteries were constructed and mounted with the heaviest guns then in use, in the face of Sumter and at short range—all stolen from the United States. These were manned by the state militia, to force the surrender of the fort and its armament, over which the State of South Carolina neither had territorial nor proprietary jurisdiction, any more than she had to the Capitol or navy yard in the District of Columbia. Under this threat of war, Governor Pickens resorted to negotiations for the capitulation of the little force in Sumter. On the 11th of January, 1861, he made a demand for its surrender on Major Anderson, and dispatched a like demand, insolent in terms, upon the President, at Washington, through his envoy, I. W. Hayne. This mask of an envoy hung round Washington till the 6th of February, conspiring with senators, and representatives in Congress,

and army and navy officers, under the shadow of the Capitol and pay of the government—an insult to 30,000,000 loyal people; yet, so under the thralldom of traitors was the general government, that he went as he came, an envoy extraordinary unhung, to report to his potentate that the Federal administration was petrified with fear, and treason rampant.

Coming events were probably hastened by an effort made on the part of the government to re-inforce Fort Sumter with men, and supply it with provisions, of which latter it was almost destitute. "The Star of the West," a steamer commissioned for this purpose, on steaming up the Bay of Charleston Harbor, January 9, 1861, was fired upon by South Carolinian batteries on Morris Island, and compelled to retire without accomplishing its mission.

The Confederate Congress assembled on the 4th of February, 1861, formed a provisional government, and elected for President, Jefferson Davis, a senator from Mississippi to the United States Congress, from which he had recently withdrawn. He was inaugurated on the 18th of that month. Two days before this, at a public ovation offered him by the citizens of Montgomery, the provisional Confederate Capital, he semi-officially announced "that the time for compromises had now passed, and that the South was determined to maintain her position, and make all who opposed her smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel, if coercion was persisted in." He said he had no doubt of the result, and assured his hearers "that the Southern Confederacy would carry them safe into the harbor of constitutional liberty and political equality." It did indeed land them in the harbor of constitu-

tional liberty and political equality, but under the constitution of the restored United States.

This provisional government, on the 12th of February, with the consent of South Carolina, assumed direction of the military operations of the seceding states, those about Charleston as well, and placed G. T. Beauregard in command of the operations about Charleston, with rank of brigadier-general.

After Lincoln's inauguration, the general government began to brace up, slowly, to be sure, but with no backout proclivities. While Lincoln was slow, very slow, sometimes, he was a man of wonderful sagacity and tenacity of purpose; once having taken a course, he inflexibly went forward to the end with no shadow of turning. On the 8th of April, he notified Governor Pickens that the United States Government had prepared to send supplies to the little band of troops in Sumter. General Beauregard at once telegraphed this information to L. P. Walker, Confederate Secretary of War, who immediately ordered General Beauregard to demand the immediate evacuation of Sumter, and if refused, to proceed in such manner as he might determine to reduce it. On the 10th, Beauregard telegraphed back that he would make the demand at 12 o'clock the next day. Secretary Walker impatiently telegraphed an answer, that, unless there were special reasons connected with Beauregard's condition, it was considered proper that he should make the demand at an earlier hour. At 2 o'clock P. M., of the 11th, General Beauregard, by letter, and his aids, Colonel Chesnut and Captain Lee, demanded the immediate evacuation of Sumter. To this demand, Major Anderson replied, by letter, as follows :

"That is a demand which I regret my sense of honor and my obligations to my government prevent my compliance.

"Thanking you for the fair, manly, and courteous terms proposed, etc.,

"I am, general, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"ROBERT ANDERSON,

"Major U. S. A., Commanding."

Beauregard was informed, through his aids, that the garrison was on the point of starvation, and would be compelled to abandon the fort in a few hours, if not battered out. At 11 P. M., he sent another note to Major Anderson, informing him that if he would state the time at which he would evacuate the fort, and agree in the meantime not to use his guns against him, unless he was first fired on, he would abstain from opening fire on Sumter. To which Major Anderson meekly replied :

"That if supplied with proper transportation, he would leave the fort on the 15th inst., should he not receive, before that time, controlling orders from his government, or additional supplies, and promised not to fire, unless compelled to do so by some hostile act against the fort."

Yet, notwithstanding these humble assurances, three and one-half hours thereafter, at 2:30 A. M. of the 12th, Beauregard announced to him that in two hours he would open his batteries upon him, which, at the appointed time, he proceeded to do.

At 4:30 A. M. of the 12th of April, 1861, a howitzer from a

battery on James Island sped a shell at Sumter, fired by an inflammatory agitator from Richmond, Va., whose sensational egotism and name, Edmund Ruffin, fitly culminated in thus opening the bloody tragedy known as the War of the Rebellion. This shot had hardly fallen into the fort, before half a hundred guns belched forth their flame and iron at a garrison that was ready to fall into their hands within three days without a shot. For thirty-two hours these guns thundered forth a storm of shot and exploding shell that resounded up and down the sea coast and inland for more than a hundred miles.

On the morning of the 13th, hot shot was thrown into the fort, finally creating a conflagration among the officers' quarters, and barracks of the men, that the garrison could not control.

At daylight, of the 12th, Major Anderson opened a feeble fire upon the opposing batteries and forts; but never a shot at the city which inspired this cowardly attack on his little garrison.

All Charleston looked upon the bombardment as a sort of Fourth of July pyrotechnics that would frighten the cowardly Yankees into such a dread of the Southern chivalry, that we would, without so much as a decent protest, officially recognize the Southern Confederacy, and vote them to be the most magnificent type of manhood that ever drew a saber or cocked a pistol. In the grandiloquent language of the militia days before the war, this was a wonderful bombardment and a wonderful defense. However, the kindly hand of Providence overshadowed every human life within range of the awful guns employed in this mighty battle.

About 12 m., of the 13th, Colonel Wigfall, aid to General Beauregard, an irresponsible disturber, lately a United States Senator from Texas, whose distinguishing greatness consisted in his swagger at the Federal capital, clambered through a casemate into the fort, and offered just such terms as Major Anderson might ask, if he would surrender the fort and its armament. After a little parleying, the fort surrendered—the garrison to salute its colors, as they came down to be replaced by the palmetto flag. As if fate intended to avenge this insult to the dear old flag, the salute killed two men and wounded four others, the only blood shed in this histrionic conflict, unless Wigfall abraded his shins when he clambered into the fort.

At 12 m., of the 12th, supply ships stood off the harbor, ready to give relief and re-inforcement to Sumter. But these supplies were permitted to be withdrawn, and Charleston Harbor was lost to the Union. By this surrender, and the capture of other National forts about Charleston, we lost over 300 cannon, 25,000 stand of small arms, much other valuable public property, and a revenue cutter, which made for the Confederacy a valuable vessel for many purposes.

The Southern people did not expect that war would result from the secession, as they called it, of their states, especially if they showed martial spirit and readiness to fight.

Extravagant orators at their public meetings assured the hearers that they could drink all the blood that would be spilled if they went to war with the Yankees. The reasons for precipitating the attack on Sumter were cogent enough in the estimation of wiser ones, and conclusive with the great mass of the people. All the secessionists felt that it was policy to

give the new power the prestige of a victory at arms; that a grave insult to the great American Republic would be, in the opinion of the not over friendly monarchies of the Old World, damaging to the United States Government, and beget for the Confederacy a recognition for grit the world over. Again, Virginia was hanging back, and without her Maryland would fall to the share of the "Old Union," and the Capitol at Washington remain to the loyal states. Governor Letcher, with many of the best men of Virginia, did not desire dissolution. This desire was largely felt by the cool-headed ones all over the South, but the hot-headed and younger politicians wanted it. To create a secession furore, and show up the want of enterprise and power of the old government to cope with the new, led the Confederate authorities, and especially the people of Charleston, to force the evacuation of Sumter by bombardment. With Virginia in the Confederacy they expected to seat their government at Washington in the National Capitol at the expense of the United States. Secretary Walker announced as much in a public speech at the Confederate Capital, the evening after the surrender of Sumter, when, with official significance, he promised that the Confederate flag would float over the Capitol at Washington before the 1st of the ensuing May. Whereat the greed for plunder overwhelmed the whole South as fast as the news of the victory he was celebrating and his assurance could be carried by the telegraph. In quick succession all the sea-coast forts, navy-yards, and arsenals, from Norfolk, Va., to the Rio Grande, were seized by the rebels, except the fort at Key West and Fort Pickens, by which they acquired between 3,000 and 4,000 cannon, several war vessels, and a vast quantity of

small arms, equipments, and other army supplies of great value.

The palmetto flag was at once run up in Sumter, as the reduction of the fort had been the work of South Carolina soldiers of Charleston mainly. Charleston was all in an uproar at her achievements and glory, as the Federal flag was lowered, and her people went to painting immortality on her banners, and aggravating this insult to the benign government which had been too lenient to punish her for her former treasons. Governor Pickens, the evening after the surrender of the fort, in a public address in Charleston, said: "We took the lead in coming out of the 'Old Union;' we have humbled the flag of the United States, and so long as I have the honor to preside as your chief magistrate, so help me God, there is no power on earth shall ever lower from that fortress those flags unless they be lowered and trailed in a sea of blood. I can say to you it is the first time in the history of this country that the stars and stripes have been humbled. It has triumphed for seventy years, but to-day it has been humbled, and humbled before the glorious little State of South Carolina. The stars and stripes have been lowered before your eyes this day."

These insults were part of the scheme to hurry up hesitating Virginia, inflame the other border slave-holding states, fire the Southern heart generally, and to smother feelings of respect for the Old Union that very many Southern people throughout the slave-holding states felt. But these insults, as they developed into actualities, like a clap of thunder reverberated in the ears of all the North, and aroused our people to the

truth and deviltry of the Southern slave aristocracy that till then we had been too generous to believe, and set in motion a tempest of devotion and revived love for our free institutions and government that brought forth and inspired, before the echoes of Sumter died out, the mightiest army mankind ever produced. We at once brushed away the cowardice that appeared to characterize the Old Union before the awakening of Sumter, and the whole North was made bright and beautiful with the moral and martial heroism of our awakened pride and conscience. The very boys and girls of the land were transformed into heroes, old men renewed their youth to engage in the shock of battles, and wives and mothers cheerfully gave their dearest treasures to wipe out the National insult, and restore the respect of mankind for us and our institutions. Thank God for the insults, fire, and famine that overwhelmed that little self-sacrificing garrison! These produced the awakening we needed to remove our lethargy, and expose the hideousness of slavery, and the great crimes in its behalf the United States had inflicted on our race, and to bring us back to the practical exercise of the true principles of government, as announced by the founders of the Republic. They came not too soon, and none too fierce, to save us from the utter decay of perishing liberty.

This, like the disgraceful flight from first Bull Run, prepared the way for the most glorious days of the Republic, and lifted our people from the depths of humiliation to the highest plain of fame.

I am glad that Major Anderson did not see with the eyes of two years later, when he wrote his regrets that he could

not comply with the insolent demand of General Beauregard to surrender his manhood and the fort.

I have narrated this little bit of history to show that South Carolina, and especially Charleston, intentionally provoked the indignation of our people, and made it cowardice not to punish her for her insolence, to say nothing of her treason. While it was hardly more than a sentiment that prompted operations against Charleston, it was a sentiment so deeply settled in the convictions of the loyal people of the country that the moral effect of punishment became equivalent for strategic advantages, and really forced the administration to make an effort to punish treason at that particular locality by military operations.

The blockade ordered for the entire Southern sea-coast began to be effective, and very soon sealed up the port of Charleston. The active military operations about the city from the date of the secession of South Carolina frightened away outside commerce until the blockade shut the port, and from that time till the collapse of the "Confederate States of America" she had nothing to do but nurse her wrath, and look toward the outside world, an idle spectator, her warehouses empty, her stores unsupplied, and her business streets growing to grass. She was a dead city, only as the vicissitudes of war aroused her to a sense of danger.

From a circular of a business house of Charleston for European publication, under date of May 6, 1863, and republished in the *Charleston Courier* of July 8th following, it appears that 45,000 bales of cotton had been handled for export, and 216 vessels, of all descriptions, had entered and cleared

Charleston Harbor from July 1, 1861, to May 1, 1863; about four Mississippi steamer loads of cotton.

In July, 1863, flour was selling from \$65 to \$100 per barrel. On the receipt of the news of the surrender of Vicksburg sugar went up fifty cents on the pound. I noticed in the *Daily Courier*, in one of its July numbers, 1863, half as many advertisements of runaway slaves as mercantile advertisements. On the 1st of May of that year, the following prices for ladies' wear were quoted in the Charleston papers: Fancy gingham, \$4 per yard; common prints, \$2.75 do.; De Brage, \$3.05, do.; brown cotton hose, \$13.75 per doz.; kid boots, heeled, \$23.50 per pair; cloth, laced, do., \$21.50 per pair; kid, congress, \$23.50 per pair; fine cambric handkerchiefs, \$42 per doz.; Clark's spool cotton, \$5.25 per doz.; Brooks' white, do., \$5.65 per doz.; French soft hats, \$32 each; fancy pocket knives, \$150 per doz.

As further evidence of the straits to which her inhabitants were driven, an advertisement was published in the *Courier* of the 24th of July, 1863, announcing "a private sale of a reliable woman, 21 years old, a competent cook; also a good seamstress with her two children, a likely boy 5 years old, also a girl 1 year old."

Except inland, the city may, with propriety, be said to have been invested from May 1, 1861. But nothing like siege operations were directed against the city till the fore part of 1863. In June, 1862, a demonstration was made against it on James Island, which, if it had been properly supplied and prosecuted, ought to have placed the city in our hands; but it failed, more for want of a definite purpose to take it, than from any great difficulties then in the way. It had the effect,

however, to greatly alarm her people. To those who believed that Charleston ought to have been punished it is deemed a stroke of good luck that we did not then succeed, for if it had come under the dominion of the Union, from that moment law, order, protection, business, thrift, and personal security would have put the city in vastly better condition than she had been after December, 1860, under South Carolina or Confederate rule and protection.

Another incident of singular interest occurred during 1862. A colored chattel, bearing the name of Robert Small, a Charleston pilot, on the morning before daylight of the 13th of May of that year, brought out from the harbor into our blockading squadron the steamer Planter, with fifteen other slaves, and a considerable amount of valuable ordnance stores, with which the vessel was loaded for the purpose of arming the batteries about the harbor. Small exhibited rare sagacity and courage in passing the forts and pickets in making his departure from the Confederate service, and in avoiding destruction from our fleet, which was ever watchful for privateers and the enemy's gunboats. He afterward rendered much valuable service to our navy, operating along our southern Atlantic coast. Not long after the close of the war he had the honor of representing a South Carolina constituency in the Federal Congress—a significant sequence of secession.

I now come to the commencement of 1863.

The troops to which I belonged embarked at Norfolk, Va., January 1, 1863, to join the expedition fitting out in North Carolina under General J. G. Foster, the engineer officer who had charge of putting Fort Sumter in condition for war in the fore part of 1861, and was of that little band who endured

the bombardment of that fort in April of that year. We followed by two days the ill-fated Monitor, which sunk off Hatteras on the night of December 30th, carrying down sixteen of her crew. This was the fatal ending of a little war craft that astonished mankind more than any other vessel ever put afloat, and gained one of the most important naval victories ever won within 160 days after her keel was laid. Her experiment thenceforth revolutionized the whole tenor of sea warfare. Lieutenant Jno. L. Warden and her little crew stand proudly the peers of any naval victors in history. About the 1st of February following, General Foster united his troops with those of General Hunter at Port Royal Harbor, South Carolina, where a more formidable naval armament was organized than ever before breasted the waves, under Rear-Admiral Dupont, a man of courtly manners, splendid figure, and honorable sense, but unfortunately an admiral. He had his education under the bias of a conservative make-up in the old naval régime, which in a manner disqualified him for the realities of the changed conditions of naval warfare, and the modern mode of fortification and armament so thoroughly adopted at Charleston. In his favor, it may be said that he was making an untried experiment with new and almost untried instrumentalities against new and almost untried defensive works, and constructed of material capable of resisting the force of the largest guns. Ours was the great experimental war since iron, steam, and earth fortifications had become such important factors in warfare. Steam frigates were unknown twenty years before; fifteen-inch guns had never been tried. Rifled artillery of five and six miles range and immense penetrating force were yet to be tested; the little

monitors were a puzzle to the world, and nobody knew the resisting power of the iron-plated vessels, or how they would float under stress of action.

The friends of the admiral must admit, however, that the naval officers who had ambition to command from the quarter-decks of our magnificent steam frigates had no relish for the insignificant display afforded by the monitors. This fleet embraced every class of structure known to modern warfare—the old ship of the line, of 100 guns, a very sea fortress of the old school; the steam frigate, the most beautiful craft ever launched, models of which the United States gave to the world; the iron-clad frigate; the impregnable monitors; together with every other kind of watercraft, from a double-ender and a ferry-boat to the harbor tug; and armed with rifled guns of immense range and penetrating force, and smooth bores of every caliber up to fifteen inches, capable of discharging shot varying from 10 to 500 pounds in weight; and exhibited in connection with the blockading squadron and auxiliaries every thing the merchant marine could sell, from an old square-rigged ship to a dumping scow, a fishing smack to a splendid pleasure yacht. The steam frigate “*New Ironsides*” carried twenty eleven-inch guns, and a 200 pound pivot rifle on her fore deck. These enabled her to command great respect in the operations before Charleston, as she could discharge a broadside of ten guns at short range every three minutes, while the heavy guns of the monitors occupied about seven minutes between fire. Each monitor was armed with two guns, usually a fifteen-inch smooth bore, and a heavy rifle. One shot from these fifteen-inch guns weighed more than the entire metal discharged by a single broadside

of the whole fleet of Commodore Perry, which decided the supremacy of the United States on the upper lakes in the war of 1812 with Great Britain. No ship in existence in 1863 could have withstood the crushing and penetrating power of these large guns, handled in battery on one of these monitors. The "Patapsco" monitor could have passed through the whole fleet, on both sides, that made Trafalgar famous for all time, and sunk every vessel that refused to lower its flag.

On the 1st of February, the monitor "Montauk" experimented on Fort McAllister, an earth-work on the Great Ogeeche River, a few miles below Savannah, Ga., firing at a range of from 600 to 1,400 yards. She received forty-six shots without serious damage, and retired, after pounding at the fort for several hours, leaving it as firmly seated on the ground, however, as it was before the bombardment. This craft remained in the neighborhood, watching the Confederate privateer steamer "Nashville," which had been loaded at Savannah, and was waiting an opportunity to get on the high seas, to work upon our merchant shipping.

She was mounted with a heavy pivot rifle, and reputed to be very fast. On the 27th of the same month, Commander Worden observed the privateer trying to make her way out, but, by some blunder of her pilot, she ran aground, but quite under the guns of the fort. He moved the monitor within 600 yards of the fort, and within 1,200 yards of the "Nashville," and opened on her across an unnavigable marsh that intervened.

In fifteen minutes she was on fire amidship, fore and aft; shortly her gun bursted from the heat of the flames, and in less than forty-five minutes, her magazine exploded, and

our merchantmen were saved the disasters of another rebel cruiser.

The monitor retired from the fort without injury, but in dropping down stream ran over and exploded a torpedo, which inflicted so great an injury, that, to save her from sinking, she was grounded. Once on the bottom, a piece of boiler iron was secured over the hole, and the "Montauk" floated off with flood-tide, and was able to take part in the ensuing bombardment of forts about Charleston Harbor.

The "Weehawken," on the 17th of June, same year, captured the rebel iron-clad ram "Atlanta," the best war vessel ever put afloat by the Confederates. The temporary success of a couple of iron-clads from Charleston Harbor, on the morning of January 31, 1863—the "Palmetto State" and "Chicora"—over two of our steamers of the blockading squadron, the "Mercidita" and "Key Stone State," and the failure of our iron-clad fleet to take Charleston, led the enemy to think they could fit out a craft that would overcome our iron-clads and break the blockade.

At early dawn, the "Atlanta" was discovered coming down the Wilmington River, accompanied by two Confederate steamers. The "Nahant" and "Weehawken" at once slipped cable, and started down the river slowly, for a safe place to turn, the tide being then up stream. At broad daylight, having completed their arrangements, the monitors turned and stood up to meet the adversary. At a distance of one and a half miles, the "Atlanta" fired a shell, and then lay across the channel and awaited the attack. The "Weehawken" steamed up, and, at a distance of 300 yards, opened fire and closed up to within 200 yards of the enemy. In fifteen min-

utes from the first shot, the ram struck her colors, the monitor having fired only five guns. A fifteen-inch shell went crashing through her casemates, breaking in her iron armor and wood backing, prostrating some forty men of her crew; another knocked the pilot-house off its base; four of the five shots fired struck her, every one of which did great damage. So confident were the citizens of Savannah of her ability to overcome the monitors, that many enthusiastic ones, among them ladies, came down on the two steamers to see the Yankee vessels sunk out of sight forever. This ram was in all respects a better craft than the "Merrimac," that sunk the "Cumberland" and "Congress," almost under the guns of Fortress Monroe, in March, the year before; and had it not been for the "Little Monitor," which came on the scene the night after the disaster, and pounded the "Merrimac" back to Norfolk, she would have driven every Union vessel out of the roadstead, and not unlikely levied contribution at the very doors of Broadway. The Confederates expected this.

The "Palmetto States" and "Chicora," just referred to, made a spirited attack on the "Mercidita" and "Keystone State," taking them separately. The first shot from the "Palmetto State" went crashing through both sides of the "Mercidita," tearing away the iron sheeting on the far side some five feet square, and disabled her steam works, killing instantly four and wounding three men by shot and steam. She at once struck her colors, and her entire crew were paroled not to take up arms against the Confederacy during the war. The rams then made for the "Keystone State," which gave them a gallant fight for about an hour, when her steam works became entirely disabled; and having the sur-

geon and nineteen men killed, and twenty wounded, she hauled down her colors. But, the Confederates still firing upon her, she ran up her flag and renewed the fight. Other vessels coming to her assistance, the rams retired into the harbor.

Nine iron-clads—the “New Ironsides,” seven monitors, and the “Keokuk”—were within the bay before Charleston on the morning of April 7th, and the land forces were distributed at convenient places along the coast for a distance of twenty-five or more miles, either on transports or on land, ready to make a movement on the city from land, if the navy should be successful. On account of perplexities in moving the fleet, it did not get fairly under way for the forts till 1:15 P. M. At about 2:50 P. M., Moultrie, followed by Sumter, and all the batteries of the enemy in effective range, opened fire upon them from nearly 100 guns, including rifled pieces of large calibre, eleven-inch Columbiads, and mortars of like weight and metal.

It was fifteen minutes later before the fleet replied, at a range varying from 600 to 1,200 yards. This was kept up for two and one-half hours with great fury, but art had provided means for protection never employed before, so that, as to matter of real injury inflicted on either side, little can be said; but, as to display, and noise, and experience, and disappointment, much may be written. The short range and heavy shot from the forts told severely on the monitors, and disabled the “Keokuk” so that it sunk next morning. The enemy discharged over 2,200 guns, the naval fleet less than 200, with a loss of life less than frequently caused by the accidental explosion of a shell. Beauregard quotes from one of

his subordinates, as follows: "The casualties are slight. At Sumter five men were wounded by fragments of masonry and wood. At Moultrie one man was killed by the falling of a flag staff when shot away. At Battery Wagner an ammunition chest exploded from the blast of the gun, killing three men, mortally wounding one, and slightly wounding the lieutenant in charge of the gun, and three men." I am not aware that we lost a life in this bombardment on our side. The experiment was unskillfully made on part of the navy, to say the least, while the land forces were idle listeners to the roar of the big guns.

The harbor was so thoroughly planted with obstructions and torpedoes, the armament of the forts so heavy and at such short range of the available channels, and the defense so vigorously and skillfully managed, that it was doubtful if the iron-clads alone, or any naval attack alone, could then have taken Charleston. The army should have actively co-operated with a large force on land, both acting in harmony, at the same time, and under the direction of a single head—that only meant business—a plan afterward somewhat adopted.

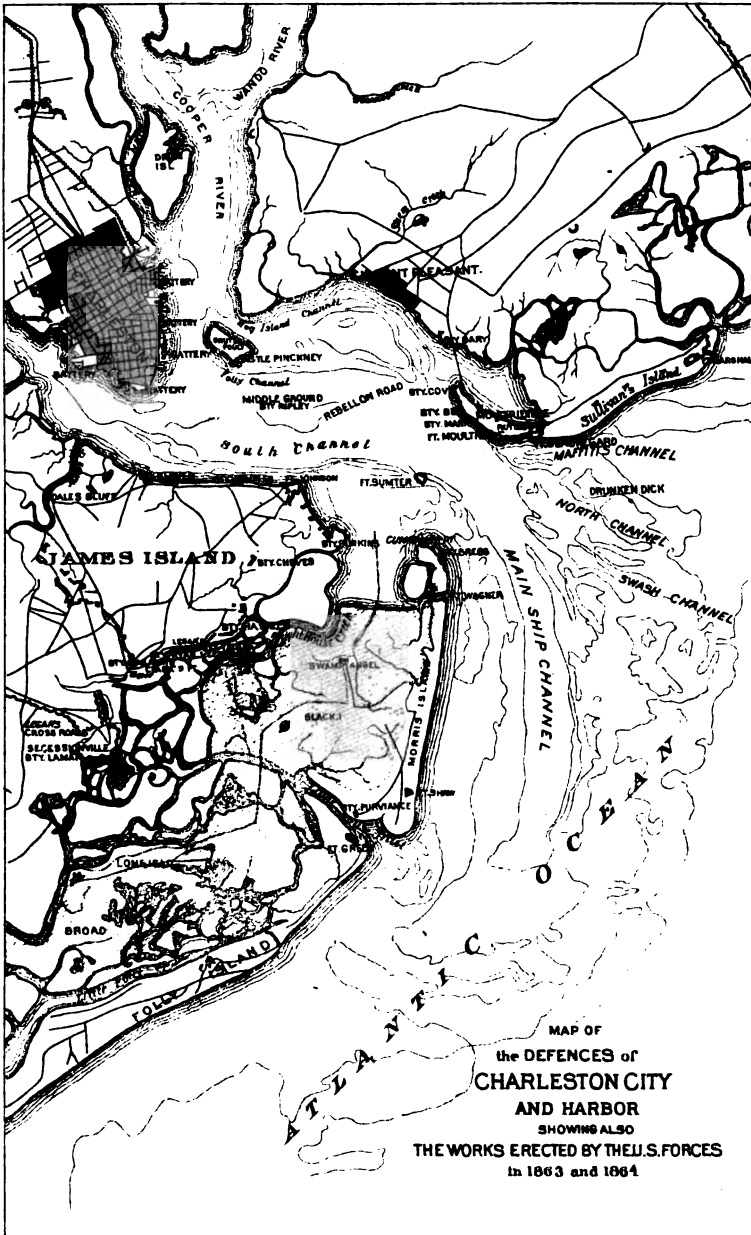
An engineer officer of proved ability—General Gillmore—was ordered to take command of the operations on land early in June. Dupont was relieved, and Admiral Dahlgren ordered in his place. He was an inventor of heavy artillery of decided merit, a true patriot, and a naval officer of great value as an inventor, but not fitted by nature or health of body for command in the sterner realities of vigorous warfare.

This failure greatly disappointed both the administration and the people of the North, and was an unlooked for surprise to the South. But so intense was the feeling against Charleston,

that we were really compelled to renew the efforts to make her people feel directly the evils of the war so wantonly provoked by her. This was soon undertaken, and resulted in a series of experiences and enterprises, on both sides, that more fully called into requisition all the qualities of heroism, fortitude, skill, and devotion of the participants than any other single enterprise of the American people. No other strip of land on this continent of equal area, embraced within the limits of the westerly one-half of Morris Island, over which we struggled, ever experienced so many of the awful incidents of the war as did this—a struggle that lasted for months of actual hostilities, at times with the fury of a tempest. Men who had been reared in the bracing climate of the north, now under the fierce sun of the low, sandy, miasmatic sea islands of South Carolina, worked and fought in mid-summer, where heretofore only the negro was considered physically adequate, dug pits and covered ways, threw up fortifications, mounted and manned guns, made charges and sustained counter-charges, made assaults and repulsed counter-assaults, in a battle that lasted fifty-eight days, and parboiled under deck about the harbor, and suffered a thousand other discomforts and dangers, all calculated to break down the stoutest men. To counteract these, as intense feeling inspired the combatants on both sides as ever enthused the sons of men.

For a narrative of the further operations about Charleston, a description of its location, fortifications, and surroundings will be proper. Charleston at the outbreak of the rebellion had about 50,000 inhabitants, was situated at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, about six miles inland; the

bay formed by these rivers to the seaward varies from one and one-half to three miles wide, greatly varying in breadth in places. Sullivan's Island bounds the bay on the north, James Island on the south and south-east, and Morris Island on the south-east, Cummings Point being the nearest part of the Island to the city, and four miles distant. Folly Island lies just below the lower point of Morris Island, separated from it by Light-house Inlet, a navigable tidal stream about 400 yards wide. In the midst of the harbor were three forts—Sumter, Ripley, and Castle Pinckney. Sumter was situated 1,100 yards from Cummings Point, 2,000 yards from Fort Moultrie, and less than three and one-half miles from the city. It had been carefully constructed, and in every way was a very strong work—had two tiers of casemates for heavy guns, and one en-barbette for lighter pieces, sixty feet above the bay. Three-fourths of a mile from the city stood Castle Pinckney, and mid-way between Sumter and the lower point of Charleston, was Fort Ripley. On Sullivan's Island were seven batteries and two forts—Moultrie and Beauregard—all mounted with heavy guns and mortars. James Island had Fort Johnson, facing the harbor, about 2,000 yards from Sumter toward the city, and a line of batteries extending along its shore line facing Morris Island, so aligned as to command the upper half of the latter island, and within range of Light-house Inlet. Morris Island had at Cummings Point Fort Gregg, mounted with seven heavy guns and mortars; 1,200 yards from the Point, seaward, stood Fort Wagner, with seventeen great guns and mortars, and a chain of batteries occupied the bluffs on the lower end of the island, nine in number. The latter commanded the channel on both sides of the island,





and the whole northern half of Folly Island, the upper end of which being not more than 800 yards from these batteries. The latter island is about seven miles long, scarcely one-half wide, with a commodious roadstead in Stono Inlet, which bounds it on the south; the central part was heavily covered with timber. A thin forest of large growth, thickly matted with underbrush, covered that portion of the island next to Light-house Inlet, embracing some thirty acres in extent. On the inlet, facing Morris Island, was a low sand ridge, fifteen or twenty feet high, covered to the landward by a thick set of chaparral, and skirted the forest, extending up the inlet a third of a mile, and made excellent cover for our working parties and earth-works. Forts Moultrie, Beauregard, and their flanking batteries toward Charleston, Forts Sumter, Johnson, and the long lines of batteries on James Island commanded the upper half of Morris Island, and presented an arc of a circle extending over 120 degrees, Wagner being the center—a bristling line of batteries of hundreds of guns. Wagner and Gregg commanded the whole of the island, except the lower part, which consisted of sand bluffs, forty or fifty feet high, overlooking the Atlantic. This island lies very low, except the ridge of bluffs, a great portion being a level marsh below flood tides; all the island above the water line was composed of a fine, dry sand, so quartzose that scarcely any vegetable life sprang from it, the upper two-thirds of which was so low and flat as to be scarcely above the tides, and over which the waves of the bay frequently washed.

A very low ridge extended obliquely crosswise from the bay front into the marsh, jutting into it in a narrow tongue of dry sand, and about 2,500 yards below Cummings Point.

This ridge furnished position for our breeching batteries, within 1,500 to 2,000 yards of Wagner, and 3,500 from Sumter. Along the bay beach from the bluffs to Cummings Point extended a narrow ridge, washed on one side by tide water, and skirted on the other by a very irregular line of almost impassable marsh, portions of which were flooded twice in twenty-four hours to such depth as to float our heaviest guns on extempore scows. This ridge from the line of these breeching batteries toward Wagner varied in width from 60 to 200 yards, and at no place more than four or six feet above high water mark, and extended up to and round Cummings Point, its inside face bounded by the course of the bay, which reached back almost to the rear of Wagner, sending a tide creek along the southerly face of the fort. This ridge, in form, resembled a sled-runner. Wagner, located in the curve, extended entirely across the ridge from the bay to the marsh and tidal stream, Gregg occupying the upper extremity. This narrow ridge afforded the only land approach to Wagner and Gregg from the lower part of the island. Wagner had enough heavy guns in position to command this approach, so that not a foot of this land from our batteries below to the fort but could be raked by the direct fire from the fort, as well as from Gregg and Sumter. The batteries from James Island commanded it by an enfilade at almost right angles; Moultrie and Beauregard, and their flanking batteries, covered it obliquely from the right flank from across the bay. More than 100 guns could be turned on it at once. This was practically the situation when we captured Morris Island, July 10, 1863.

After the naval failure of April 7th, the great body of the

troops were removed to other fields of usefulness ; only a few troops were left in sight of Charleston. The Thirty-ninth Illinois, Sixty-second and Sixty-seventh Ohio, One Hundredth New York, Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania, and a battery of artillery, occupied Folly Island, where we skulked in the woods from the 12th of April, doing nothing worth doing, till some time in June, under General Vogdes. We were in sight of the city, and under the guns at long range from James Island, and within easy shot of the batteries on the lower end of Morris Island. The Confederates appeared to understand the situation about as we did, and they did nothing. Soon tolerably friendly relations sprang up between the soldiers on both sides. The boys traded tobacco for coffee, newspapers frequently were exchanged, and nobody was hurt for months. But on General Gillmore's taking command an entire change took place. Working parties were set to business in thorough earnest, yet so quietly that the enemy, though within speaking distance, appeared to have no idea that we had aroused to activity. At all events, they were misled as to our aims. We constructed offensive works upon Light-house Inlet, under cover of the chaparral, made magazines, and mounted our guns in silence ; of course doing a great deal of the work in the night, and without serious opposition from the other side.

We were thus enabled to place forty-seven guns in position, well supplied with all needed material, within 800 yards of their batteries on the bluffs of Morris Island.

On the 10th of July, at 4:30 A. M., General Gillmore unmasked his batteries on Folly Island, and opened fire from these forty-seven guns upon the enemy's fortifications on the

bluffs opposite. Simultaneously, four monitors from the other side of Morris Island sent a cross-fire from their heavy guns. This was received in blank astonishment by the sleeping Confederates, and with entirely different results from that of the previous artillery contests before Charleston. Our shot and exploding shell this time hurled a tornado of death and destruction into their ranks that no human life could withstand. In a short time every gun in the batteries on the bluffs was not only silenced but abandoned by the men having them in charge.

Concurrently, General Strong, with about 2,000 infantry, floated over the inlet in launches and pontoon boats, which had been brought up the tide streams of Folly Island during the night, and charged up the sand-hills toward Fort Wagner. By 8 o'clock A. M., the stars and stripes were floating over General Graham's head-quarters—the commander of the occupying forces. The enemy fled in such haste as to leave every thing, not even spiking their guns, and hid behind the walls of Wagner. The Charleston papers of the next day contained an earnest appeal for contributions of clothing for “the brave soldiers of the Twenty-first South Carolina Volunteers” (Colonel Graham's regiment); . . . “owing to the excessive heat of the weather, the men had stripped themselves, as far as possible, and in the fright they had lost their clothing and nearly all their baggage.” Perhaps, the urgency with which they were called from their soldier beds may account, in part, for their unfortunate condition. In a few hours, our pontoons were moored across Lighthouse Inlet, and we were occupying two-thirds of Morris Island in a grasp too firm to be broken. Not far from 1,500 men defended this

island when we made the attack; all of whom could be covered by the bomb-proofs and traverses of Wagner. Our attack was a perfect surprise to the enemy, a fact not very flattering to the vigilance of General Beauregard.

Fort Wagner was an inclosed earth-work, very strong, measuring, within the interior slopes from east to west, 630 feet; from north to south, 275 feet; with a bomb-proof magazine, which also constituted a heavy traverse protecting their large guns from the land side of the island; behind the sea face was a bomb-proof covered to such thickness with the fine sand of the neighborhood, and so well supported by great timbers, that no shell from rifle or mortar ever penetrated it. A shell, no matter how large, exploding either on this bomb-proof, or walls of the fort, could displace the sand only to the depth of three or four feet, which would fall back again almost in place. The fort was surrounded by a ditch filled with water; the land face was irregular, with re-entering angles and with chambers for five heavy guns, which directly swept the land approach. An abatis, constructed of boarding-spikes, was placed in the ditch, at the foot of the parapet facing the lower end of the island, interlaced with wire, so as to bind them in place; and pickets to the front of the fort were driven into the earth and interwoven with wire, a few inches above the ground, to impede the movement of troops from our side.

Captain Cleves, to whose skill and energy the South was mainly indebted for this wonderful defensive work, was instantly killed by an exploding shell, almost the first shot fired by us from the land side. Poor fellow, the searching winds and lashing waves have so changed the island that the very

place on which he erected this monument to his name and sad fate has been so obliterated that the site of Fort Wagner can not now be pointed out.

At 3 o'clock next morning, the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and part of the Sixth Connecticut, charged upon the fort, mounted its parapet, following right on the heels of the pickets; but the garrison were ready, and poured a murderous fire upon them, repulsing them, with great comparative loss. The Confederates reported that they buried 100 of our men at the foot of the fort, and took 130 prisoners, who were unable to get away under this infernal fire. These two days' fighting cost us, at least, ten per cent of our men, but left the temper of the troops in an excellent state for future operations.

General Gillmore set to work immediately with the utmost activity. Sometimes it took 300 men to move a single gun up the beach, the treacherous sands making it very laborious work for that number, which had to be done under shot and shell from Wagner, Gregg, and Sumter, with an occasional shell from Moultrie. These movements were very slow and full of danger, as the men had to work for hours at the time wholly exposed upon the beach, the surface of which was as even as a floor, without an obstacle between them and the forts. He placed his heavy guns in battery, within 1,500 to 2,000 yards of Wagner, upon the ridge before described, under an incessant fire from the forts within range. Yet steadily and heroically went on the work, and by the morning of July 18th, we were ready to bombard Fort Wagner. In the meantime, the enemy had not been idle, and were re-inforced by two regiments and a battalion of infantry, and two compa-

nies and two sections of light artillery. A Confederate writer says: "That events now hastened toward the fiercest of Wagner's battles, a conflict so desperate and murderous, and characterized by such indomitable valor on both sides, that it may fairly rank among the sternest fights of the secession or any other war."

All through the night of the 17th, I lay with my men—the Sixty-seventh Ohio—within half-canister range of the fort; it was very dark, cloudy, enlivened by an occasional splash of rain and lightning, by which we could see sentinels on beat on the fort. It was an awfully anxious night for us, for the garrison must have known of our presence, as they could see us stretched out on the sand by the flicker of the lightning. We were wholly at the mercy of the caprice of the commandant of the fort. Just before break of day, we crawled quietly away, and took a good square breath of relief as we passed behind our first line of intrenchments. There we undertook to rest under a most scorching sun, and on burning white sand, which reflected back both light and heat rays with torturing rigor; at the same time, we had to keep one eye open, for we were supporting our working parties and batteries. We were compelled to work night and day, twelve hours on and twelve hours off, for two days; then one night on and two off; so that we had to be on active duty one full half of the time, all the while under shot and exploding shell from some quarter. When off duty, we tried to rest ourselves under the shelter of the low sand waves silently thrown up by the winds—always within easy range of Wagner, Gregg, and Sumter, and under the continual fire of their guns, which at times poured upon us their death dealing contents with great fury, at all

times at short recurring intervals, never of more than a few minutes duration. Our poor tired bodies became so exhausted under the great pressure upon us, that we would stretch out on the burning sands, even when under the greatest danger, and snatch a few hours of fitful, anxious sleep, that vainly struggled to refresh us, frequently to be awakened by the explosion of some great shell, louder than the report of a ten-pounder, scattering its fragments among the men, commissioned with dismay and death. The land and sea breezes, for about one-half the time each day, kept the air full of floating sand, which permeated every thing—clothing, eyes, ears, nostrils—and, at the height of the wind, would fly with such force as to make the face and hands sting with pain.

Early on the morning of the 18th, the bombardment opened on Wagner from our land batteries. About noon the navy came into range, and opened a steady fire from five iron-clads and an equal number of wooden gun-boats; occasionally a shot was fired at some other fort, but firing was mainly directed upon Wagner. At times the fort replied with spirit, but, on the whole, it took the shock with equivocal silence. The fifteen-inch shells from the monitors could be seen skipping along the water and plunging into the parapets or bomb-proof, and, exploding, would send up a great cloud of sand, not unlike the belching of a mighty geyser, the sand falling back in place, leaving a small funnel-shaped depression about as large as a haystack.

The monitors took position at distances varying from 400 to 1,000 yards of the fort as the tide changed; the "New Ironsides" further off, watching Sumter and Moultrie. The gun-boats swung round in an easy circle, tandem, delivering

their fire at long range, it being decided out of place for them to get near the enemy's forts; but with their long-range rifles they could explode their shells over and into Wagner with much precision. Occasionally a shot was directed at the monitors, but the land batteries were so effective as to keep the guns of Wagner practically unserved. By 4 p. m. it appeared that Wagner had become so disabled that it could not reply. From this time till after sun-down the combined power of the land and navy guns were directed toward the destruction of the fort. The bombardment furnished a magnificent display of heroism and the cold logic of brains and mechanical power, especially of the latter, and fairly vied with the lightning and thunders of heaven. We were drawn into the fatal illusion that the fort was reduced and helpless, and its garrison spirit broken—a delusion that in a few short hours cost us a thousand lives, and a shattered and repulsed army of 3,000 men, as heroic as ever sprang to a charge or mounted rampart.

Just at dark ten regiments of infantry were formed along the beach, one and one-half miles below the fort, and the charge was at once undertaken along and over the narrow thread of land I have described to you leading up to the fort. The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts—colored—took the lead, a manly compliment to the colored troops, and a dismal forerunner of the coming disaster to the cotton planting states, whose everlasting hopes were concentrated in the exchangeable value of the negro as a beast of burden, and the success of the rebellion for the security of that value. They knew that soldiers never made slaves. Quietly the column marched, until its head had passed the line of our field batteries, when the navy and land batteries ceased firing. No sooner

had this taken place than 1,600 men in Wagner and Gregg sprang to arms, and opened on the advancing column with shot, shell, and musketry, which called to their immediate assistance the armed energies of Sumter, Moultrie, and Beauregard, and all the batteries on Sullivan's and James Islands in range, with thunders and exploding shell that raked this little thread of land with the combined destruction of more than a hundred guns, hurling a hurricane of shot and shell from the right flank, from the left flank, from the immediate front, all athwart the dismal overhead, ricochetting underneath, and tearing through our massed ranks, until we got within canister range of the fort, when were added to this awful cataclysm double-shotted charges of canister from eight heavy guns directly raking our approach, each discharge equal to a double pailful of cast-iron bullets three-fourths of an inch in diameter. But on and on we marched. Every moment some unfortunate comrade fell to rise no more, but we closed up our broken and shattered ranks, and pressed on with such impetuosity that we scaled the walls and planted our banners on the fort, hurled its defenders into the bomb-proof, and for two dreadful hours kept them covered under ground and behind their parapets.

Had it been daylight, or had we known the nature and condition of the fort, we might have held it, and saved the awful experiences of the next forty-eight days.

Before my regiment reached the fort, broken and disheartened bodies of our troops were seen making for the rear, but on the Sixty-seventh went, quickening her step, and closing up the ranks upon the colors, and with heroic cheers flung her flag to the midnight breezes on the ramparts of Wagner; but

only to bring it away riddled to tatters by shell. Seven out of eight of the color-guard were shot down, and Color-sergeant McDonald, with a broken leg, brought it away. Lieutenant Cochran, commanding company, appreciating the situation, left the fort, went alone to head quarters, 2,500 yards to the rear, for re-inforcements, assuring General Gillmore that we could hold the fort, and then went back to Wagner, and brought off eighteen out of forty men, with which he started in the column in that fatal charge. Poor fellow! He afterward lost a leg, and died of his wounds. Two other lieutenants, with a dozen men, held one of the enemy's large guns for nearly two hours, over which they had hand-to-hand contests with the soldiers in charge of the piece. They stayed at the gun till their comrades had withdrawn, and then retired in good order, considering the urgent inducements to get away. I shudder as I think of that awful charge. I could hear the sickening thud of case and canister shot slashing through the bodies of the men. How it was possible for a man to reach that fort alive is beyond my comprehension. I was shot with an Enfield cartridge within 150 yards of the fort, and so disabled that I could not go forward. Lieutenant-Colonel Com-mager, a brave officer, in a few moments fell badly wounded. The major, a plucky man, kept right on with the men, and had the honor of commanding on the fort, for a little time, one-half of the men of the Sixty-seventh who started out for the assault. It soon became apparent to the troops holding this dreadful position that re-inforcements were not available, and they sullenly withdrew, leaving Wagner to stand proudly a monument to the skill and heroism of the bravest of the brave defenders of a bad cause. We also left many dead and

wounded Union soldiers on the field. The casualties on our side numbered 1,500.

The regiments that participated in the assault were the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, Sixth Connecticut, Forty-eighth New York, Third New Hampshire, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and Ninth Maine, of General Strong's brigade; Seventh New Hampshire, One Hundredth New York, Sixty-second and Sixty-seventh Ohio, Colonel Putnam's brigade, and advanced in the foregoing order. What I have said of the Sixty-seventh Ohio is substantially true of the other regiments in the assault. Conspicuous among the regiments which sustained great loss were the Sixth Connecticut, Forty-eighth New York, and the two Ohio regiments.

At daylight next morning many wounded comrades were seen struggling in painful helplessness trying to work over this tragic thread of dry land back to our lines, others vainly trying to fight off death, but the pitiless guns of Wagner prevented any assistance being given by us beyond a given line.

What a sad sight startled the eye at and near the fort! The dead and dying were literally piled in heaps. One who saw it describes it thus: "Blood, mud, water, brains, and human hair matted together; men lying in every possible attitude, with every conceivable expression on the countenances; their limbs bent into unnatural shapes by the fall of twenty or thirty feet, the fingers rigid, outstretched, as if they had clutched at the earth to save themselves; pale, beseeching faces look out from among the ghastly corpses, with moans and cries for help and water, and dying gasps, and death struggles."

General Strong, who in person commanded the troops in

the assaulting column, and Colonel Chatfield, of the Sixth Connecticut, were shot to death, but lived to get home before they died. Colonel Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, and Colonel Putnam, Fourth New Hampshire, commanding brigade, were killed on the fort. As a special indignity to the ill-fated Colonel Shaw, he was buried with the colored troops in the same great trench—an honor to this gallant officer that will give him a fragrant name in history, when Beauregard and all his kind will have been forgotten forever. A faithful, heroic, regimental chaplain, Henry Clay Trumbull, of the Tenth Connecticut—I honor his name because he was a chaplain in essence as well as name—became so absorbed in his humane efforts to care for the wounded that he stayed on the field all night, and was captured in the morning while heroically doing his best to help the disabled; and, to the everlasting shame of General Beauregard, he was held a prisoner of war for many months.

As faintly illustrative of how the soldier feels and suffers under such trying circumstances, I will relate some of my own experience of the awful struggle. When struck, I fancied a fragment of shell, many pounds in weight, had torn away a large portion of my left side, in the region of the lower ribs. I plunged forward, whole length, on the ground. In a moment, I raised up partially, and began to feel for the extent of my injury. Ascertaining that I was not lacerated as I had supposed, I thought I would push forward with my men. Getting up, I started to step off with my left leg, soldier like. No sooner had I thrown weight on it, than I fell again, finding myself wholly unable to walk. I was in an awful predicament, perfectly exposed to canister from Wag-

ner, and shell from Gregg and Sumter, in front, and the enfilade from James Island. I tried to dig a trench in the sand with my saber, into which I might crawl, but the dry sand would fall back in place about as fast as I could scrape it out with my narrow implement. Failing in this, on all fours, I crawled toward the lea of the beach, which I hoped might shelter me a little, which was but a few yards distant. Reaching it, I found Sumter, Moultrie, and the batteries on Sullivan's Island had a most uncomfortable range on the beach. The whole dark sky was full of destruction, and the very earth was plowed through and through with the share of death. What could I do, helpless, and these horrors about me? I lay down in the billowy sand to rest and soothe my shocked body and perturbed nerves, strained by the awful tumult raging round me, anxiously wondering what would become of my heroic boys, who were contending against this savage havoc of iron, steel, and gunpowder. A charge of canister, striking all round me, aroused my reverie to thoughts of action. I abandoned the idea of taking the fort, and ordered a retreat—of myself—which I undertook to execute in a most unmartial manner—on my hands and knees, spread out like a turtle. I moved toward the rear at the slowest pace possible and say that I made any progress. I could hardly move, and then those dreadful guns! Charge after charge of canister followed my pathway, until the fort was so completely in our hands that its guns were practically silenced; but the infernal tempest from every point kept up with unabated fury. My movement not being toward the enemy, whenever I heard a shot following in my line of march, I rolled over on my side, not wishing to be shot in that part of the body never suggestive of valor, and where

cowardice is said to place its most notable scars without provoking envy. After working this way for a half hour, and making perhaps 200 yards, two boys of the Sixty-second Ohio found me, and carried me to our first parallel, where had been arranged an *ex tempore* hospital, consisting of a huge earth bank, and a surgeon, who, with the zeal of a reformer and curiosity of a philosopher, undertook to fathom the depths of my wound. With forefinger up to the hilt, he sent his savage finger nail into my lacerated side, and pronounced the bullet beyond his reach, and that I would not need his further attention. Like a baby, I fainted, and, on reviving, laid my poor aching head on a sand bag to recruit a little strength. That blessed chaplain found me, and, good samaritan like, poured oil of gladness into my soul and brandy into my mouth, whereat I praised him as a dear, good man, and cursed that monster of a surgeon, which led the chaplain to think the delirium of death was turning my brain, and he reported me among the dead of Wagner. He was never more mistaken in his life, and I never more truthful or sentient; both the surgeon and the chaplain were truly entitled to all I gave them. After resting awhile, I was put on the horse of my Lieutenant-Colonel, from which he had been shot that night, and started for the lower end of the island, one and one-half miles off, where better hospital arrangements had been prepared. Oh, what an awful ride that was! A soldier walked along on each side of the horse to hold me from falling off. Every step taken sent a pang through my tortured body. It did seem as if I would die before getting to the hospital. But I got there at last—by midnight—a decidedly used up man. I had been on duty constantly for forty-two hours, without sleep,

under the most trying circumstances, and my soul longed for sleep, which I got in this wise: An army blanket was doubled and laid on the soft side of a plank, with an overcoat for a pillow, on which I laid my worn-out body; but I was out of danger from shot and shell, and went to sleep in a moment. And such a sleep! I dreamed that I heard the shouts of my boys in victory; that the rebellion was broken; that the Union was saved; that we were a united people again; and that I was at my own home, and my dear wife was trying to soothe my pain. In my rapture, I tried to shout, but my throat was husky, my lips parched, and my tongue unable to respond. My sleeping emotions awoke me, a dear, blessed woman was bathing my temples and fanning my fevered face—Clara Barton was there, an angel of mercy, doing all in mortal power to assuage the miseries of the unfortunate soldiers. A dear Cleveland friend was also at my side—Colonel J. J. Elwell, Quartermaster-General of the Department, a wonderfully brave man, who had been clear up to Wagner, cheering on the men to hold the fort, though a non-combatant. At early daylight next morning, I was carried on a stretcher to a steam transport, which was crowded full of poor fellows, with every sort of injury, and in every stage of mortal extremity, on which we were taken to Beaufort, S. C. There I got a change of clothing, and had my wound dressed for the first time, in the afternoon of the second day, forty hours after being shot. The blood that saturated my clothing had hardened with the sand in which I had struggled, till my drawers and woolen shirt were as hard and rough as sand-paper, that tortured the tender, lacerated part of my body at

every movement, and I was vastly more favored than any of our men.

No sooner did General Gillmore ascertain the extent of his loss, than he began the work of reducing Wagner by siege operations. The spade, pick, saproller, and sand-bag now did what human valor had been unable to accomplish by shot, shell, and the bayonet. Zigzag trenches were begun at once, and behind the saprollers and rifle-pits of our sharpshooters, we pushed forward our works further and further each day, in an *inferno* of destruction and carnival of death, the men all the while animated by heroic exploits and personal adventures on both sides, until we had dug under the very walls of Wagner, which, for fifty-eight days, with unsurpassed heroism, had withstood the combined efforts of the army and navy, who operated against it with the most destructive and mighty engineering ever used in warfare. But no prowess or skill behind the fort was able to prevent our progress. Before daylight on the 7th of September, the garrison had withdrawn, leaving every thing in fair order for our occupation. They even failed to spike their guns, and were thwarted in their plans to blow up the fort—for which purpose it had been charged—so rapid was their flight. Thus ended a battle of fifty-eight days duration, waged with more destructive implements than ever before employed, under as vexing conditions as ever fell to the lot of an army in modern times. No fort was ever more stubbornly defended, no assaults more heroically made.

On the 17th day of August, General Gillmore opened his breeching batteries on Sumter at a distance ranging from 3,200 to 4,800 yards, and weeks before the fall of Wagner had

reduced it to a shapless ruin. The reports from Charleston of the 23d of August admitted that Sumter was in ruins.

The "Swamp Angel," as it was called, on the morning of August 22d, hurled thirteen eight-inch rifle shells at the city of Charleston, twelve of which struck within the limits of the city. These were fired at a distance of four and seven-eighths miles—an unprecedented range—and quite as much astonished the Charlestonians at our audacity as did the shell fired on Sumter on the morning of April 13, 1861, astonish the people of the North; but with very different results. We were nerved to action, they petrified with fear. This was only a prelude to the dismay our thunderbolts afterward produced in the minds of the once so fierce for war citizens of that insubordinate city.

Morris Island, after its evacuation by the Confederates (on the morning of September 7th), was strongly fortified by us, and Fort Gregg was used as a battery to play upon Charleston, and rendered the lower one-third of the city uninhabitable, in fact, drove out almost all the inhabitants, less than 10,000 remaining at its surrender.

On the morning of the 8th of September, just before day, the navy made an assault upon Sumter, with a view to its occupation by us. On the day before, Admiral Dahlgren, with rigorous regard to courtesy, demanded the surrender of the fort of General Beauregard, who kindly replied, that he "could have Sumter when he could take and hold it." Being thus forewarned, the fort was immediately re-inforced by troops, who could cover themselves under its broken casemates and battered walls. When the admiral's detachment of 450 men charged upon the fort, they were met with a fire of

musketry, hand-grenades, light shells, and canister, and simultaneously, at a signal from the fort, all the batteries, a ram, and one of their gun-boats opened fire. A portion of the attacking force landed, all of whom, 104 in number, were killed and taken prisoners. On the same night the "Wehawken" grounded in an effort to pass a narrow, tortuous channel between Sumter and Cummings Point, and remained so for two tides. As soon as this was discovered by the enemy, the batteries and forts on Sullivan's Island played upon her with their heavy guns. The monitor returned fire with great spirit. A shot from one of her heavy guns struck and disabled an eight-inch columbiad in Moultrie, and, glancing, fired a service magazine, killing sixteen men and wounding twelve more. The "New Ironsides" coming to her assistance with her broadsides of heavy guns practically silenced the firing from Sullivan's Island.

On the 5th of October, just after dark, the "New Ironsides" was struck by a sub-marine torpedo-boat, and very narrowly escaped destruction, though not seriously damaged. A like attempt was made against her on the night of August 21st, but resulted in failure. In the attack of October 5th, the boat exploded its torpedo prematurely, or the "New Ironsides" must have gone to the bottom. This attempt created much alarm in the fleet, and great commotion among the troops on land.

Torpedoes were planted at various places in the bay and harbor. These were exceedingly ugly things, and easily exploded on being run against by our vessels. They contained enough powder to break in pieces the strongest hull ever put

afloat, the charge sometimes exceeding 2,000 pounds in weight. To fish up these under water magazines furnished very delicate work for our navy. This had to be done frequently, and always at great hazard to the men employed, and cost us many valuable lives.

The "Patapsco," of which I have already spoken, while removing torpedoes from Charleston Harbor, ran against one and exploded it, by which she was sunk in fifteen seconds in thirty feet of water, carrying down sixty-two men and officers.

The "Wehawken" sunk by accident on the 6th of December, 1863, drowning four officers and twenty men. Three of the nine ironclads operating before Charleston went down while in that service.

From the 8th of September, 1863, onward, the operations before the city were little else than an active blockade, and stationary investment from the seaward side, but vastly more annoying and damaging to it than if we had occupied the city. Comparatively, it cost the Confederacy more to defend Charleston than it did the United States to conduct these operations. It was as much a sentiment that led the South to hold the city till it was practically ruined as animated our movement against it.

Charleston fell into our hands, without a shot being fired, on the 18th day of February, 1865, the fourth anniversary of Davis's inauguration as President of the Confederate States of America, the worst used up city of all the South, though no Federal soldier ever set hostile foot upon her pavements till the war was about over—a grim satire on the advantages she promised herself by secession.

On the 13th day of April, 1865, just four years from the day Major Anderson struck the stars and stripes to the rebellion, he raised our flag again on Sumter, though battered into ruins, to float there the very assurance of protection to South Carolina under the restored Union. So thoroughly satisfied were her people with the great mistake South Carolina had made in forcing the war upon the Old Union, that in five years and a day from the date of her ordinance of secession she was installed as a loyal and equal state with the despised Yankees again—as first to go out she was the first to come back of all the states that seceded. Governor J. L. Orr, on this happy event taking place, officially announced in a letter to the United States Secretary of State that: “It will be very gratifying to the people of South Carolina that her government has been restored to officers of her own selection. In their name I thank you for the tender co-operation of the Government of the United States when found necessary in effecting the early restoration and permanent prosperity and welfare of the state. You may be assured of my unalterable purpose to aid in upholding the supremacy of the laws of the United States, and in advancing the honor, interest, and prosperity of a common country.” It should be remembered that Governor Orr was one of the committee in convention who drafted her ordinance of secession, and also one of the Envoys Extraordinary from South Carolina to the General Government, who demanded terms of settlement on account of separation from the Union. And the same Governor Pickens, from whose speech of the memorable 13th of April, 1861, I have quoted, on the 18th of September, 1865, in another convention of his state, called for the purpose of amending

her constitution, or making a new one more in accordance with republican principles, offered for adoption the following ordinance: "We, the delegates of the people of the State of South Carolina, in general convention assembled, do ordain that the ordinance passed in convention the 20th of December, 1860, withdrawing the state from the Federal Union, be and the same is hereby repealed; and do hereby ordain implicit obedience to the Constitution of the United States, and all laws made in pursuance thereof." This is hardly jubilating over the humiliation of the stars and stripes before the glorious little State of South Carolina.

Paul Hamilton Hayne, an enthusiastic South Carolinian, writing in the *Southern Bivouac*, says: "No prowess of the storied past or anticipated future can possibly, through fact or imagination, cast a deprecatory shadow upon the heroism, uncalculating and sublime, of the defenders of Wagner."

We may say of the Union soldiers participating in the capture of Morris Island, that they were their peers in every aspect of valor, fortitude, and tenacity of purpose; to which may be superadded the sublime virtue of self-imposed devotion to honest convictions of duty, to the maintenance of human right, and the subordination of the people to just, equal, and impartial laws for the protection of these rights.

We can sing the glories of the same valor, and equal self-sacrifice, and shout all down the ages to come, not only the success of our arms, but the return of the estranged and misguided South Carolinians to the benign and ever-just principles of our free institutions, and the established supremacy of a just, enlightened, and impartial constitutional government of the

greatest, best, and most magnanimous people who ever lived, of whom these defenders of Charleston form a part.

The blood that moistened that sterile, fever-heated, historic island to-day cements in common brotherhood the heroism, devotion, and national spirit that inspired the actors, on both sides, all through that fearful but glowing tragedy.

Read March 7, 1888.

SCENES IN LIBBY PRISON.

BY J. W. CHAMBERLAIN,

Late Captain and Brevet Major One Hundred and Twenty-third O. V. I.

The One Hundred and Twenty-third Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry was organized at Monroeville, Ohio, in the month of September, 1862, composed of men recruited in the counties of Seneca, Huron, Erie, Crawford and Wyandot.

About the middle of October, the regiment was sent to Parkersburg, Va., thence to Clarksburg, Buckhannon, Beverly, Webster, New Creek, Burlington, Romney, finally reaching Winchester in March, 1863. During the month of May, and part of June, the writer was detailed as a member of a general court-martial, though at same time he was quartered with his regiment. On the 13th of June, on going to camp for dinner, found the tents standing, but entirely deserted. Hearing occasional musket shots to the south of town, made my way in that direction, and soon found the One Hundred and Twenty-third in line for their first real battle. As it afterward appeared, the enemy in our front was the advance-guard of Lee's army, on their march to Pennsylvania, although at this time our commanding officer was not aware that the rebels were in such force until some time later. In a very short time, we were brought into action, and although a number were killed and wounded, our regiment behaved nobly under their first fire, and were complimented for their bearing and bravery by General Milroy.

Toward evening, we fell back into the edge of town, and remained the larger part of the night, standing under arms in a drenching rain. At daylight, our command was marched into one of the forts, where we remained nearly all day Sunday. The enemy now advancing on our flanks, and still pressing us in front, and their large superiority in numbers becoming known, our commander decided to evacuate Winchester; and the movement began at one o'clock in the morning of June 15th. Our brigade being in advance, when about four miles from town, struck the enemy, and were wheeled off to one side to hold the enemy in check while the remainder of our troops escaped. Three times our regiment charged on the enemy's artillery, and the last time, just as the last man was killed at their guns, re-inforcements reached them, and we were compelled to fall back; and as we turned our faces to the rear, saw a white flag displayed nearly a half mile back of us, indicating that we had been surrendered; this done by the officer then in command of our brigade. A few minutes after, we found ourselves with a new commander, in the person of Brigadier-General Walker, commanding the "Old Stonewall Brigade." We were then taken back to the fort. Next day the officers were separated from the men, and taken to the court-house in Winchester. Not having had any thing to eat for thirty-six hours, I succeeded, through the intervention of Surgeon Ferris, of our regiment, who was permitted to go outside of our immediate guard line, in sending a line to a loyal family, whose acquaintance I had made some time previous. As soon as they could get the necessary pass from the rebel provost marshal, the old gentleman, some seventy-five years old, and his daughter, appeared with a supply of

bread, meat, and coffee, which I assure you proved very acceptable. The next morning they came again, bringing a towel and some soap—by the way, the only towel three of us had for several months.

A few days previous, thinking it essential that I should have a pair of very high military boots, I purchased a pair of the sutler, finding them high in price, as well as in cut, and, as a matter of course, felt very proud of them. When captured, did not have them on, and one day, while a prisoner in the court-house, saw a rebel officer marching by with them on, and from his appearance, should judge he was just as proud of them as I had been. Afternoon of Thursday, June 18th, 108 commissioned officers, including 20 from our regiment, were started on their march to Richmond, in charge of Captain Winfield's company of the Fifty-eighth Virginia, C. S. A.

Our march to Staunton, some eighty miles, occupied a little over four days, nothing of any special moment occurring on the way, excepting sore feet and fleas. The latter were found in great abundance, in an old barn in which we were quartered our first night out, and finding our blood in good condition, stayed by us for several days, to our great discomfort. From Staunton we were taken by railroad to Richmond, reaching there Tuesday, June 23d, and were immediately introduced to our quarters in the "Hotel de Libby," first being pretty thoroughly searched, ostensibly for money, but really for any thing they could use or thought they wanted. Nearly all succeeded, however, in secreting the bulk of the money they had. I remember a rebel officer taking from me several sheets of paper—which, being white, was a great rarity with them, they only having brown paper—and placed it in the rear

pocket of a frock coat he was wearing. While he continued his search, another of our officers noticed it, and, adroitly removing it, returned it to me.

A brief description of the prison building may be necessary to a full understanding of some incidents that afterward occurred there. Before the war, it was occupied by Libby & Son, ship chandlers and grocers, from which fact it took its name of Libby Prison. It was of brick, 150 feet front by 105 feet deep, fronting on Cary Street, and extending back to Canal Street, just beyond which was the canal, and then James River. The building was three stories high, with floors, but no ceilings, much resembling a grain warehouse inside; window frames, but no glass, instead of which, at first, there were wooden bars, leaving apertures about the size of common glass. Consequently we had plenty of ventilation, especially during the winter. No bunks of any description; no seats, excepting one or two benches. A small kitchen, partitioned off, in which were three old broken-down cooking stoves and a few broken kettles. Each story was divided in three rooms. The lower room of first tier was occupied by the various officers employed in control of the prison. Lower middle room only occasionally occupied; lower third tier, as hospital; and the balance of building for prisoners. The basement was used by a few darkies, who did the rough work in prison. There were also two or three cells, dungeon like, in the basement. Castle Thunder was about a square distant; Belle Isle about two miles.

When I entered Libby, we found about fifty prisoners there, composed of the officers of Colonel A. D. Straight's command. Before I left, the number was increased to more than eleven

hundred. The rebel officials directly in charge of the prison were Captain Thos. P. Turner, commandant of prison, subsequently promoted to major; Adjutant Latouche; R. R. Turner, familiarly called "Dick Turner," inspector of prisons; E. W. Ross, clerk. For the first month, we were compelled to subsist on the rations doled out to us, as Milroy's thieves, as we were insultingly styled, were not permitted to make any purchases outside. We were given just about half enough of sour soft bread, small red beans, poor slabby beef, with an occasional taste of very poor sweet potatoes. Each man's rations were doled out to him very exactly, and the crumbs that fell to the floor were closely looked after, and when found, promptly appropriated. As soon as we were put on the same footing as prisoners from other commands, and permitted to purchase articles, we fared better. The kitchen, in one corner, was about eight by twenty feet in size, and contained three worn-out stoves and a few broken utensils. The prisoners were divided into messes of from four to twenty in size, and the cooking for several hundred men was done in this little room. The kitchen, crowded full of occupants about meal time, was a lively place, I assure you. Green pine wood for fuel, and any of you who have ever used it know what a nice fire it makes; every available spot on the stoves covered with cooking utensils of every imaginable shape and kind, each cook watching his own particular pot or pan; and woe betide the man who stepped out of the room for a minute—on his return, he would be sure to find his own pan removed, and some one else's in its place. Then came the fun; like little children, their angry passions would rise, and, although they did not exactly scratch out each others' eyes, on more

than one occasion these disputes came very near having a serious ending, demonstrating thoroughly that starvation would bring to the surface all the animal there is in man. I well remember a captain in our regiment, a large, powerful man, very slow and deliberate in action, washing the ration of meat for our mess of twenty—a piece weighing probably three pounds—at the water faucet, when a young lieutenant in the regular army suddenly thrust his cup under the faucet, pushing away the meat, when the captain slowly raised his eyes, and seeing in the lieutenant's face a look of contempt, like a flash he raised the meat, and the lieutenant received a "sock-dolager" back of the ear with it, that struck him like a solid shot, followed by a lively little scrimmage. In it all, you may be sure, the meat was carefully looked after and applied to its intended use.

Our wheat bread rations continued for two months, when a change was made to solid corn bread, made out of corn, ground cob and all, and mixed with cold water, baked solid, supplying us with a *very substantial* article of diet. The supply of meat soon became very uncertain; sometimes a whole week would elapse without any; and on three occasions, to my own personal knowledge, mule meat was issued to us, and, as a matter of course, it was not a very fat mule either, for they did not kill that kind—they had better use for them; and in fact we had serious doubts whether they had been killed, or only died a natural death. The officers in hospital, at one time, were forty-eight hours without any rations. On one occasion, meat was issued to us only once in sixteen days; at another time, once in two weeks. The rations furnished officers were always uncooked, but those given to the enlisted

men were cooked, and consisted of weak soup—as it was called; better say weak water—in old dirty pails, and about six ounces of poor bread to a man. When complaint was made to the prison officials, as to quantity and quality of food furnished, their reply would be that it was the best they could do, and I presume there was possibly a grain of truth in that. The daily papers of Richmond were constantly complaining about their government feeding so many Yankees there, and even one paper advised the authorities to confiscate boxes of clothing and provisions sent us by our friends in the North. As soon as we became satisfied that immediate exchange was very uncertain, we began to order provisions and clothing from our Northern friends. At first, these supplies were delivered to us quite promptly, but they soon suspected us of smuggling in letters and money in this way, and they had good cause to. The many different ways used to conceal these articles, exhibited the ingenuity of our friends at home. As all letters sent to us in the regular way were read by the rebel officials before delivery to us, we did not know where to look for the concealed articles, and sometimes they were not found for weeks. The writer, on one occasion, received money which had been placed in a small vial, and concealed in a jar of canned fruit; on another occasion, in a package of ground coffee; and again, in a loaf of bread, where it had been placed before baking. Other parties found such articles in a roll of butter, deftly inserted in a plug of tobacco, or laid between two leaves of a book and the edges neatly pasted together. The result of this suspicion on the part of the officials was, that great delay ensued in the delivery of packages. They were ruthlessly torn open, bread and cakes cut up in small

pieces, cans of fruit opened, and we received the contents of our boxes in a terribly mangled condition. This continued to grow worse, until it became almost impossible to get boxes sent you, and finally delivery was often refused in any shape. As soon as we were permitted to do so, we began to send out orders for provisions, to be bought in the markets at Richmond. This had to be done through a prison official, and you can rest assured that the commission he retained was no small one. We could only purchase certain articles, and those usually of very inferior quality. I recollect that I had been a prisoner five months before I succeeded in purchasing any butter in this way. In mentioning the attaches of the prison I neglected to name two that we saw more frequently than any of the others. George Stansil (a sergeant) who was used to communicate orders to the prisoners, and "General Johnson," a gentleman of color, who was a prisoner as well as ourselves. His duty consisted in supplying us with smoke for fumigating purposes, which he did every morning, carrying a large skillet, filled with tar and coals, through all the rooms of the prison, crying out: "*Here is your nice smoke, without money and without price. Only one more smoke and then.*" He also gathered up the dirty clothes once a week, which he was permitted to take out to be washed, returning them Sunday mornings, at the small charge of three pieces for one dollar. He also for some time monopolized the shaving and hair cutting, which operations he performed at the moderate price of twenty-five cents for the former and seventy-five for the latter, but he was finally superseded by a German lieutenant, which compelled him to abandon his calling and turn bootblack. The old man was a regular fixture in Libby, having been in the

prison almost two years. He was also an old soldier, having accompanied a Pennsylvania regiment through the Mexican war. Every morning at nine o'clock George made his appearance, and with a peculiar intonation of voice calling out, "*Fall in, sick, and go down.*" At this command, those who desired to be prescribed for huddled together, and went down to the first floor, where they were examined by the rebel surgeon—who was always spoken of as a kind and attentive physician—who, after making a minute of their cases, sent them back to their quarters, excepting those whom it was deemed necessary to send to the hospital. In the course of two or three hours, the medicine would be brought up and distributed to the sick. And, while speaking of the sick, I wish to say that our enlisted men, prisoners, who were so unfortunate as to become sick, were treated outrageously. They were often allowed to lie on the wet or frozen ground on Belle Isle until the last moment, when they would be brought to the hospitals in the city to breathe their last. Out of sixteen brought over in one day, I have known four to be taken out dead the next morning.

The prison guards were usually quartered near by, and when on duty walked their beats, on the curbstone of the sidewalks around the building, and during the night calling out the hours: "*Nine o'clock.*" "*Lights out.*" "*One o'clock and all's well,*" sometimes varied to suit the exigencies of the occasion. I remember one cold morning the cry was: "*Six o'clock, and cold as h—l.*" There were usually no guards in the building, except one or two stationed at the foot of the stairways leading to second floor. The guards employed were city troops, whose treatment of us was in great contrast with

that received from Captain Wingfield's company, 58th C. S. A., who brought us to Richmond. When with the latter we fared in every respect just as well as they did. They had been in active service, and knew something of the horrors of war, while the city militia seemed to take delight in adding to our sufferings, if possible. On several occasions, prisoners were fired at, on the slightest provocation, or even none at all; one prisoner, in his anxiety to see what was going on in the street, stuck his head out of the window, and without any warning a guard fired, and a ball whistled very close to the poor fellow's head. On another occasion, a prisoner while in the closet, and infringing no rules, had the tip of his ear shot off.

Everything in the line of reading matter was eagerly sought after. A portion of the time, an old darky was permitted to bring in the Richmond daily papers for sale. Twenty-five cents apiece, printed on a very small sheet of inferior quality of wrapping paper! To get a Northern paper of a late date was a prize indeed. A case of "Harper's Select Library" of novels, sent to a prisoner by his Northern friends, had a large circulation. Letter-writing was carried on to some extent, until the prison officials got so tired of reading so many before starting them north, that an order was issued by Major Turner, that no Federal officer would be permitted to write letters of more than six lines each, to the *so-called* United States, and not more than one letter per week, and that to be handed to the sergeant on Monday mornings. The one universal thought that predominated in a prisoner's mind, from the time he entered "*Hotel de Libby*"—as the boys facetiously termed it—until his release, was: "How soon will we be exchanged." When we first made our advent into that highly popular insti-

tution, it was certainly thought that we would not possibly remain longer than ten days or two weeks—at the end of that time we were still there, and remained there for nearly nine months before any officers were exchanged, excepting chaplains and surgeons. Who was to blame for this, to us unaccountable delay, we could not tell, situated as we were. The rebels continually said it was the fault of the federal authorities. Exchange rumors were very abundant. The slightest foundation sufficed for the most extravagant reports. One day our hopes would be raised to the highest point, the next they would be away below zero. The rebel authorities published a statement, that they had made a certain proposition to our government, which was so plausible on its face that we thought it would be immediately accepted, as a matter of course; but something intervened to prevent the exchange, and so it continued—first would come the report that the surgeons and chaplains were going off on the next boat, and the officers were to follow immediately; that would be at once succeeded by the report that the commissioners had disagreed, and there would be no more exchanges during the war. The next report would come from the “hospital,” to the effect that a clerk in the War Department had just been in to see a friend there, and told him that there was a boat up, and that the chaplains and some of the officers would go off on it—this was reliable because it came through Major White or Douglass. Next day it was reported that Major Norris, who was connected with the Exchange Bureau, had been up and told his friend Dr. Worthington, that there was no boat up, and that it was probable there would be no exchange for some time, as our government would have to back down on the Dr. Rucker’s

case first. As soon as one of these reports was announced, it would be followed by bets freely offered on either side, as to its correctness, and vociferous cries of "Get ready," "Pack up," "Pack up," from all parts of the prison, and the inmates would gather in crowds to discuss it. One man would give it as his opinion, that it was certainly correct, for it came from a reliable gentleman; the next man was a little doubtful; while the third one declared he would hardly believe we were exchanged, even if Major Turner was to come up himself and announce the fact. This constant excitement followed by depression affected the health of many, and in at least one or two very plain cases, caused the death of officers confined in Libby. To keep the mind off this subject, all imaginable plans were devised to employ the time either beneficially or for amusement. Classes were organized in a variety of branches. Capable teachers were readily found. Those who were skillful with the knife and file employed their time in carving trinkets out of bones taken from the meat furnished us, and some very handsome specimens were the result of their labors. Card playing was an almost universal pastime, and many became very proficient at it. While the chaplains remained with us, prayer-meetings were regularly held. The writer has seen a prayer-meeting and two or three faro tables in operation at the same time, in one of the large rooms. Some very fine chess players among the prisoners. One lieutenant became so proficient that he could play two, and even three games at the same time, blindfolded. Amateur theatricals were indulged in to some extent—performers blacked as minstrels, under the name of "Libby Burlesque Troupe," and their entertainments became so interesting on

some occasions, that even the rebel officials and their friends came in as spectators. Saturday morning, October 17th, they announced in their programme that they would appear for the last time that evening, owing to their having an engagement in Washington to fill, for which purpose they expected to leave on next flag of truce boat. They exhibited to a crowded house of Yankees, with a few rebels included. The performances were very good, considering the impromptu manner in which they were gotten up. They consisted of songs, dances, imitations of roll-calls and other acts of the prison officials and guards, closing with the reading of the "Libby Ironical," intended as a burlesque on the "Libby Chronicle," the weekly issue of which had been read the forenoon previous. Some things that would be thought ridiculous elsewhere, caused a great deal of fun in prison. One evening, attracted by loud laughter in one of the rooms, rushed over to see what was the matter. Found an officer in the center of the crowd, standing bent over, while another held a hat closely under his eyes. Suddenly some one in the crowd hit him a sounding slap on his posterior, with the open palm of the hand, when the other, promptly springing erect, would glance over the spectators, and if he could point out the man who struck him, that one would have to take his place, and the same formula again gone through with, and so on. One of the officers who was most active in this performance, I saw next morning with his hand so swollen he could not close it. During the hot weather of July and August, the variety displayed in the costumes of the inmates was decidedly amusing. Here you would see a man, with nothing but shirt and drawers on, there one with drawers minus the shirt, while close by was another

one, with the shirt minus the drawers, and still another, with nothing but a long linen duster on—his clothes were out washing, no doubt. There was no question but what this style of dress was very comfortable during that kind of weather; but, when the cold weather of winter came, it was rather unpleasant to be compelled to go around without any socks, no drawers, and only one shirt, which valuable articles you were obliged to dispense with occasionally, for the purpose of having them washed. The supply of blankets was quite sufficient during the warm weather, but when the cold nights set in it was soon discovered that, while some had an abundant supply of them, others had only one, or even a great many had none at all.

Repeated complaints having been made to the rebel officials, Inspector Turner made his appearance on Sunday morning, and proceeded to call for a division of the house, prisoners in one room and blankets in another; then gave to each man, as he passed into the other room, two old United States blankets; but the supply not being sufficient for the purpose, the remainder of the men had to do without, and on application afterward to the authorities, were informed that they had no more blankets, consequently could give us none, but Commissioner Ould stated he was expecting a supply by next flag of truce boat, from our government. The bedding and clothing furnished for our sick in the hospital here were supplied by the United States Sanitary Commission.

On the Fourth of July an attempt was made to get up a little impromptu celebration. A flag was constructed by tearing up some shirts of the proper colors, and when completed, we fastened it up in the ceiling of third-story room, and com-

menced our speeches. Rebels soon detected what was going on, and sent up an officer, with orders to us to take the flag down, but not a prisoner touched it, and he was compelled to take it down himself.

October 13, 1863, the officers from Ohio, one hundred and sixty-five in number, held an election. One hundred and sixty-two votes were cast for Brough and one for Jewett, two not voting. It was an exciting day, as much so as an election day at home could have been. New prisoners were brought in every few days, until the number in Libby reached nearly twelve hundred. The new arrivals were designated as "*Fresh Fish*," and a great deal of sport was had at their expense, until they became thoroughly naturalized.

Notwithstanding all the privations endured, an unflinching loyalty to the old flag was maintained. One officer, suspected of disloyalty, was arrested, tried by an informally organized drumhead court martial, plead guilty, and was sentenced, but clemency was exercised and sentence suspended. Some ten or twelve negroes were kept in the basement, to do police work in the different rooms; they were not permitted to go outside the guards around the prison. During the night of July 24, 1863, those of us on second floor were aroused by the cries for mercy of a poor dorky being whipped. As we afterward learned, a barrel was laid on the floor, he was stretched over it, and received on his bare back two hundred and fifty lashes by actual count. This was done, as we supposed, for exchanging money, but the negroes said for attempting to escape. Soon after the writer became an inmate of Libby, he found it necessary to exchange our "greenbacks" for Confederate money, to enable him to purchase any thing in Richmond. It was a crim-

inal offense for a citizen of the Confederacy to sell any thing and take his pay in greenbacks.

The blockade runners were very anxious to get the greenbacks to make their purchases with, and this led to an exchange system, carried on through the rebel guards. My first attempt resulted in an exchange of two dollars Confederate, for one dollar Federal money. Succeeding pretty well in my attempts in this line, others brought me their money, as they needed it for use, and I would sometimes have several hundred dollars to exchange at one time. My plan of operation was to station myself at the head of the stairs leading to first floor, and when the right man was pacing his beat at the foot of the stairs, signal to him, and as he walked along with his gun on his shoulder, bayonet fixed, he would move the bayonet along on the wall above his head, writing the number of dollars he would give for one. If satisfactory, would roll up my money in as small a wad as possible, and quietly drop it near his feet, where he could pick it up without stopping his walk. If he made the exchange speedily, he would toss a little roll up when he came on his beat again. Sometimes it would be a day or two before the trade was consummated, but in not a single instance did they betray the trust we were compelled to place in them. Greenbacks soon began to increase in value; or perhaps, more properly speaking, Confederate money began to decline, so that before I was released, we could get fourteen for one. For a while the exchanges were effected through the sentinel on guard at the stairway, but two or three having been caught at it, and arrested, put a stop to that manner of procuring it, and another, but less dangerous plan, was adopted. A hundred dollars would be raised in greenbacks and sent out

by one of the negro boys belonging to the establishment, who would exchange it with some citizen and bring us back the Confederate rags. We had occasional lectures on different topics, one or two on medicine, that I recall, two on temperance, by Brigadier General Neal Dow, which we thoroughly appreciated, for we were then living in the strongest prohibition locality we had ever been in. Until the chaplains were exchanged, we had frequent religious services. After their departure, several prominent rebel divines officiated for our benefit, but this occasioned one or two mass meetings, to decide whether we would have loyal preachers or none. They were finally permitted to continue their services, but the attendance was not very large, nor very enthusiastic. On one occasion we were all marched into one room, while the other rooms were thoroughly searched for money, hatchets, knives, saws and files, we having accumulated a quantity of the three latter, to use in the manufacture of bone work. We had received an intimation of the proposed search some days before, and I had concealed a gold watch, that I then had, in the bottom of a large wooden spittoon, that was filled with sawdust, where it remained for more than a week. My money, at this time, I carried concealed between the outside leather and stiffening of a pair of old government brogans I was wearing. July 6, 1863, occurred one of the most dramatic scenes I ever witnessed or participated in. Although more than twenty years have elapsed, I believe that to-day I would rather take the risk of the most severe battle I ever saw, than to go through with the same ordeal again. All the Federal captains in the prison, seventy-five in number, were ordered to fall in line, marched down stairs, and into a large vacant room, where we were

formed in one rank in a hollow square, and remained there for some moments before we knew what was to take place. A table was brought in and placed in the center, and a box similar to an ordinary ballot-box placed on it. An order was then read from General Winder, commanding Department of Richmond, addressed to Commandant of Prisons, in substance as follows: "You are ordered to select at once, by lot, from among the Federal captains in your charge, two for immediate execution." Seventy-five slips of paper, each having on it the name of one officer, were deposited in the box. We were then informed that we could select one of our own number, or one of the chaplains up stairs, to draw out two of the slips. Father Gray, a chaplain, was chosen. He made a short prayer, after which he closed his eyes, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he drew out two slips, and handed them to the rebel officer in charge, who read the names aloud. The officers selected were Captains Sawyer, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, and Flinn, of the Fifty-first Indiana Volunteer Infantry. We were marched back to our quarters, and the two captains were taken to General Winder's head-quarters. This scene was one of the most trying ones of my life, the few moments it occupied seemed like years, and I do not think there was a single one of the seventy-five, but what would have gladly preferred to have met the enemy face to face in battle a dozen times in preference to once drawing lots in this manner for his life.

Fortunately for the two captains, they were not immediately executed, but were placed in dungeons in the basement of Libby, where they were kept about two weeks. During this delay, our government, being notified of the action of the rebel

authorities, at once had General W. H. Lee, a nephew of General Robert Lee, and Captain Winder, a son of General Winder, placed in close confinement, with instructions to the officer in charge to execute them at once, on receipt of official notification that Captains Flinn and Sawyer had been executed. This prompt action on the part of the Federal authorities brought the rebels to time, and after about two weeks close confinement, Sawyer and Flinn were restored to their old quarters with the other prisoners.

December 22, 1863, the New England captains, twenty-six in number, were required to draw lots for three persons to be placed in close confinement at Salisbury, N. C., as hostages for three rebel captains, at that time confined at Alton, Ills. The unfortunate men selected were Captains Chase, Litchfield and Kennett. On one occasion a Captain King was confined two days in a cell for spitting on the floor.

October 28th, "George," a prison policeman, without any provocation, drew a revolver on one of the prisoners, when Lieutenant Reed, Third Ohio, a wounded officer, told him he must not attempt that there; for this offense, the lieutenant was taken down to the cell, and kept there three days, the first night without any blanket. At one time, a cage about six feet by ten was constructed in one of the lower rooms, and four officers—white men—of colored regiments, were confined in there with several negro soldiers, as an extra punishment, for being guilty of commanding negro troops.

Occasionally an officer would escape from the prison. Major Huston, who had been in the hospital—then in lower east room—for some time, and was a tailor by trade, was employed by a rebel surgeon to make a uniform for him, which

he did ; but when completed, instead of giving it to the surgeon, donned the uniform himself, and about dusk one evening walked out as "the surgeon," and succeeded in passing the guards without any difficulty. This escape so alarmed the rebels that they took possession of the lower east room, locating the hospital in the room above, nailing up the door between that and the other upper rooms ; then gave us the lower middle room, after taking the precaution to nail up the windows in the rooms and double the guard on the outside of the building. An officer who was in citizen's dress, while attending "sick call" one morning on the first floor, apparently unconcernedly walked out past the guard, and succeeded in making his escape. Major White, Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania, at the time the surgeons were released, arranged with one of them to go in his place, but was detected before they were transferred at City Point, brought back and placed in cell, and we were ordered to divulge the name of the surgeon or go without rations. The surgeon was found, but claimed he was left on account of ill-health. On another occasion, Colonel A. D. Streight and Captain Reed made an attempt to escape, were caught, and as a punishment were placed in a cell for several days. During the winter, plans were made to tunnel out ; but a number of difficulties presented themselves. The prison building extended from one street to another only one hundred and five feet, and another street ran along one of the sides ; on the fourth side there was a vacant space of about forty feet in width, then a high board fence inclosing a lot on which stood a building used for the storage of private boxes sent there for prisoners. A large portion of the time the officers were confined entirely

on second and third floors; but being crowded very much for room, we were finally permitted to use what was called the lower middle room for cooking and promenading, but not for sleeping purposes. In this room there was a fire-place, only used to pile wood in, to be used in the cook-stove that stood directly in front. A board in the floor in the fire-place was taken up, and thus access was gained to that portion of the basement, a few feet in depth, and not occupied for any purpose. Once there, it was necessary to get an opening through the division foundation wall into the basement under the outside tier of rooms. Fortunately, the only portion of the basement in use was at the other end of the building. Then an opening had to be made through the outside foundation wall, from which point the tunnel had to be excavated some fifty feet to a place inside of the inclosure before mentioned. The appliances for doing this work were limited. Knives and an old hatchet or two were used. A wooden spittoon was used as a car to transport the dirt as it was dug from the person working back into the basement; a string attached to two sides of it enabling it to be pulled back and forth. Work progressed slowly. Once, thinking they had got far enough, they carefully made a small opening to the surface, when, finding they were directly under the beat of the prison guard, it was hastily closed and the tunnel extended.

February 9th, it was understood by those in the secret, that all was ready for the escape. It had been arranged that a certain number should go out each night for three nights in succession—that being as long as we could probably keep the roll-call all right.

At roll-call each day, the men were formed in four ranks and

the files counted—this in each of the three rooms on second floor. They were counted in the first room by a rebel sergeant, who then went down stairs, and up into second room and counted there, and then into third room. Doors between rooms were supposed to be closed, but in fact there was an opening in them, concealed by shelving, through which enough men could pass to keep the count in the aggregate all right. About nine P. M., the first attempt was made to pass out. It being discovered by many who were not in the secret, they became so excited that a crowd was gathered around the starting point. Soon the cry was raised that the rebels had discovered it and were coming in, and the prisoners scattered to their quarters. After all had quieted down, a number more succeeded in getting out; but the original plans having all been broken up, we were unable to tell how many had escaped, and consequently our plans for keeping count all right were frustrated, and at the morning roll-call the prison officers discovered there had been quite an exodus during the night. One hundred and nine succeeded in getting out. Of this number about one-half reached our lines. The others were recaptured, singly and in squads, and returned to Libby. The rebels, after discovering the opening to the tunnel, sent a darky boy to crawl through before they were able to find where the outlet was located. One of the prisoners, who was a very large man, in attempting to crawl through, came very near sticking fast, and it was only by the exertions of those in front and rear of him that he succeeded in getting through. This escape caused the rebels to redouble their vigilance, and we hardly dared look out the windows for fear of being shot at; and it was nothing strange to have roll-call by name, which

was a very slow and tedious affair, occupying several hours. Not long after, when the Federal troops, on one or two occasions, came very near reaching Richmond, and the rebels feared an uprising among the prisoners, one of the prison officials very coolly informed one of the prisoners that one thousand pounds of powder had been placed under Libby, and in case any attempt was made to break out, the prison would be blown up. At this time there were over eleven hundred officers confined in Libby.

November 12th it was announced that the surgeons had been exchanged. Every body at once went to work writing long letters—to be secreted on the persons of the fortunate doctors, and in that way smuggled through the lines. Finally, on the 24th, the surgeons were notified to be ready to leave in a few moments, as the rebel surgeons had arrived. They were told to disgorge the letters they had concealed about their persons, and a few did so. They were searched below, but with what success those remaining did not know. Letters were concealed in a variety of ways—in the lining of hats, coats, pants, boots, under shoulder-straps, bandaged around sore legs, twisted up in small wads and carried loosely in the pockets, concealed in plugs of tobacco, loaves of bread, and so on.

January 22d. It is five days since we received any rations, except one-half of a loaf of corn bread per day to a man, and two weeks since we have had any meat. The issue of meat occurs now only semi-occasionally, like a great many other things the "*rebs*" are in the habit of performing. The supply of wood was often very limited, and the wooden parti-

tions, tables, and every thing that would burn, suffered accordingly.

In describing incidents in Libby life, there were two things about which but very little can be said in a public way, and yet they both occasioned a great deal of discomfort at all times, and frequently suffering. I refer to the sanitary arrangements of the prison and the vermin with which it was infested. A squad of darkies, who were kept in the lower part of the prison, once a week usually, sometimes once in two weeks, scrubbed the floors in a very slipshod manner. Many of the prisoners, for a long time after they were captured, had a very limited supply of clothing, frequently but a single piece of underwear. The writer, for some months, had only one shirt, and, while that was being washed, he went without; and many others were in the same predicament. Three of us had but one towel for a long time, and that had been given us by some loyal friends in Winchester after our capture. The closets were such only in name, and just as public as any part of the building, and kept in a filthy condition, for the want of being properly arranged. Privacy was simply impossible. Many of the officers received in Libby their first introduction to what afterward became the very familiar "*grayback*." When over eleven hundred officers were in the prison, they were badly cramped for room, and at night were stretched out on the floor, in close proximity to each other, like sardines in a box. In this condition of affairs, the vermin fairly reveled, and all that could be done was to fight day by day, as it were, for your lives, to keep the enemy within any kind of bounds. Skirmishing for the enemy became an almost constant occupation. This, like almost every

thing else that transpired in prison, was turned into a source of merriment by some.

In the latter part of the summer of 1863, our government sent to Richmond, for distribution among the Federal prisoners, fifteen thousand complete outfits of clothing. They were consigned to Brigadier-General Neal Dow, who was at that time the ranking officer among the prisoners in Libby. By some means or other, he had excited the special enmity of the rebel officials, and they would not permit him to have any thing to do with the distribution, and they caused the following order to be issued:

[*Special Order, No. —.*]

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE, C. S. MILITARY PRISONS, }
RICHMOND, *December 5, 1863.* }

A committee of Federal officers, to be called "Board of Distribution," is hereby appointed, to consist of the following members: Lieutenant-Colonel Boyd, Lieutenant-Colonel Sanderson, Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter, Lieutenant-Colonel Von Schraeder, Captain Chamberlain.

This Board will report to Captain C. McRae Selph, A. A. G., who will assign them to such duties in connection with distribution and delivery of quartermaster and commissary stores for Federal prisoners of war as he may deem advisable. This Board, under Captain Selph's direction, will be the only authorized party to sign certificates of issues and distribution; and, in case the Board needs assistance, they can apply, through Captain Selph, for one or more members for temporary duty.

By order of

Official:

C. McRAE SELPH,

A. A. and I. G., C. S. A.

T. P. TURNER,

Major Commanding.

Lieutenant-Colonel Archer was subsequently added to the committee. This "Board of Distribution" spent nearly three months in the discharge of the duty assigned them. No parole was given by members of the Board, but it was tacitly understood that no attempt to escape would be made while in the discharge of this duty. At that time, there was nearly fifteen thousand enlisted men prisoners at Richmond, divided among the different prisons, as follows :

On Belle Isle	8,000
In Smith Building.....	800
In Scott Building... ..	2,200
In Crews' Building.....	1,000
In Pemberton Building.....	1,500
In Hospital No. 21.....	600
In Hospital No 22.....	400
In Hospital No. 23	350
<hr/>	
	14,850

This committee left Libby about 9 A. M. every day, returning at 5 P. M., accompanied by a prison policeman to and from the different prisons. Each prisoner was seen in person by some one of the Board, his condition examined into, and his wants supplied, so far as it was possible to do. A receipt was taken from each man, an accurate account kept of the issues of clothing, and a full statement of same sent to our government. The men were found in a very needy and suffering condition, especially those on Belle Isle. The prisoners there were confined within an embankment, on the level portion of the island, largely without any shelter whatever, exposed to all kinds of weather, poorly clad, and with starving

rations, during the whole winter. Was it any wonder that men suffered and died rapidly? Those who were confined in the prison buildings in the city did not suffer so much from exposure. but the rations were the same, and during the latter part of the winter, small-pox broke out among them. The most extreme cases of starvation and suffering were to be seen in the hospitals, for only the worst cases were brought there. It is simply impossible to describe the sufferings we witnessed. Men, dying from starvation, begging for something to eat; others with the extremities frozen by exposure; and others swarmed with vermin, too weak to keep them hunted down. Thank God! those days of suffering are over. Wounds and death on the battle-field were far preferable to those months of starvation and suffering, and in so many cases, finally, death, followed by a burial among that large army of graves marked "unknown."

January 24, 1864, there were 938 in the hospitals; 16 died that day, and 788 died during the months of October, November, and December. February 4th, the Board, having completed its labors, were officially disbanded, by order from the prison commandant. First of March came, and no officers had been exchanged, excepting chaplains and surgeons, the non-combatants. Every day or two it would be currently rumored that "Flag of Truce Boat" was at City Point, and exchanges would commence at once, but the days contrived to come and go—oh, how slowly—and we were still in durance vile!

During the afternoon of Sunday, March 6, 1864, a few paroled rebel officers, and quite a number of private soldiers, were brought up from City Point. As they marched past

the prison, fat and hearty, and well clothed, no further evidence was necessary to convince those who saw them of the striking difference in the manner in which prisoners were cared for North and South. The following morning was an exciting one in Libby. Different rebel officers had notified a number of the prisoners that their names were on the list to go, myself being among the number; but, when the list was called, only a few were taken. A few days later, I was sent for by Inspector Turner for a *private* interview. It had been currently reported for a day or two that several officers had secured their exchange by bribing one of the rebel officials. Turner knew that I had a gold watch that I had managed to retain, and I strongly suspected it would secure my release, but I hated to part with it; and, although he was very courteous, informing me that he had intended I should go on the first boat, but had been unable to so arrange it, but now assured me I should go in the next party. The interview terminated, and I and my watch went back to our quarters together, and when the second list was called, in a few days, for the next party, my name was not there. About this time, it became the rage to secure autographs of as many of the prisoners as possible, and many promises were made to exchange photographs when released.

March 21, 1864, 62 Federal officers were selected for exchange, myself among the number, and were marched down to the landing, and placed on the gun-boat "Schultz," and 925 enlisted men on the steam-boat "Allison," and started for City Point. Before leaving the prison, the officers were searched for letters they were supposed to have concealed

about their persons, from prisoners left behind to their friends in the North. The officers were kept below deck until we had passed Drury's Bluff, that we might not see the fortifications about Richmond.

About 11 P. M., at City Point, we were transferred to the Federal steamer "New York." When all were on board, rousing cheers were given for the "Old Flag," that once more floated over us, realizing the fact that we were again in "God's country."

An hour or two later, with full stomachs once again, and with thankful hearts, we laid down to rest among friends.

Read April 4, 1888.

CANBY'S CAMPAIGN IN NEW MEXICO.

BY LATHAM ANDERSON,

Late Colonel U. S. V.

The plan of operations urged by General Scott at the outbreak of the war was to abandon all the frontier posts and concentrate every regular soldier in front of Washington in the first general engagement. The effect which the presence of 13,000 disciplined troops would have produced on the result of the first battle of Bull Run is too obvious to admit of discussion. After that battle, the government endeavored to correct its blunder in disregarding the veteran commander's advice, and, on the 17th of May, 1861, a general order was issued directing all the regulars on the frontiers to proceed to the theater of war in the East, without delay. But it was soon realized that the golden opportunity had passed, and the order was countermanded.

The object of this article is to show that, in all probability, the effect of countermanding this order, as regarded the regular troops in New Mexico, was fraught with consequences of the greatest national importance; that had the result of Canby's campaign been different, the mighty conflict in the East might possibly have had a different termination. This may seem a rash assertion, in view of the remoteness of the field of conflict, and of the insignificant forces engaged. But never, since the invasions of Cortez and Pizarro, did the possession of such vast areas of the globe depend upon the

efforts of such small detachments of troops. The result of the struggle between these few feeble battalions involved the possession certainly of Western Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and a part of Southern California; and, with more than equal chances, of the whole of the latter state; or, in the aggregate, about 500,000 square miles of territory. These considerations seem to justify the present attempt to rescue the little fights of Valverde and Cañon Glorieta from the oblivion which must cover hundreds of other skirmishes in the vortex of that mighty struggle in the East, between much larger bodies of men than those engaged in New Mexico; and also to record the brilliant strategy by which Canby snatched victory from defeat, and saved to our side a territory twice as large as the Austrian Empire.

A Confederate regiment of cavalry, under Colonel Baylor, arrived in Western Texas early in the summer of 1861. About the first of July, they occupied the abandoned post of Fort Bliss, opposite El Paso. A garrison of 700 regular troops, composed of seven companies of the Seventh Infantry and three of the Mounted Rifles, was stationed at Fort Fillmore, near Mesilla, forty-five miles above Fort Bliss. The garrison was under the command of Major Isaac Lynde, Seventh Infantry. On the 25th of July, a force of about 350 Texans, relying evidently upon the supposed disaffection among the men and officers of this command, entered Mesilla. Late that afternoon, Major Lynde made a feeble and unskillful demonstration against the town with about 380 men, and then retired to the fort. That night, he ordered the evacuation of the fort. He justified this move by the fact that he was under orders to move his command to the upper country

en route to the States. But this was a shallow excuse, for he was also under strict orders not to move until he learned of the safety of the troops en route from Forts Buchanan and Breckenridge, in the western part of Arizona. Lynde intended to retreat to Fort Stanton via the San Augustine Pass in the Organ Mountains. San Augustine Spring is in the Pass, twenty-five miles from Fillmore. The command marched out of the fort at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 27th. There was no water to be had between the two places. The weather was intensely hot, and the men demoralized by the evident timidity of their commander. Many of them were also intoxicated, the whisky barrels in the commissary store having been broken open the night of the evacuation. Owing to these causes, many of the men were overcome with heat and thirst, so that, before the column reached the spring, it was a demoralized mob, scattered along the road for miles, many of the men having thrown away their arms and accoutrements. When Baylor learned of the flight of our troops, he quickly started in pursuit with 300 men. He picked up the stragglers as he overhauled them, and overtook the main body about five miles from the spring, but was temporarily held in check by a detachment of forty-five Mounted Rifles, under Lieutenant Alfred Gibbs, who here met our column on his way to Fort Fillmore from the North. The officers succeeded in getting about 200 men in ranks, many of them unarmed. Baylor made a demand for the surrender of the force, which was quickly acceded to by Lynde, against the vehement protest of all his officers, except his adjutant, Lieutenant Brooks, who afterward entered the Confederate service.

Major Lynde's previous history justifies the conclusion,

that his conduct on this occasion was due solely to the imbecility of extreme old age. The disgrace of the surrender at San Augustine was a retribution for our failure to provide an honorable retirement for superannuated and worn-out officers.

On learning of this disaster, Canby concentrated his remaining forces at Fort Craig and Fort Union, the order for their removal to the East having in the meantime been countermanded. He was compelled to make this division of his forces, because General Van Dorn was organizing a force in Northern Texas to enter the territory by way of the Arkansas or Pecos. To aid in the defense of the country, five regiments of New Mexico volunteers were mustered into service.

During the summer, the Confederates organized an expeditionary force, called the Army of New Mexico, under the command of General H. H. Sibley. It consisted of Riley's, Green's, and Steele's regiments, in addition to Baylor's, and two batteries of artillery. Riley's regiment left San Antonio on the 20th of October, and the others followed soon after.

As the Confederate re-inforcements arrived, their outposts were pushed farther up the river, and a few unimportant skirmishes occurred between the advanced forces of the two armies.

By the latter part of January, 1862, Canby had concentrated at Fort Craig the following forces: Five companies of the Fifth Infantry, three of the Seventh, and three of the Tenth; two companies of the First and five of the Third Cavalry; McCrae's Battery of six guns ("G" Second and "I" Third Cavalry) and Dodd's company of Colorado Volunteers—about 1,100 men in all. There were besides, 1,700 New Mexico Volunteers, and about 1,000 unorganized hastily levied militia. The presence of the latter troops was a source of weakness to

us, as they proved utterly worthless in action, except Carson's regiment, which did fairly well; but it was not much exposed, and would not have stood much of a strain. Sibley's column encamped about five miles below Fort Craig on the 15th, and remained in camp on the 16th, 17th, and till noon of the 18th. He then advanced and formed line of battle at right angles to the river, 1,500 yards below the fort. Canby formed his line facing him, his left on the fort, his right in the open country. By the time these dispositions were made, it was late in the afternoon. The ground between the two lines was a smooth unbroken plain, without a tree or obstruction of any kind, and descended very gently toward the enemy. The fort was a cantonment of adobe houses, surrounded by a continuous adobe wall, seven feet high, with a small weak bastion at the southeast and northwest corners. But Sibley evidently thought the position too strong to be attacked, and retired to his camps at sunset, a slight indecisive skirmish between two detachments of cavalry being the only event of the day. That night, Sibley crossed to the east side of the river, and camped in the village of Paraje, seven miles below Fort Craig. He remained there during the 19th, and on the 20th marched northwardly up a deep ravine parallel to the river and a mile and a half from it. Canby did not discover his intention of passing the fort until the afternoon, and then he crossed the river in force and deployed on the flank of the Texan column. The country on that side is a broken table-land of basaltic lava, covered here and there with beds of drifting sand. The movements of wagons, artillery and cavalry were therefore so impeded that it was sunset before the two lines were within striking distance of each other. Hence, Canby's movement

amounted to nothing more than a demonstration. However, he compelled the enemy to camp where he was, and in the night his animals were stampeded, and between two hundred and three hundred were brought into our lines. This necessitated the abandonment of a portion of his wagon train the following day.

When it became apparent that Sibley intended to move further north, leaving the garrison of Fort Craig in his rear without risking an engagement, Canby called a meeting of his senior officers and outlined to them his plan of campaign. This was to follow the enemy closely, harass him in flanks and rear by the irregular troops and cavalry, burn or remove all supplies from his front, and never to accept battle except where the position was strongly in our favor.

The topography of the country, and especially the numerous adobe villages along the line of march, gave every facility for carrying out this plan. Should the enemy refuse to attack us in any of these strong positions until after he passed Albuquerque, Canby could then form a junction with the reinforcements from Fort Union, thus insuring the capture of the entire Texan column. The late Major H. R. Selden, who was present at the council of war, was the writer's authority for this outline of Canby's intended plan of campaign.

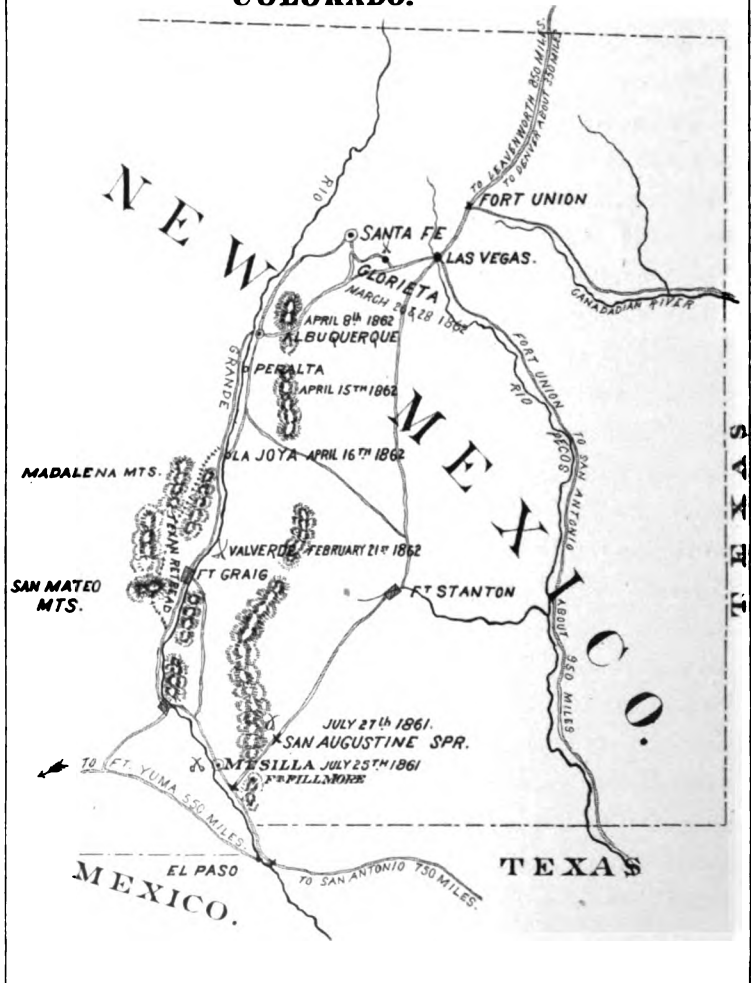
As it was apparent that Sibley was heading for the Valverde Ford, about five miles above the fort, Canby determined to resist him at that point, rather than to attack him in the rough lava beds. Early the next morning, he sent Lieutenant Colonel B. S. Roberts, Third Cavalry, with five companies of regular cavalry, two of regular infantry, six companies of volunteers, four pieces of McCrae's battery, and two twenty-four pound

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**MAP OF
GEN. CANBY'S CAMPAIGN
IN
NEW MEXICO.
1862.**

COLORADO.



howitzers, under Captain R. H. Hall, of the Tenth Infantry, to occupy the ford and hold the "bosque" (grove) on the east bank. A column of the enemy arrived at the ford in advance of Roberts; but, under cover of McRae's and Hall's guns, he effected a lodgment on the east bank, and drove the opposing forces back into the woods. Carson's regiment arrived shortly after, and was sent about two thousand yards up the west bank, to keep the enemy back from the east bank and prevent him from crossing at that point.

The contest at the Valverde Ford continued between the skirmishers and artillery of both sides, the enemy being driven back into the woods and his artillery completely silenced for the time, three of his guns being disabled and left behind. They must have fallen into our hands had Major Duncan, Third Cavalry, obeyed the oft repeated orders of Colonel Roberts, to charge the wood vigorously. As it was, a party of the Texans returned and carried off the disabled guns by hand, right in the faces of our skirmishers. At noon, a column arrived commanded by Major H. R. Selden, Fifth Infantry. It was composed of four companies of the Fifth Infantry, two of the Seventh, one of the Tenth, and Dodd's company of Colorado Volunteers. Selden's column was ordered by Colonel Roberts to move up the stream at double-quick and cross at a point about one thousand yards above the Valverde Ford. No ford was known to exist there; the stream was cold and rapid, and the bank on the other side rose precipitately out of the water to such a height that the men could not climb it without rendering each other assistance. At the designated point, the head of the column wheeled to the right and the men floundered into the water, which fortunately proved to be not over

three and a half or four feet deep. Owing to the difficult nature of the crossing, it was but weakly guarded by the enemy, so that the farther bank was gained without serious loss. As fast as the men could clamber up the bank, the line was formed. Meanwhile, the enemy's battery, six hundred yards in front, got our range, and there were a few resulting casualties. Upon the completion of the alignment, a charge was made, and the woods cleared with the bayonet. At about three hundred yards the line was deployed as skirmishers. One company ("B" of the Fifth, Captain Roderick Stone) was held in reserve in rear of the right wing, to cover the gap between us and our troops on the right, and Company "H," Tenth Infantry, formed the reserve for the left wing. At six hundred yards, the enemy rallied in an old bed of the river, with a slight sand ridge on our side, which, at most points, completely hid even their cavalry from view, and formed a strong natural intrenchment. Moreover, the interval of one hundred yards between the two lines was devoid of timber or cover of any kind. This line approached the present river above and below, so that it was concave toward us and partially enveloped our flanks. But this curve also would have exposed the left of their line to an enfilading fire from our troops at the Valverde Ford, commanded by Major Duncan, Third Cavalry, had that officer obeyed the orders of Colonel Roberts to occupy the woods in his front. At this moment, just as Selden had given the order to make a rush at the sand ridge, a company of lancers suddenly burst through a gap in the bank in column of fours. The two lines were only about one hundred yards apart, but the direction of the charge was so oblique that the lancers had to traverse about two hundred

and fifty yards before striking our line. Captain Plympton, of the Seventh, commanded at the point toward which the charge was directed. He rallied against cavalry the left platoon of his company and right platoon of Dodd's Colorado company, which was immediately on his left. None of the other skirmishers rallied, but coolly picked off the men and horses, especially the latter, as they dashed past, so that their formation was somewhat broken and probably not more than twenty mounted men reached the rallied platoons. When the lancers were about fifty yards distant, Plympton gave the command "aim," and added, "Aim low, and do not fire till the command. Aim low, men—aim low."

The Colorado Volunteers behaved splendidly, displaying as much coolness and steadiness as the most experienced veterans. It seemed to the impatient men as if the expected order would never come. It never came. On rushed the lancers in a splendid charge. They were within ten paces; but still the men, with suspended breath and strained nerves, heard only the warning "hold your fire—aim low." Just as the points of the lances had almost reached the bayonets, one of the leading file of the lancers discharged his pistol, which he held in his bridle hand. A line of fire flashed in the faces of the Texans, a pile of men and horses rolled in the dust under the muzzles of the muskets, and six or eight dazed fugitives passed around the flank of the rallied group and galloped back into their lines.

Simultaneously with the lancer charge, a column of cavalry (supposed to be Baylor's regiment) passed through the gap between Selden and Duncan, and in rear of our right flank. Stone's company, which had been ordered to lie down, was right in the path of the charging column, and apparently un-

observed by them. When the cavalry was but a few yards distant, Stone gave the command, "rise," fired a volley into the head of the column, and charged with the bayonet. Men and horses recoiled, and the charge was broken. Stone was shot through above the heart, and died a few days afterward. When Selden became aware of this formidable attack on his right and rear, he assumed that Duncan must have been driven back; and he therefore withdrew his line slowly, and without molestation, about three hundred yards nearer the river. Soon after this, all firing between the two forces having ceased, Roberts ordered Hall's howitzers across the lower ford, and McCrae's across a new ford, just discovered, about one hundred yards below where Selden had crossed. He also withdrew Carson from above, and ordered him and Selden into the gap between the left of our line and Duncan. At 2:30, Colonel Canby arrived on the field and assumed command. McCrae's battery was left in its position, which was much too far to the left and but fifteen or twenty yards from the river bank. Canby's plan was to pivot on his left, so as to enfilade the enemy's strong position behind the sand ridges and double up his left wing. To prevent this, and gain time to change the direction of his line, and also to divert attention from the formidable attack he was organizing from his place of concealment against McCrae's battery, the enemy charged Duncan with about 250 cavalry, under Major Ragnet. Probably from design, this column was formed in plain view of our line, and, according to the report of its commander (Reb. Rec., Ser. 1, Vol. 9), it was moved forward a short distance, halted and deployed as skirmishers, before mounting for the final charge. This gave Duncan time to send two different couriers to

Canby, urgently calling for re-inforcements. (See Canby's report.) One company of the Seventh Infantry was sent; then Carson's regiment was ordered further to the right; and, finally, Selden's battalion was hastened to the supposed point of danger. This left the same fatal gap in our line that existed in the morning. Most of our forces were massed on the right, and McCrae was left with inadequate support. At this moment, Ragnet charged on our right, and was easily repulsed, receiving a volley in his flank from Selden's and Carson's battalions, and being roughly handled in front by Hall's howitzers. Simultaneously with Ragnet's charge, McCrae was attacked by all the enemy's remaining artillery, and by a dismounted force of about 1,000 men. Plympton's men made a brave counter attack, but they were thrown into confusion by some fugitive volunteers, who rushed through their ranks. (*Vide* Canby's Report, Vol. 7, Ser. 14.) The battery was taken, after a desperate hand-to-hand resistance by the gunners. But few men escaped from the guns and limbers, most of those reporting next day having been with the caissons and with the battery wagon on the west bank. The gap in our lines could have been closed in time by Pino's Second Regiment New Mexico Volunteers, but most of the men cowered under the east bank, and the rest refused to cross the river. Colonel Canby and Colonel Roberts and staff were standing about thirty yards or less to the right of McCrae's battery. Just as the fighting among the guns was at its hottest, a squadron of the Second Cavalry, commanded by Captain R. C. Lord, *passed between Canby and the battery*. Roberts shouted, in a loud, clear voice: "Charge, charge the cavalry." The column galloped indecisively forward a few paces,

halted, and its commander gave the command: "Dismount, to fight on foot." The battle and the battery were lost. The men of the squadron were swept by the fugitives across the river. Canby, misled as to the gravity of the situation on the right, felt compelled to order the withdrawal of that part of our forces. When Selden arrived on the right to support Duncan, he perceived the feebleness of the attack there, and assumed the responsibility of ordering back Captain Wingate, with four companies of the Fifth, to his former position in line. This detachment of about 150 men was overlooked by the officer carrying the order for our right wing to retire, so that, when it arrived within fifty yards of McCrae's battery (now in possession of the enemy), it found itself alone on that side of the river. Here Captain Wingate fell mortally wounded. This left but one commissioned officer, Second Lieutenant Cook, present for duty. The situation was a desperate one. In order to obtain time for deliberation, and to give the men something to do, three volleys were deliberately poured into the battery, and then the battalion slowly fell back to the river, crossing in deep water below the ford, and carrying Wingate with it. On the west side, the regulars were rallied, and fell back in good order to Fort Craig.

According to the official reports, our force was about 1,000 regulars and Dodd's company, besides 2,000 or 3,000 New Mexican troops (the numbers of the latter being unimportant); Texan force, 1,750. Union loss, 263 killed and wounded; rebel loss, 150 wounded and missing, and 36 killed. Roberts's impetuosity led him to violate the adopted plan, in thus forcing the passage of a difficult river, and attacking the enemy in such a strong position as to leave the advantage all

on the other side. At first view, it may seem that McCrae's battery was erroneously placed. Had it been at the center of our line, its fire could have been more advantageously directed, and it would have been safer from attack. But this change of position could only have been made in sight of the enemy, and would have caused such a general and conspicuous move of our forces toward the real point of attack, that the enemy would have been notified of Canby's plan, and massed his forces accordingly. As it was, McCrae would have been in no danger, had Pino's regiment taken its indicated place in line. It would have supported Major Duncan; Selden would have remained where he was on Plympton's right; and their joint attack on the flank of the column attacking McCrae would have rendered the success of that charge impossible. The only error in the disposition seems to have been in crowding a part of the support of McCrae's battery in the narrow space immediately in its rear. Had these troops ("A," "F," and "H," of the Tenth Infantry, and "E," Seventh Infantry) been all deployed to the left of the battery, they would have assisted materially in resisting the Texan charge. The enemy remained in camp at Valverde two days, and then resumed his march to Santa Fe, which town he entered on the 5th or 6th of March.

Canby determined to hold Fort Craig, await re-inforcements, and endeavor to effect a junction with them before they encountered the enemy. With this intention, he sent the militia and most of the volunteers up the country (ahead of the Texans), to remove or destroy all the government stores that might fall into the hands of the enemy, and to aid and induce the people to remove as many of their flocks,

herds, and provisions as possible to places of safety remote from the line of march.

On the 10th of March, Slough's regiment of Colorado volunteers, 950 men, arrived at Fort Union, and Slough, by virtue of his rank, took command of all the forces in the northern part of the territory. He received instructions from Colonel Canby to avoid a general engagement if he could—to hold Fort Union, and to be prepared to form a junction with the column from below at a time and place to be afterward designated. In disregard of this order and of the written remonstrances of Colonel G. R. Paul, commanding Fort Union (See Reb. Rec., Series 1, Vol. IX, p. 654), he pushed forward a reconnoitering party of 418 men, under Major Chivington, who surprised an outpost of the enemy in Apache Cañon, twenty-five miles from Santa Fe, on the 26th of March, capturing seventy-one of their men, and inflicting considerable loss upon them. The next day, Slough advanced with his whole force of 1,320 men to Pidgeon's Rancho, twenty miles from Santa Fe, where he encountered the main body of Texans, about 600 strong, according to Sibley's report. Slough detached Major Chivington, with 450 men, including Capt. W. H. Lewis's company of the Fifth United States Infantry, to ascend the mesa on his left, and, if possible, reach the enemy's train in the rear. This left the opposing forces in the Cañon Glorieta about equal in numbers. The Colorado troops fought well, but were slowly forced back from one position to another until, at sundown, the rebels were masters of the field and the Union forces in retreat. As to the orderliness of that retreat accounts differ, but it certainly was not a rout. In the meantime, Chivington had approached unperceived to within

200 yards of the Texan train at Johnson's Rancho, four miles in rear of the battle-field. This train was guarded by 200 men and a piece of artillery. The guard was taken completely by surprise, the gun spiked, the herd of mules captured and thirty wagons burned, including all the enemy's reserve ammunition, and a large amount of supplies. Chivington then retraced his steps to the main column, with one officer and sixteen privates as prisoners. The battle of Glorieta was a tactical defeat to our side, but the loss of their train was a blow from which the enemy never recovered, as it left him destitute of supplies in a country completely stripped of provisions. Captain Lewis, by his coolness, judgment, and dash, contributed largely to this result. On the 1st of April, Canby left Fort Craig with about 850 regulars and 300 volunteers, and attempted to reach Albuquerque before Sibley.

The latter, however, was warned of his approach, and hastily evacuating Santa Fe, concentrated his force in Albuquerque, which was so strong a position that Canby could not have attacked it with any hope of success. Therefore, making a feint to attack it from the eastern side, so as to keep open the road to Fort Union by the Tijeras Cañon in the Sandia Mountains, he retired by that road, on the night of the 9th of April, and, on the 13th was joined by Colonel Paul's column from Fort Union. His combined force of regulars and Colorado Volunteers was then superior in numbers to Sibley's, and he immediately started in pursuit of him. By a forced march of thirty-six miles he overtook him at Peralta, twenty miles below Albuquerque, on the night of the 14th. The Texans were so unsuspecting of his approach, that most of their officers were at a dance in the village, a fact which was ascertained by one

of our scouts, who passed their lines and stood unobserved outside of one of the windows, through which he had a full view of the festivities. Canby by a sudden dash could certainly have captured most of their officers and a large number of men, more than half their force being at that time on the opposite (west) side of the river, which was so swollen as to be almost impassable. But he did not dare to take any prisoners, because his own troops were on reduced rations, the country was stripped of supplies of all kinds, and our base in the states very remote; so that he had no rations with which to feed prisoners. He therefore determined to force the enemy into a retreat through the devastated country. He made a demonstration against the place next day, and, on that night, (the 15th) the Texans evacuated the village, crossed the remainder of their force to the west bank, and began their retreat. The Union column took the road down the east bank, and was thus between the enemy and his base. The two roads were within plain view and often within cannon shot of each other. On the night of the 16th, the two forces encamped opposite to each other, near La Joya. That night Sibley put his few remaining rations on pack mules, abandoned all his wagons except those carrying his ammunition, and, with his artillery, left the river valley and took a wild trail which left the rugged Madalena Mountains between him and the Rio Grande. The first part of their march lay through a trackless region of mountains and cañons. The energy and devotion these men displayed in carrying their artillery over apparently insurmountable obstacles was phenomenal. But, in two or three days, they were compelled to destroy the wagons and most of the ammunition. Canby pressed on down the river with about

half his force (all he could feed) until he reached a point about 40 miles below Fort Craig and 120 below Albuquerque. Here he was compelled to stop for want of rations. The remnants of the Texan column reached the river at Fort Thorne, and proceeded thence to Mesilla and Fort Bliss. From thence, they began their retreat in small parties, across the barren waste of seven hundred miles to San Antonio, making the total length of the retreat from Albuquerque to San Antonio about one thousand miles. The line of their flight through New Mexico and (according to reports received at that time) all the way to the Texas settlements, was strewn with sick and dying men. Canby sent parties into the mountains west of the Rio Grande, who found men stricken with small pox, measles, and pneumonia, which had broken out in the column. He established hospitals and convalescent camps for these unfortunates, and did what was in his power to relieve their sufferings.

The invading column left San Antonio thirty-five hundred strong. It numbered about twelve hundred when it passed back through Mesilla; and, it is said, was further reduced by sickness and desertion, so that, when it entered San Antonio on its return, there were not more than seven hundred and fifty men in ranks. While these events were transpiring in New Mexico, a column, destined for the relief of the Union army there, was being organized in California, under Brigadier General James H. Carleton. Its advance reached the Rio Grande at Fort Thorne on the 4th of July. Its arrival hastened the departure of the last detachment of Confederate troops. Thus the second Texan invasion of New Mexico

ended even more disastrously than did its predecessor, made fourteen years before.

All military operations by civilized people on the Mexican Plateau, from the invasion of Cortez down to our time, have partaken more or less of romance and improbability. The campaign just described proves no exception to this rule. The entire theater of war had been so stripped of supplies that, when the final struggle came, the Confederates were almost starving, and Canby's troops were on half rations, with their only available base of supplies one thousand miles off, across an uninhabited waste. Hence, toward the last, the conflict resolved itself into a desperate struggle for existence. As neither party had the means of feeding the other if captured, the only alternative seemed to be victory or starvation. It was with the utmost difficulty that Canby succeeded, during the first two months succeeding the flight of the Texans, in supplying the reduced force he left at Fort Craig.

From a military standpoint, the campaign is a remarkable and interesting one. It is a striking illustration of the difficulties which had to be overcome in moving and supplying troops in our western desert regions, before the advent of railroads, and its careful study gives to the military student some insight into the surroundings which formed the school in which were educated the officers who composed our unrivaled quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance staff during the rebellion. They were trained and developed in Indian warfare in our vast western wilderness, and their achievements in the great war in supplying our armies over long lines, in roadless regions, and in the face of such formidable adversaries, will forever remain the astonishment and admiration of the

military historian. Moreover, the campaign is believed to be without a parallel in history, in this, that, while the winning army was tactically defeated in every important engagement of the campaign, it subsequently gained a crushing victory by the brilliant strategy of its commander. But it is further claimed for this campaign, that its most important consequences were the political influences which resulted from its successful termination. Had the Texans succeeded in capturing Fort Craig and its garrison, the fall of Fort Union would have certainly and speedily followed; and, owing to the formidable barrier interposed by the great plains, the Confederates would have been ensured in the possession of the territory. Their success would also have encouraged them to largely re-inforce the army of New Mexico, and to prosecute their original plan of invading California. To judge fairly of the probable result of such an invasion, it is necessary to take a survey of the situation in California at that time. It is true, the Unionists had the majority in that state, but the rebels constituted a strong minority. In the southern part, where the attacking column must enter, they had a decided majority, and the sympathizing Mormons around San Bernardino would have provided a safe foothold for the invaders on the California side of the desert. The rebels were concentrated in the coast towns and in the valleys which furnished agricultural supplies; whereas, the Unionists predominated in the mountain mining towns, which were not agriculturally self-supporting. Moreover, the numbers of National troops available for the field would have been unavoidably reduced by the necessity of maintaining garrisons in the forts around San Francisco—at the Mare Island Navy Yard and other

strategic points—while the rebels could have concentrated their whole force at the most favorable point of attack. Whatever may have been the result of these first conflicts, a column of 6,000 or 8,000 Texans, most of them inured to war in a successful campaign, could have been thrown into the state before the internecine struggle ceased, *provided* Canby had been captured at Fort Craig. In that event, it seems highly probable that such an invading column would have entered California with the chances strongly in its favor. In making this statement, it is far from the intention of the writer to ignore the superlative qualities of the volunteers enrolled in California. Better material for soldiers than the men composing General Carleton's column could not be found on earth; and there was never marshaled in uniform a better body of men than the regiment (the Eighth) which the writer had the honor to command. The California volunteers were mostly miners from the mountain towns. Hardened by exposure and toil, intelligent, familiar with danger, daring, enterprising, and patriotic, and being at the same time remarkably amenable to discipline, they lacked no desirable quality of a soldier. But, as between them and an army of victorious Texans, it would have been the old story of raw troops against veterans.

Had the rebels, owing to the advantages above described, conquered California, the flood of gold that filled our coffers and maintained our credit would have been diverted from Washington to Richmond.

Often, during the rebellion, the recognition of the Confederacy by the European powers trembled in the balance. Would not the conquest of such a large part of our domain,

the possession of open sea-ports from which to build and send out rebel cruisers, and the securing of the gold supply, have rendered that recognition certain?

As it was, the conquest of such a brave, warlike people, protected by such natural obstacles as the South afforded, was a military miracle. With all the additional advantages resulting from the conquest of California, would not their subjugation have been an impossibility?

THE CORPS OF TELEGRAPHERS UNDER GENERAL ANSON STAGER DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY W. G. FULLER,

Late Captain and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. V.

"That steed called 'Lightning,' say the fates,
Is owned in the United States;
'T was Franklin's hand that caught the horse;
'T was harnessed by Professor Morse."

The art of healing has not taxed human ingenuity more than the art of killing. In war, secrecy and dispatch have ever been prime factors. Very few wars have been conducted with single armies, and wherever there have been different armies under the same general command, intercommunication has ever been necessary,

To this end the first thought is to secure secrecy, even though the bearer of the message fall into the enemy's hand. In these days of steam and electricity we can not delay, as did Histæus, who pricked his message on the shaven head of a slave, and waited until the hair grew long enough to hide it; nor are we content with placing a message between the soles of the bearer's boots or other hiding, but it must be so written, however carried, that the enemy will be none the wiser though he secure the dispatch; hence, one of the first thoughts of the military telegrapher in our late war, was to disguise the order of information.

To this end, Anson Stager, at the outset of the rebellion,

invented a cipher, which he, and some of his subordinates in the military telegraph corps improved and enlarged into what was, undoubtedly, the most perfect system of cryptographic writing that has ever been employed for any purpose.

The unfolding of these devices into their manifold phases and splendid perfection, are scarcely hinted at in the general histories of the war, and I think can only be found in the "History of the Military Telegraph," in two large volumes, written by William R. Plum, LL.B., of the Chicago bar, who entered the service when but sixteen years of age, as one of my boys, in 1862.

To all students of the war of 1861-65 I commend a perusal of that work, which has received the highest encomiums, not only in this country, but in Europe.

The writer had the honor of placing a set of these valuable books in the library of this commandery last year. To speak generally of our cipher system, it consisted of arbitrary words, which indicated all prominent officers, Federal and Confederate, of the army and navy, including the President, members of the cabinet and governors; also blind words indicating geographical localities and names, military names and expressions, numerals, months, and days.

The real name of the officer sending or receiving the dispatch never appeared in the message, which was so systematically disarranged that no two consecutive words appeared together, and the words that were joined made no sense, and sometimes the most ridiculous nonsense, for the cipher operator was obliged to put in surplus, unmeaning words, which were discarded in translating, and which oftentimes enabled

the cipherer to make a frivolous sentence out of the most important and serious dispatches.

Notwithstanding the fact, that substantially all important military dispatches to and from the Secretary of War, the officers of the army, and the Union governors, were transmitted in one of the several telegraph cipher keys, in number about one dozen, some of which were specially held by one cipherer at the four or five principal head-quarters, and at the War Office at Washington, it is a surprising circumstance that, when Colonel Scott undertook the herculean task of arranging his compilation of the records of the war, which included many thousand original dispatches, for publication by the government, there could not be found a single cipher key in the archives of the war department; and I am informed that he procured the set which Mr. Plum had been fortunate enough to obtain and preserve. The writer of this paper has a set which he preserved also. This surprising condition of affairs was owing to an entire absence of legislative authority for the existence of the military telegraph corps.

The Confederate cipher was a systematic and shifting employment of the alphabet, whereby one letter was made to represent another—the important words only put in cipher, and by having the connecting words in plain English, we soon formulated a key, by which we could decipher all that fell into our hands. They also had a postal cipher using various symbols for letters. Some of their cipher messages were received through the New York post-office, and were translated by the cipher telegraphers in the War Department, after others had failed to translate them.

Their signal system was mastered by our signal officers

early in the war. Thus we possessed the only cipher keys the Confederates ever used, so far as I have ever known.

Notwithstanding the conceded importance of the quickest method of communication for war purposes, it is a surprising fact that old army officers had little faith in the utility of the telegraph, and in the early months of the war the writer was told that some of them actually opposed its introduction.

The telegraph had been in operation some seventeen years, and had scarcely been used for military purposes in Europe, where our military men had ever been accustomed to look for their ideas on army subjects.

It so happened that, for a few years previous to the war, the writer had been engaged in building and operating telegraph lines along the border, having built the line on the old Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, in 1856, and a line for Amos Kendall, from Baltimore and Washington City to Cincinnati, in 1858, and was superintending these lines when John Brown threw Virginia into a war panic for a time, and the firing on Sumter fired the patriotic heart of the great loyal North. The enemy had occupied Grafton, Va. The writer was at home, at Marietta, Ohio, watching the course of events, when a telegram from General McClellan invited him to meet Anson Stager at the general's home, in Cincinnati, by the first train, where he arrived on the evening of May 26, 1861, and was there instructed in the mysteries of Stager's first army cipher. Stager, having been appointed Superintendent of Military Telegraphs by General McClellan, made me his Assistant Superintendent of Military Telegraphs, and I left the next morning, in company with Colonel Lander, of McClellan's staff, for Parkersburg, and constructed the first

military telegraph lines, for the use of General McClellan, in his advance into Virginia. Simultaneously with these movements in the West, besides the use of the railway wire by the military, a line was projected along the highway in the rear of McDowell's forces, advancing to the first Bull Run.

About the same time, Geo. H. Smith, with the promised rank of major, was commissioned by General Fremont, in St. Louis, to organize two companies, to be regularly officered, for the sole purpose of constructing and operating military telegraph lines in that department.

The success secured in West Virginia, where, under the writer's personal superintendence, the old lines were repaired, and new lines constructed, diverging from the railroad, so pleased General McClellan, that he said the efficient working of the wires saved him many weeks of time.

His quartermaster, Captain Sexton, and his commissary, Captain McFeely, openly declared that, but for the telegraph, the army would have been delayed more than a week at Buckhannon.

After the fight at Rich Mountain, as the prisoners were marching past McClellan's head-quarters, one exclaimed :

"My God, Jim, no wonder they whipped us; they have got the telegraph with them."

We kept the wires right up with the movements of the commanding general, and his communications with the War Department were prompt, and resulted in the summons of McClellan to Washington; and, from thenceforth to the close of his military career, McClellan was a staunch supporter of this service, and not only had a large complement of operators and line-men actually engaged in the Department of

the Potomac, but encouraged like service in all other territorial departments where our armies operated.

There being no warrant in law for the organization of Major Smith's companies in Missouri, the Secretary of War ordered them disbanded, and Anson Stager was appointed captain in the Quartermaster's Department, and given charge of all army telegraphs, which rapidly grew to such proportions that the reason for his own commission, viz., the protection of Quartermaster-General Meigs in the handling of government funds, obtained full force as to Stager himself; and hence, his assistant superintendents, some ten in all, were, later in the war, likewise commissioned as captains and assistant quartermasters.

This accounts for the anomaly of a military corps, technically speaking, composed exclusively of officers, for our managers, operators, and line-men were civilians only, although required to perform strictly military duties, frequently at or near the actual lines of battle.

During the war, not less than 1,200 operators were engaged in the military service, a large proportion of them boys under twenty-one, without whose aid it would have been impossible to conduct the war with any thing approaching unity of action, so vast was the field.

I think I am safe in asserting that the rebellion, without the help of the telegraphs, if suppressed at all, could not have been short of an extension of two or more years of fighting, and with an enormous additional cost in lives and treasure to the Union.

The Germans, who, like the other European nations, acting from the lessons taught by our military telegraph service,

had engrafted an army military telegraph corps into their regular military system, and, at the close of the Franco-German War, had 1,587 miles of military lines, operated at ninety-one stations centering about Paris, which was surrounded by field wires; but, at the close of our war, counting lines constructed by the government only, for war purposes, I think we had nearly 9,000 miles in operation.

Altogether, our corps constructed nearly 16,000 miles, viz: 3,571 miles, to June 30, 1862; 1,755 miles, to June, 1863; 3,707 miles, to June, 1864; 3,315 miles, to June, 1865; and 2,040 miles, to June, 1866; besides, during the war, over 1,000 miles of field wires, connecting the different divisions of each army and post fortifications.

In the first year of the war, we operated 1,711 miles; in the second, 5,826 miles; in the third, 6,966 miles; in the fourth, 8,623 miles of military lines; and in 1865, '66, besides all these lines of our own construction, we took military possession of about 5,000 miles of lines in the rebellious states; and, having control of such a net-work of wires after the surrender of the armies, our government possessed most important facilities for quieting the country.

It is estimated that 6,500,000 military telegrams were transmitted during the war, at a cost of \$3,000,000, including material and construction.

If in war time the government can build thousands of miles of telegraph, and equip and operate the same at fifty cents per message, and have the plant left, is it unreasonable to presume that the telegraphing for the people can be done at much less cost, and leave a good margin of profit, or that the government can perform the same, in times of peace, at a low

price? Were it not for the corruptions that adhere to the government service, I should freely advocate government telegraphic service for the people.

When we reflect upon the surprising fact that the daily average number of military and government telegrams for the four years of the war was 4,500, we indicate more appreciably the unremitting hourly importance attached to this service, which was never once doubted, though it involved the fate of armies, if not of the cause itself.

In civil life, it has been held that an injunction writ can not be served by a telegraphic copy; but, in the rebellion, the validity of a war order, so forwarded, was not even mooted.

The courier service of all former wars of the wide, wide world dwindles into insignificance, compared with this trusted messenger, on lightning's wings, o'er the slender wire, through mountainous regions, valleys, woods, morass, day and night, storm and sunshine, heat and cold, with tireless energy—thoughtless of fear.

The telegraphers, nearly all young men of intelligence, were enthusiastic; they worked hard, and suffered much, always ready and willing to take any hazard, go where ordered at a moment's notice, and, when necessary, work night and day uncomplainingly.

"At times they were sent where the sky was their only protecting roof, a tree stump their office, and the ground their bed." Thus, the knights of the key, oftentimes without rest for days and nights; or, if asleep, then with orders to a guard to awake them at the first click of the instrument,

were as true to their trust as the gallant soldiers at Thermopylæ.

In all this force, covering the whole period of the war, not one traitor was ever found.

These guardians of cipher keys—they were intrusted exclusively to the telegraph operators—many of them boys in their teens, were truer to their great trust than the needle to the pole—for there was neither “variableness, nor shadow of turning.”

The field telegraph constituted a most complete innovation in war, for thus the various divisions of the great armies, and military points and ports, were kept in instantaneous communication with the commanding mind.

Corinth, Vicksburg, Washington, Nashville, Port Hudson, Petersburg, and scores of other historic points, were thus guarded and patrolled.

From the Rapidan to Petersburg alone, 150 miles of field lines were constructed and taken up, as Grant's great army moved from point to point; and even its division head-quarters were kept in constant communication with Meade's head-quarters, though it took brave men of the corps to do it, and cost some lives.

So important did Hooker regard it in his Chancellorsville fight, that he detailed two regiments to guard the wires. Frequent instances are recorded of operators working their instruments on the field, and in some cases in the very front lines of battle; and thus, I am told, was Fitz John Porter's command saved by timely succor at Gaines' Mills.

Every important cavalry expedition was accompanied by

expert operators as cipherers, and to tap the enemy's wires. Here are copies of two dispatches :

"To Pemberton, Vicksburgh: Grierson has arrived at Baton Rouge. How did he get through?

"(Signed), GARDNER."

"To Gardner, Port Hudson: I don't know; do you?

"(Signed), PEMBERTON."

In many instances, information of the greatest importance was taken from the enemy's wires; thus putting our forces on guard, and enabling them to extend their raids.

How has our government requited the services of this brave corps? Its handful of commissioned officers, about one dozen in all, were promoted, and finally honorably discharged, with pay and increased rank; but the boys themselves were paid off as the mule-driver was, and sent adrift, without, to this day, one single act of grateful remembrance.

Secretary Stanton repeatedly told Congress, substantially as he did in one report, that "the telegraph corps has been of inestimable value to the service, and no corps has surpassed, few have equaled, the telegraph operators in diligence and devotion to their duties."

An illustration: One of my foremen of telegraph builders, Wm. L. Tidd, whom I took from the town where I resided because I knew him as a faithful man and fearless patriot, in the fall of 1862, was striving to reach Rosecrans, near Stone River, with the wire, when, at La Vergne, but four miles from

the general's head-quarters, Wheeler's cavalry burst upon the village, and captured Tidd and his whole party. After destroying the supply train, and robbing the men of all valuables, they started to march them off, when Colonel Walker's forces opened upon them with cannon. The first shot took off Tidd's right arm, from the effect of which he afterward died, leaving a wife and young children. Who can say that such a man, after a year and a half of hard service, often at the very front of battle, is not entitled to consideration by the government, and his family cared for?

General Sherman has written that "there should have been a regular corps of telegraph operators, with regular muster-rolls, so the wounded and disabled would be entitled to the same pensions as other staff, soldiers, and officers."

General Sheridan: "In my own experience I found them invariably active, brave, and honorable."

General Franklin: "I know of no class of men in the army more faithful and energetic."

General Burnside: "I never knew a body of men who possessed more integrity, industry, and efficiency."

General McClellan: "I had ample occasion to recognize the devotion to duty which so often kept them at their posts in the midst of danger; the patience, intelligence, and thorough honesty they displayed, and the great debt, still unpaid and too little recognized, due them by the country."

Other great officers have written in like language, but Congress has never paid a dollar of pension money to any member of the corps, or otherwise recognized its services; though Mr. Plumb has tabulated, by names, a loss in killed of twelve; by death from disease while in the service, twenty-three; in

wounded, ten; captured, one hundred and fifty-four; and estimates a further loss of not less than three hundred and twenty-two, not of course counting deaths out of the service, but in consequence of it.

When I look back at that great strife, those four to five years of arduous service, and think of the twelve hundred young men, mostly from sixteen to twenty-two years of age, rendering such a service as had never been known before—boys they were, but giants in faithfulness and loyalty—and think of the amount of service they rendered the country, and at the manner in which their desire to be recognized as part of the army of the Union has been treated by Congress, it appears a striking illustration of the saying that “Republics are ungrateful.”

About five years ago a society of surviving army telegraphers was organized to solicit recognition and an honorable discharge, as part of the army of the United States.

The Senate and House Committees on Military Affairs of the last Congress made favorable reports on this, “The Military Telegraphers’ Bill,” and I am informed that the military committees of the present Congress have both agreed to report favorably upon the bill, and I trust that every member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States will feel a personal interest in furthering this action of tardy justice to such a noble band of patriots as were comprised in the military telegraphers of the War of the Rebellion.

I can not close this article without a word for the chief of our force of telegraphers, to whose intelligence, energy, and indomitable will, may be attributed very largely the success we achieved.

Anson Stager is known throughout the land by his works; occupying stations of responsibility and power, he was always equal to the emergency; ever faithful both to the interests entrusted to his hands, and to the interests of the subordinates associated with him in his work always approachable, he was a true and firm friend to all.

Commencing his life as a manipulator of the telegraph key, he became master of his business, and without detriment to others, built himself a fortune and fame, and was thus a good type of the true American gentleman.

Read April 4, 1888.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY JAMES SPEED,*

Late Attorney-General of the United States.

Less than two years after the death of Mr. Lincoln, I gave a brief expression of my appreciation of his character. Then it was too soon for a general reception of his great and good qualities. I then said: "When passion shall have subsided, and calmness and quiet come—a period he was only permitted to see from Pisgah's height—the large measure of his wisdom will be acknowledged by all men."

Since that time, twenty years have passed—passion has gone, quiet has come, and all men speak his praise.

I believe that, in all the annals of our race, Abraham Lincoln is the finest example of an unknown man rising from obscurity and ascending to the loftiest heights of human grandeur. The conspicuous causes which produced this grand result were inborn strength, integrity of character, patriotic devotion, and the nurturing influences of a free country.

At an early age, he began to show the superior endowments which made him a leader of men. In the rough scenes of backwoods life his companions made him umpire of their

* Mr. Speed was a Third Class Member of the Ohio Commandery. He read this sketch at the May meeting, a little less than two months before his death, which occurred June 25, 1887. His intimate relations with Mr. Lincoln, as a member of his Cabinet, gives it peculiar interest.—R. H.

sports, and called him "Honest Abe." At the age of twenty-three, his comrades in the Black Hawk War made him captain. One of these comrades now lives in Louisville—the venerable lawyer, Isaac R. Greene. He loves to tell how Captain Lincoln was a leader among the soldiers in that campaign, and attracted all by his good sense, wit, and anecdote.

I knew Mr. Lincoln when he visited Kentucky, twenty years before he came to the Presidency. He then showed he was no ordinary man. I saw him daily. He sat in my office, read my books, and talked with me about his life, his reading, his studies, his aspirations. He made a decided impression upon all. He had an intelligent, vigorous mind, strong in grasp, and original. He was earnest, frank, manly, and sincere in every thought and expression. The artificial was all wanting. He had natural force and natural refinement. His after life was a continuous development of his youthful promise.

When he came to the Presidency, he was in the full completion of manhood, nurtured in the school of nature and our broad free country. He was a grand structure, designed, fashioned, and furnished for a grand purpose. Thenceforth he was to live solely for his country.

The question of the ages had come to the test. Can a nation endure, dedicated to the proposition that all men are free and equal?

We now look back and see how much depended upon the character of the Chief Magistrate in that crucial hour. Generals might fail, but the President can not fail. He was to command through a four years battle. He was to be master

through a four years tempest. At every point, at every moment, he must prove his full sufficiency. He must be wise, resolute, courageous, firm, patient, loyal, and true. He must impress all others that he comes up to the standard of this great measure.

And so it was. He was equal to the task. He so impressed all who saw him rightly and truly. Those near him felt continually the mastery of his wisdom, and there were times when his influence was inspiration to all. I saw him in moments when his courage rose to the majesty of grandest heroism, and sent its strength leaping through the veins of his countrymen, nerving them to sustain to the utmost limit the living ramparts of the Nation facing the doubtful battlefield.

His serene confidence restored the lapsing faith of men. His never relaxing hope cheered them on to victory. Experience in hardships had given him a brave and hopeful disposition. Experience in professional life had disciplined and steadied his mind. Attentive reading and observation had taught him much. His learning was sufficient to balance his perfect practicality. It was that sufficiency of learning which comes inevitably in this land of ours—bountiful in all things—to such a man as Lincoln was, in the course of twenty-five years diligent professional life and close attention to public affairs. It was sufficient to enable him to see things in their relations, and to act with intelligent discrimination. Sufficient to give liberal views, dissipate narrowness, and broaden judgment. He had learned the theory, the objects, the duties, the powers of this great government. He had learned to know men. His own marvelously balanced humanity

weighed men with unerring precision. He knew the real from the feigned. Truth felt assurance in his presence, and falsehood quailed. He had learned how to overcome difficulties; how to maintain composure in peril; how to be firm in doing and not doing; how to move neither too fast nor too slow. He had learned to think wisely. He said: "We must see things as they are. To-day is not yesterday. To-morrow will not be to-day. That which is right must be done." He had learned to express his thoughts in language of unsurpassed energy, aptitude, and beauty. His utterances in moments of intensest interest thrilled all hearts at the time, and will live coeval with the English tongue.

For four years he bore the burden of the Nation racked in the convulsions of civil war. In that four years the events of an age were crowded—passion raged, excitement rose without an ebb, the earth shook with the tramp of armies, the skies were lurid with the flames of battle. It was a period of subversion and revolution. Each day witnessed a new scene in the great drama. Each hour brought a new responsibility. Who can estimate the value of Abraham Lincoln's service to his country in that tremendous struggle? He was strong when weakness would have been a calamity; wise and prudent when rashness would have been ruin; faithful when to swerve would have been destruction.

With all his lofty qualities, the gentleness of his nature never abated. His simplicity, sincerity, and integrity remained in all the purity of youth, when he was known as "Honest Abe." He had that charity for all men he pleaded for others to show. Quick to see imperfection, he was never exacting. He was patient to try, and ready to excuse. His

forbearing spirit dealt with men rejoicing in the good, with no harshness to the erring. He had no censure for the general who failed, but the comfort that came when the real commanders appeared, those only can tell who saw his relieved soul speaking in his countenance.

Nor did any feeling of hatred toward those in opposing arms enter his soul. Although his own election was made the occasion of the great revolt; although he was misrepresented, derided, and insulted; although the duty was cast upon him of sending forth the power of the country to the bloody battle-field; although upon him were concentrated cursings and bitterness, he felt no anger, he uttered no revengeful word. In his patience and forgiveness, he seemed to rise above the level of humanity.

The Nation imbibed his magnanimity. The spectacle of so vast a collision, with none brought to punishment, stands alone in history. Only that group of friends who stilled the pulsations of Lincoln's great heart paid the penalty of crime. A maudlin sentiment has sought to cast blame on the officials who dealt out justice to these. One in particular is my distinguished friend, the then Judge Advocate General of the Army. Judge Holt performed his duty kindly and considerately. In every particular he was just and fair. This I know. But Judge Holt needs no vindication from me or any one else. I only speak because I know reflections have been made, and because my position enabled me to know the facts, and because I know the perfect purity and uprightness of his conduct.

Mr. Lincoln always trusted that truth and right would prevail. He never knew the feeling of exemption from anxiety.

He was a stranger to rest and repose. His form bent under the weight of his great charge. Care furrowed his countenance. But he had confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right. That confidence lighted his pathway from his youth. It inspired him when the passions of his countrymen were aflame to predict that the mystic chords of memory would swell the chorus of the Union when touched by the better angels of our nature.

We wish he could have lived to see the fulfillment of this prophetic vision. But the curtain which veiled the new and glorious era of the Nation was just lifting when his eyes forever closed. Great as our country then was, we now contrast it with the present. The fiery tempest of war did not overthrow the giant plant of the American Republic. It burnt the poison from its sap, expanded its beneficence, and sent its roots deeper in the eternal foundations.

We wish Mr. Lincoln could have seen the North and the South come together, in a loving embrace, to bury every hostile thought,

"And kiss again with tears."

We wish he could have seen the East and the West bound together with iron bands, and the growth from thirty to sixty millions. We wish he were living to-day, in the midst of his peaceful and happy countrymen. We wish we could now see him reposing in the comfortable retirement of his home, beholding, at a venerable age, the present splendors of our glorious Union. For the Union he felt the most intense love, and for those who went to battle in her cause his tender solicitude was like that of the fond ones waiting and praying at home. These are his words near the end of the conflict:

“Let us finish the work we are in—to bind up the Nation’s wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

We wish he could have seen the consummation of all his patriotic hopes, as it is our privilege to see it this day. Were it possible for him to be here now, in this great assembly of gallant soldiers whose heroism sustained and preserved the Union, he would take you each one affectionately by the hand, and, from the depths of his grateful soul, say, God bless you!

Read May 2, 1887.

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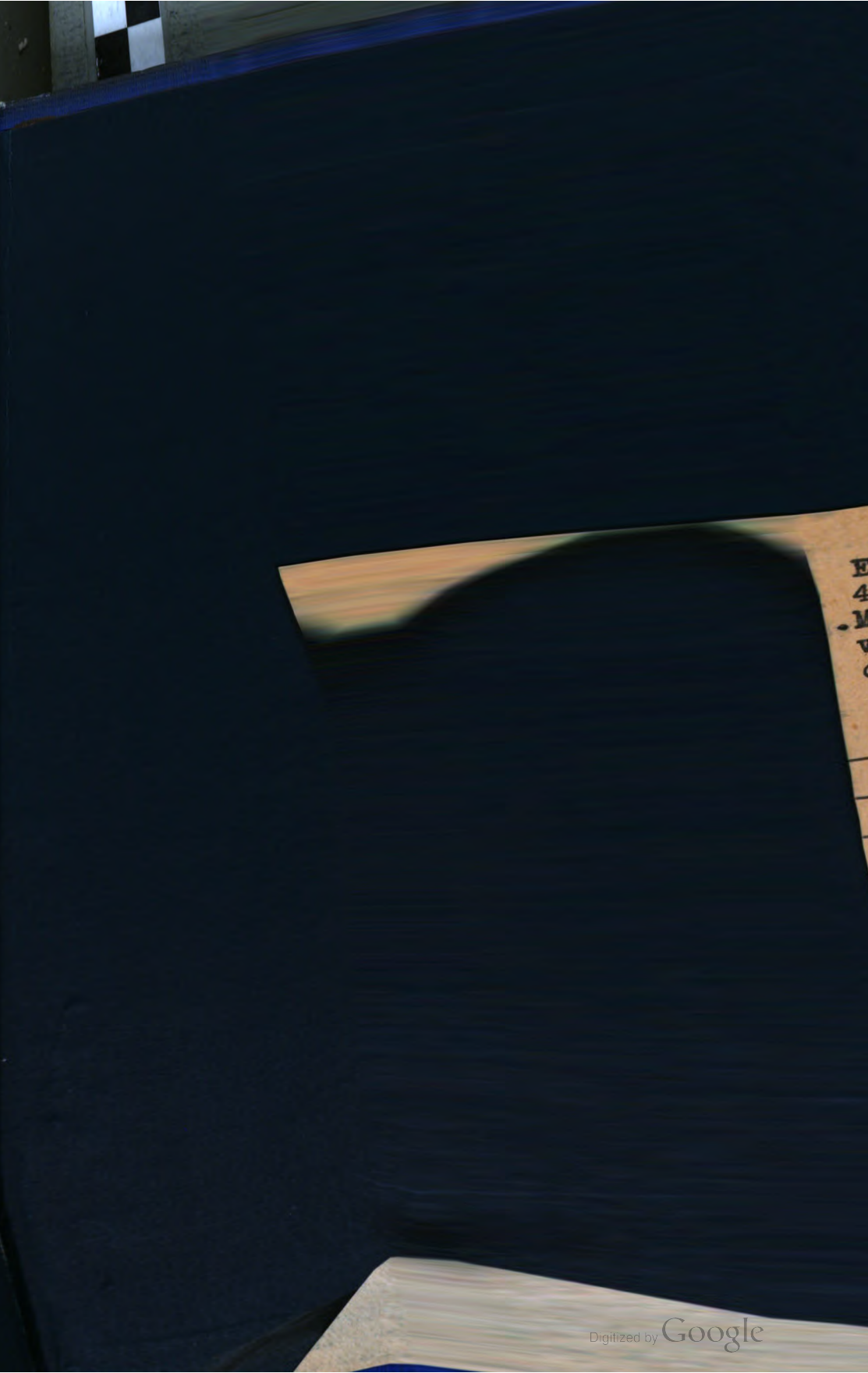
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